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VOLUME LXI. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1893. NUMBER 45.

Poetry.

BUTTERCUPS.

Jennie was watching the cows come home,
Down by the meadow bars alone,
And her eyes were as blue as her bonnet—
Jennie was only a farmer's lass,
And she let down the bars so the cows could pass
Out of the waving, blue-eyed grass,
With buttercups sprinkled upon it.

Jennie was watching young Farmer Payne
Picking a buttercup out of the lane;
Stephen was strong and merry.
"Jennie!" she heard her mother call,
But there at her side stood the farmer tall,
And her cheeks grew red as a cherry.

"I'm coming, mother!" she turned to go,
But Stephen stood at the path below,
And there went Daisy and Bess and Flo
over into the clover.
His arms were strong as her waist was slim,
"I'll keep you till every cow gets in,
Or tell me the name of your lover."

"Jennie, Jennie! 'tis getting late."
Came mother's voice from the farm-house gate,
But Jennie was slender and could not mate
With the tender strength of a lover.
And who could do a single thing
With a yellow buttercup under their chin,
But nestle the great strong arms within
And grow as red as the clover.

"Maybe 'tis Ben," then she blushed again,
"And maybe 'tis only Stephen Payne,"—
Then the dark crept over the meadow lane
And buttercups a-sprinkle.
Not a single sound in the dusky dell
Save the tinkle of Daisy's silver bell,
"Tink-a-link-a-tinkle!"

For mother's voice and the bars forgot
The cows are into the meadow lot
Knee deep in the dewy clover.
Jennie and Steve came slowly up,
Her soft chin yellow with buttercup,
His handsome face flushed over.

"Where are you, Jennie? 'tis late and cold."
"We're comin', mother," said Stephen bold,
"The cows got into the meadow,
We stopped to drive them slowly up,"
Then he slyly hid the buttercup
And kissed her again in the shadow.
—Modern Argo.

MY SWEETHEART.

My sweetheart's hair is golden,
Her eyes are hazel hue;
Her cheeks just like the roses,
With dimples peeping through.

And from this youthful lover—
Of summers only three—
I got the nicest letter!
I want you all to see:

"September 9: deer Aunty,
I fot to oo ide wite
A ittle etter by miself,
For mamma sed i mite.

I has fee pitty desses,
Dat mamma made for me,
And a apron wis a potet,
I wis at oo tood see.

"I sen oo sum sping booties,
I foun where da was hid,
Al by mi on ittle self;
Es, sir, oe, bob, i did.

"Dis is mi pussy's picker,
I dawd it des for oo;
It looks esactly like her.
But i toodn't det 'e moo.

"Pees wite me a long etter,
Dis ittle turl's for oo,
Wis lots of luv and tisses,
Fum ure ittle swethart troo."
LINA WOOD.

VERSIFIED CHESTNUTS.

The birds, they say,
Have flown away;
Yet those that please us most
May still be seen
With joy serene
Served daintily on toast.
—Washington Star.

When the editor takes his pen in hand
And writes: "We are here to stay,"
You can write the reason upon the sand:
"No money to move away."
—Atlanta Constitution.

I've lost my heart this summer,
And I'll never get it back,
For I don't know who has got it—
Tom or Jim or Will or Jack.
—Harper's Bazar.

I met a little ballet maid
"I'm just sixteen," she said:
Her daughter little Eva played,
And had been three times wed.
—Kansas City Journal.

Miscellany.

TOUGH ON MRS. BINKS.

The Lady at the Other End Had a Caustic Wit.

There is a telephone in their residence, and as it is used principally by Mrs. Binks and her friends it is perhaps natural that it should be identified solely with Mrs. Binks, and that Mr. Binks—well, Mr. Binks answered when the bell rang a few nights ago, and this is the conversation that took place:

"Hullo!"

"Well?"

"Is this Mrs. Binks?"

"No."

"I mean is this Mrs. Binks's telephone?"

"No; it's the company's."

"Well, is this Mrs. Binks's house?"

"I don't know. I'm beginning to think that perhaps it is."

"What?"

"Yes. I guess it is. Everyone seems to think it is, anyway."

"Is Mrs. Binks's daughter there?"

"No."

"Well, who is this?"

"Oh, this is only Mrs. Binks's husband, the father of Mrs. Binks's daughter, the man who lives in Mrs. Binks's house, and occasionally drives Mrs. Binks's horses. She got him with the house, you know."

"Oh, she did!"

"Yes, she did."

"Tough on Mrs. Binks, isn't it."

That telephone will probably be taken out of the house.—Ex.

OLNEY'S NEW ASSISTANT.

He Is Joseph Dodge, of Racine, and Attorney General's Neighbor.

Joseph Dodge, of Racine, Wis., who has been appointed assistant attorney general of the United States at an annual salary of $5,000, gets one of the three really good positions outside the state that have been given to Wisconsin men. Judge Jenkins draws $6,000 as United States circuit judge and Judge Lamoreaux gets $5,000 as commissioner of the general land office, and now comes the Racine lawyer and knocks off another persimmon from the topmost branches of the federal patronage tree. He will start for Washington soon to assume his duties.

Mr. Dodge succeeds William A. Manney, a Republican. He will doubtless make an efficient assistant to Attorney General Olney. He is 39 years old and in his youth was a neighbor of Mr. Olney, having been born in Cambridge, Mass., and educated in Boston, following with a course in the Iowa College at Grinnell, Ia., and later graduating from the Boston University law school. His political career includes a term as chairman of the Racine county committee, a seat in the Democratic national convention in 1888 and a membership in the Wisconsin Democratic state committee at present.

These Wives of Ours.

Husband—Saw an awfully wicked book downtown to-day. It was the broadest one I've read for many a day.

Wife—How perfectly disgusting! Why didn't you bring it home?

A Rialto Invitation.

First Actor—Can you dine with me at the dollar table d'hote to-night, old man?

Second Actor—Sorry, my boy, but I've got only one dollar and seventy-five cents.—Truth.

Too Sure.

Frank—Maud sings, I am sure.

May—Are you? Then I am sure you never heard her.—Truth.

EMIN PASHA'S CHILD

LITTLE FERIDA, DAUGHTER OF A WOMAN OF ABYSSINIA.

She Was Her Father's Idol—Valued Her More Than All His Other Possessions.

Had Emin Pasha succeeded in reaching civilization with the twenty tons of ivory which he had with him when murdered by the Arabs, it is the opinion of a contributor to the New York Herald that he intended to bring home with him his little daughter, Ferida, the daughter of an Abysinnian, born on November 26, 1884, and who, after the death of her mother, in 1889, was taken to Bergamayo, on the African mainland, opposite Zanzibar, by her father, legally adopted and placed in the care of an Arabian nurse named Fatuma. But the little girl was harshly treated by the Arab woman. She was tattooed from head to foot, and was gradually sinking into barbarism when, through the intercession of one of the German Diakoness sisters at Bergamayo, she was transferred to the home of an interpreter named Mari-

FERIDA AND HER GERMAN ATTENDANT.

ano. There she remained until the first rumors came to Bergamayo of Emin Pasha's death, when the Diakoness Sister Lies (Fraulein Lies Bader) took her to Germany and placed her in the home of the dead explorer's sister, at Neisse, where she is now being educated.

Little Ferida is a most interesting little girl, and is as devoted to her aunt as her aunt and all her relatives are devoted to her. She is described as being of a very happy disposition, but has still a wild will of her own, which, however, only serves to make her more attractive. She has been described by German writers as possessing unfathomable black eyes; her skin is of a very dark olive color, and she has two rows of beautiful teeth. "Her perfectly classical figure," says one German writer, "long, silken, black eyelashes, boldly arched, deep black eyebrows, and above all, glowing glances, lend a peculiar charm to her small, regularly-formed head—a charm which is hardly broken by her somewhat pendant lips."

Feri, as the little one is called, is an affectionate child, but is as playful as a kitten, and never wearies of teasing her newly found friends and relatives. When asked if she intends to return to Africa, she looks frightened, shakes her little head energetically, tears start from her eyes, and she exclaims: "Nie! Nie!" ("No! Never!") The memory of the sad life to which she was condemned in Africa is still too fresh in her mind. Mentally, she is quite gifted. Besides Arabic and her native Suaheli, she speaks German, French and Italian.

The railroads are still a great mystery to her, and when she sees a train in motion she always looks to see if horses are not spanned in front. She has not yet become accustomed to the German climate, and loves best if she can be allowed to go to bed with her clothes on. She preserves with great reverence all the presents given to her by her father, of whom she loves to speak. He was always very devoted to her, unwearying in caring for her well being, and thought of her as the greatest treasure that he possessed. She is soon to be sent to school, but she can already read the German books about the great work accomplished by her father in Africa.

BELOW THE MARK.

Gilbert and Sullivan's Latest Opera a Disappointment.

There is reason for genuine disappointment in Utopia (Limited). It has funny things in it,, and without doubt much charming if not specially notable music, but it is not what has been looked for from the reunion of Gilbert and Sullivan. The final curtain fell upon a particularly inept ending, almost in silence, until the audience remembered themselves and cheered in a perfunctory way.

There were only two genuine rounds of rousing applause during the evening, one at the revival of The Pinafore gag, "What, never?" and the chorus then give three cheers, which wore the welcome mien of an old friend, and at the mock cabinet council beginning the second act, here the king and courtiers sit in a half moon, like negro minstrels, with bones and tambourine end men, and do a comic ditty walk-around. This touched a much lower note than any others of the series of Gilbert and Sullivan operas, but seemed to please the gallery immensely.

Miss McIntosh made a very pleasing impression, though she has not a very good part.

The Savoy theater never attempted before such luxurious and elaborate set scenes as to-night's two, and the dressing was superb in color combination. One is tempted indeed, to guess that reliance has been placed on these and the rather absurd swagger of a drawing room scene to the prejudice of the real Gilbertian work.

METRICAL TRIFLES.

Oh, the gold in the locks of my love!
It is brighter than stars to behold;
But the misery that mocks
All the gold in her locks
Is—the cast-iron locks on her gold!
—Atlanta Constitution.

There once was a LL. D.,
Well versed in the wisest old SS.;
But he had not a £
To his name, I'll be bound—
Though I ne'er could discover the CC.
—Boston Courier.

He dreamed he'd found the lost north pole
And round it tried to hover;
He woke to find the blankets gone,
His wife's house plants to cover.
—Inter-Ocean.

By being devoid of nerve
There're many things one misses,
And this is just as true
Of toothache as of kisses.
Kansas City Journal.

The Voice of Experience.

"I told my wife this morning that we'd have to economize," said the man who talks about his personal affairs.

"I wish I dared tell mine that."

"Why don't you?"

"Because the last time I tried it she bought me a box of auction cigars."—Washington Star.

How the Estrangement Began.

She—Oh, Willie; do you really, truly love me?

He—Yes, dearest. By the way, have you that little memorandum book I gave you?

She—Yes, love.

He—Well, then, just make a note of it so you won't need to ask me about two dozen times a day.—Truth.

WHY HANK WASN'T HANGED.

His Seemly Regard for Appearances Impressed the Camp.

When Hank Taylor was put on trial at Strawberry Hill for killing Steve Brown he pleaded guilty, and in a speech to the crowd he said:

"In course you'll hang me. I expect it, and shall be disappointed if you don't. But I want it understood right now that I hev rights."

"What be them rights, prisoner?" queried Bill Totten, who was acting as judge.

"Waal, I want to be hung with a new rope. I was brought up respectably and I want to die that way. Then I want to wear a biled shirt. I was brung up to wear biled shirts, and I don't want to disgrace the fam'ly. I want to be shaved, to have my hair combed and parted in the middle, and I insist on Zeke Cooper lendin' me his new butes. That's my rights, and I shall insist on 'em.

"Prisoner, hain't you just a little too partik'lar?" inquired the Judge. "Hain't it puttin' this 'ere camp to a good deal of extra trouble for no real benefit? Whar are we goin' to get a biled shirt, for instance?"

"I dunno, but we hev got to hev one. Do you s'pose I'm goin' to bring up in the other world with this red shirt on? They wouldn't let me stake a claim or set up a shanty."

"How are you goin' to be shaved, when we hain't got no razors in camp? We kin furnish you some grease and a comb, but thar can't be no shavin'."

"Got to be," replied Hank. "I hain't goin' over the divide lookin' like a wolf with his winter fur on. And as fur grease. I want reg'lar bar's ile. I am bound to look just as purty as I kin."

"Zeke, will you lend him your butes?" asked the Judge.

"Naw! I could never feel easy in 'em!"

"Then I don't hang!" retorted the prisoner. "Mind you, boys, I hain't denyin' that I killed Steve, whom everybody knows was a provokin', cantankerous cuss and orter been killed long ago, and I hain't kickin' as to what will follow. I'm jest stickin' out fur my rights. S'posin' any one o' you was goin' to arrive in the other world as a tenderfoot, wouldn't you want to look fairly decent?"

"That's so, that's so," mused the Judge. "In course, it'll be known that you cum from Strawberry Hill, and, in course, we'll hev a pride in fittin' you out in decent shape. The prisoner will be removed while we hev a talk."

We had a talk. We couldn't get a white shirt, a new rope, and a razor anywhere within 100 miles. And, as Hank had observed, Steve Brown was always saying mean things and provoking quarrels and wasn't much account. After discussing the pros and cons, it was decided to overlook the offence and let up on Hank, but after telling him our decision, the Judge said:

"But don't do it again, Hank. It are the opinyun of some of the boys that you were too darned particklar about the biled shirt, and of others that you were right about wantin' to make a decent appearance on the other shore, and so we decided to call it squar. Next time, however, we'll hang you with a mule rope and in yer old duds and let ye run all the chances."

"Wall, boys, fix it to suit yourselves and it'll suit me," carelessly replied the prisoner, and court was adjourned and we returned to work.—Anaconda Standard.

What Killed the Parrot.

The man was walking along Woodward avenue, carrying a parrot in a cage.

"What you got there?" asked a friend.

"Parrot; I'm taking it home to my wife. She always wanted one."

"I hope you'll have better luck than I did with one I gave my wife."

"What happened to it?"

"Don't know my wife, do you?"

"No."

"Neither did the parrot. It wanted to talk during the daytime and couldn't get a chance while my wife was around; so it stayed awake at night to do its talking, and the poor thing died of insomnia before two weeks."—Detroit Free Press.

From a Serious Point of View.

Grandma had not been to the circus for many years, but the younger generation prevailed upon her, and she went to this one, much against her principles.

Grandma does not approve of circuses, and she watched the performance with ill-concealed perturbation.

Presently there was a bareback act which introduced a man and a woman who rode together in many and wonderful positions. The act ended in a burst of applause, and Mabelle turned to grandma:

"Oh, grandma, wasn't it grand?"

"Perhaps it was," answered grandma, severely. But all I can say is, I hope they're married."—Boston Budget.

An Eye to Business.

He was a new reporter, but he had a pretty good insight into things. The actress who had let him know that she had an interview ready for the world opened the conversation by saying:

"I am about to secure a divorce from my husband."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and I thought perhaps you might like to publish something about it."

"I don't know," the young man said, doubtfully, "perhaps we might. Why don't you have a talk with our advertising manager?"—Washington Star.

Growing Popularity of the Banana.

A curious instance of the cultivation of taste is found in the progress of the banana trade. A few years ago the fruit had little sale; it was hardly ever found at select tables and was regarded generally as an insipid edible, fit, perhaps, for half-naked blacks, but unworthy the palate of civilized races. Now the banana is one of the most popular fruits of the day, is found everywhere and is voted a delicious morsel. In the hot states of America it is regarded as a palliative, if not an absolute preventative, of fevers, but in this country its only claim to favor is that it gives a pleasant and cheap addition to our orchard dainties. It is calculated that in the United States last year the quantity of bananas consumed reached the enormous total of 1,285,000,000. The British taste for them is not yet so pronounced, but it is rapidly growing, and one firm in Covent Garden often distributes 10,000 bunches per week. The trade may be regarded as in its infancy as yet, but it gives promise of vigorous increase and proves that the best of everything in the world gradually gravitates toward London.—London Telegraph.

Wouldn't Intrude.

"Did yez go to Terrence's wake, Moike?"

"Oi did not."

"Phwy did ye not?"

"Shure, only last Chusday Oi had a fallin' out wid the corpse."—Chicago Record.

A Mean Question.

Whipper—What do you think of this coat, old man?

Snapper—Was it made to rder?

Whipper—Certainly it was.

Snapper—Who for?—Judge.

Quite the Contrary.

"Is this cake very rich?" asked the guest, as his hostess passed him some of her own make.

"No; it's exceedingly poor," said his host, who was out of sorts that night.—Truth.

More Information.

Tommy—Paw, what makes the stars so bright?

Mr. Figg—Oh, these astronomers are scouring the heavens all the time.—Indianapolis Journal.

Even Up.

Clerk, at the desk—This is a bad half-dollar, sir.

Jones—That's all right. I had a bad dinner, too.—Life.

THE GIRAFFE PALMS.

1—Prof. Smart: Now my son, I want to call your attention to those palm trees upon the horizon—we will draw nearer.

2—Come! let's run and reach there quickly.

3—Great Heavens!

4—Good Morning.

Lacking in the First Principles.

Percival—Father, I don't want to go to that college. It's a poor concern.

His Father—Poor, my boy? It is an old, wealthy and famous institution, that numbers among its graduates some of the most noted men in the land. What possible objection can you have against it?

Percival—I don't like its yell.—Chicago News.

Disappointing.

At a great meeting held in Cooper Institute in October, 1877, at which it had been announced that Mr. Evarts would be present, there was in the audience a Vermont man, who had never seen the secretary of State, but was very anxious to do so.

He said in an anxious tone to the person near him: "Is Mr. Evarts on the platform?"

"No, he hasn't yet arrived," replied the person thus addressed.

"He's expected, ain't he?"

"Oh, yes, he'll be along presently."

"I've never seen Mr. Evarts, though I've heard a sight about him. He's got a farm up to Windsor, in our state."

"Well, when he comes in I'll tell you. The boys usually give him a cheer when he comes on the stage. Ah, there he comes!"

"Is that him?"

"Yes."

"William M. Evarts?" (with evident doubt).

"Certainly it is."

"Well, I swanny!" exclaimed the Vermont man. "Why, he looks as though he boarded"—Youth's Companion.

What Makes a Woman.

"It makes all the difference in the world what the sound is whether it will wake anybody up or not," said a man of family. "I've known my wife to sleep right through a brass-band serenade to my next-door neighbor, and yet to wake up instantly if the child in the next room breathed a little louder than usual."—Exchange.

Disappoints the Audience.

"I must discharge that actor," said the irate manager one day, "he is constantly disappointing the audience."

"Fails to appear?"

"Not at all. He appears."—Texas Siftings.

A Poor House.

Mrs. Potts (whose husband has just returned from an alleged lecture)—I'm so sorry I couldn't go with you, dear. Did you have a full house?

Old Jack Potts (absently and gloomily)—Not a thing higher than deuces the whole evening!—Buffalo Times.

Remembering Her in Gratitude.

A Hamburg bachelor who died recently left a legacy of 12,000 marks and the following note to a woman who had jilted him: "Madame, some thirty years ago I was a suitor for your hand in marriage. You refused my offer and in consequence my days have been passed in peace and quietness. Now I requite your goodness."—Boston Traveler.

Unprepared With Data.

Her Father—What will your income be at the time you expect to marry?

The Young Man—Oh, sir, you can not expect me to name the extent of your generosity.—Chicago Record.

A Modest Man.

"He's a very modest young man, isn't he?"

"Modest as a burglar; he doesn't even want the credit of his own work.—Philadelphia Record.

Natural Science.

Demonstrator in Natural Science—"Gentlemen, I hold in my hand three shells."

Voice from Amphitheater—"It isn't under any of them."—Detroit Tribune.

A Hard Reminder.

He—Why do you wear the ring if it is too small and hurts your finger?

She—Oh, it's my wedding ring, and helps me to remember.—Life.

JOE BLACKBURN'S PORTRAIT.

How He Got Even With a Kentucky Distilling Firm.

A little story of Senator Blackburn's own telling is floating around in exclusive circles, says the Washington Post. There is to be seen in several plate glass windows a rather fine but high colored chromo, containing a race course scene, with Secretary Carlisle, Proctor Knott and Senator Blackburn in a club foreground, the whole affair being an exploitation of the product of a well-known Blue Grass distillery. One day Senator Blackburn was met at home by his wife and daughter, who with faces of suppressed merriment told him that a very fine picture that would please him had just come by express and was in the hall. He went and looked, and lo! the chromo. A case of the goods came along in its company. A chorus of female voices went up when he took revenge by saying that it was good and he would have it hung up in the library. The next day a letter came from the distiller saying that Mr. Carlisle and Proctor Knott had given their consent to the use of their portraits, and that he had taken the liberty of using Senator Blackburn's without consulting him, believing that he would not object. The Senator made the following reply:

"Dear Sir: You have taken great liberty in using my portrait in your chromo without first asking my consent, but I forgive you, since it is the best portrait of me that I have ever seen. But allow me to call your attention to a serious anomaly in the composition of the work of art. You have put me on a Kentucky race course with my back to a driving finish and my hand on a bottle of the worst whisky that was ever distilled.
"Yours truly,
"J. C. S. BLACKBURN."

THE LIARS' CLUB.

The razor-back pigs of Taylor county, Ga., have many pleasing peculiarities. They are built for speed rather than weight, and frequently climb trees to shake down nuts when they are slow about dropping. Some of them saw down great nut trees with their sharp spines and eat the nuts at leisure. The drying up of streams is attributed to this wholesale destruction of timber.

A Lewiston (Me.) truckman tells about a strong woman who was in a grocery thirty years ago, when the proprietor offered her two barrels of flour if she would carry them home. She took them both at once, resting a barrel on each hip and twining her long arms around them. After about 300 yards she lost her balance, but the grocer gave her the flour.

Fred Bentley, of Kansas, is going to Washington to push an invention. It is a machine which cuts, threshes and bags wheat all at once, with a roller mill and bakery attached, so that ready-baked bread comes out at the tail for the miners to eat.

There is a man in Toccoa, Ga., who isn't interested in The Blade's quest for an insomnia cure. The other night, while he was sleeping in a store, lightning struck the building, tumbled a brick down the chimney and split a two-inch plank to fragments, but he didn't stop snoring.

One of the narrowest escapes from instant death ever recorded was that of a Union picket or sharpshooter who was so incautious as to get roaring drunk one day while opposite the Confederate marksmen. He stuck his head above the bulwark, yelling and shouting at the top of his voice. Men who could hit a broomstick at twice the distance were blazing away at him without effect. And still he kept on yelling. The sutler's booze had made his voice so thick that the bullets couldn't get through it.

Two Strange Friends.

Not long ago I was passing a barnyard in this place, and stood to look over the gate at a pretty half-grown lamb standing alone outside the barn. But the sight of me so enraged a fierce, shaggy gray dog tied up to his kennel between the lamb and me that he barked himself nearly into fits, showing all his teeth, and straining so furiously at his chain as to make me quite nervous lest it should give way. In the mean time I struck such terror into the heart of the lamb that it fled across the yard to place itself under the protection of the dog, and stood close by his side while he barked and danced with fury. As I drew a little nearer the lamb backed right into the kennel, and when, after I had made a circuit in order to watch the further movements of this strange pair of friends from behind a tree, I saw their two faces cautiously looking out together, cheek-by-jowl, while the dog's anger was being reduced to subsiding splutters of resentment. He was not a collie, but a very large sort of poodle.—The London Spectator.

New Zealand Women May Vote.

Both houses of the New Zealand Parliament have passed a bill to confer full suffrage upon women, the bill has received the formal assent of the governor, and this enterprising community has become a true republic instead of an aristocracy of sex. Women in the Isle of Man enjoy parliamentary suffrage; women in Iceland, too, have full right to vote; unmarried women and widows in England, Scotland and most of the Canadian provinces have municipal suffrage, and the women of Wyoming exercise the right of franchise to the full, but the New Zealand women will be the first to vote for what may be called a real parliament in a practically independent state—aself-governing country of 650,000 citizens.

His Ailment.

Pedantic Doctor—It's merely a case of dyspepsia, ma'am.

Wife—And what does that come from?

Pedantic Doctor—It comes from the Greek, ma'am.

Wife—Ah, I thought he'd been getting at something. He was all right so long as he stuck to beer.—Drake's Magazine.

The Value of It.

The plumbers assistant was plugging away at a piece of lead pipe, when a city missionary happened along.

"My dear young friend," said the good man, after a little preliminary talk, "do you know the value of time?"

"You bet I do," was the frank response. "I'm working by the day."—Detroit Free Press.

You Know This Boy.

"Tommy," said his mother, "can't you amuse your baby brother for a while?"

"Yes'm," answered Tommy, "if you'll hold him up at the window I'll get the boys to come and play in front of the house."—Harper's Young People.

Taking Precautions.

"Waiter," said the guest, "bring me some mushrooms."

"Single or double price?"

"What do you give with the double-price order?"

"An insurance policy, sir."—Washington Star.

Wiggins's Baby.

"That's a fine baby, Wiggins. How much does he weigh?"

"Depends on the time of day. About 3 o'clock in the morning his weight seems to run up to about 80 pounds."—Denver Star.

Would Wait and See.

"Do you take this man for better or for worse?" asked the minister.

"I can't tell until I have had him for a little while," returned the bride.—Harper's.

The Train Robber.

Behold the porter—dreadful sight!
This travel is no fun;
In one hand is a whisk-broom light—
The other holds a gun.
—Washington Star.

Exactly.

First tramp—"How do you feel?"

Second Tramp—"Bum."—Truth.

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THE EMIGRANT SHIP

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "LIST, YE LANDSMEN!" "THE ROMANCE OF A TRANSPORT," "THE WRECK OF THE 'GROSVENOR.'" "AN OCEAN TRAGEDY," "THE FROZEN PIRATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE HORN.

After this incident of the women dressing as men, the shipboard routine went along very quietly and orderly, without stop or break worth recurring to, till we entered the cold and stormy parallels of the Horn. Day after day the women habited themselves for the deck work; they viewed it as a diversion, and made fun of it, yet did so well, were so willing, nimble and obedient—for I was never weary of making them understand that the safety of the ship rested with them, and that if I shipped fresh hands, no matter whether from the land or the sea, I stood to have my throat cut, while the ship would be walked off with, her cargo stolen, and the women barbarously ill-used. I say they were so willing and learned so readily that before drill was stopped by the bitter, howling weather of the far south, they were fully equal to handling the ship, to the extent even of five of them, being able to furl in very light weather the mizzen royal and topgallant sail, while beside these there were four others equal to the task of "laying out" on the cross-jack yard, and assisting the other lot to stow the sail.

Brigstock and the men gave me no trouble whatever. They went about their work soberly and decorously, kept to their end of the ship, never laid hands on anything to eat and drink which they had not a right to, never once gave any of the women any occasion to complain of their conduct. And still, though their bearing showed the influence of Brigstock strong upon them, I never could persuade myself they would stick to their resolution when it came to the point.

I never spoke to any of them saving Brigstock, and once or twice Bull, about their scheme. All that the former had to say about it convinced me of his patient resolution and rugged, rough enthusiasm. Often when we sat together at table he'd enlarge upon his project. He to'd me there were very few ideas he meant to borrow from civilization; he couldn't see his way much further than houses and ships like to what the Europeans build; he rather leaned toward a postoffice as a convenient institution when in the course of time numbers should render it necessary. His ceaseless regret was that he was not twenty years younger.

I was long suspicious of Bull, however, and often uneasy with thoughts of how he might conceive a sudden aversion to Brigstock's project; and, by talking as a man acquainted with the South Seas, bring others in the forecastle into his way of thinking. I was resolved, however, not to keep him should he change his mind. No, I would not risk the having even one man on board.

One night when we were off the Falklands, an icy, breathless night, and the ship rolling on a large black swell, on going to look at the compass I found Bull at the wheel. Over and over again I had been on deck when Bull was at the helm, and every hour had provided an opportunity to speak with him had I chosen to do so. Yet not till this night did I think proper to settle my misgivings.

I entered into talk, warily leading to the subject of Brigstock's scheme, and asked him if he thought the crew had still a good opinion of that man as a leader in a project of colonization?

"Yes, sir," he answered, with all necessary warmth. "We're agreed there could be no better man than Mr. Brigstock for the likes of such an undertaking. He's one of them men there's no imitating; when he's gone up he draws his ladder arter him."

"I've sometimes doubted he'll get all hands of you to go ashore."

"No fear of their not going!" he exclaimed. "I reckon the island my mates now call Bull Island 'll be the settlement."

"You know those parts; the others, most of them, anyhow, don't; when they see an island without houses, white men, any signs of civilization, what then?"

"If it's my island, it 'll be the island we want, and it 'll be a bad lookout if we do see houses, and white men."

This delighted me; something in his voice carried conviction.

"What will your partners think when you show them an island without a roof in it? They're not sailors, Bull. They've been used to sheets and blankets and ceilings, though of attics."

He laughed and answered, "We'll be having a village built in the inside of a week. Was you ever down among the islands?"

"Never."

"The natives build their cottages oval, 'bout sixty feet long and twenty wide; walls o' bamboo, with openings for light and air. They lashes a great piece of light, strong wood atop with sennit for the support of the rafters, which they cover with mats. The earth's the floor. They make rooms by hanging up screens."

"You know all about it."

"I know a good deal about it," he answered, talking with some excitement. "You mention blankets and sheets, sir; the first lady in England's not going to sleep more comfortably in a gilt fourposter with silk curtains, than our partners on a frame o' cane, and a pillow stuffed with sweet herbs."

"I believe that."

"I remember the master of a vessel," he went on, "telling another down at Tahiti that a native of that there island may start as a beggar at sunrise without e'er a tool to work with, nor a hole to put his head in, and afore sundown he's clothed and lodged, out and away better than thousands in England, better than men earning a pound, aye, and two pound a week."

"How is it done?"

"Out of the cocoanut, and the breadfruit, and the bamboo."

"No wonder Brigstock values you as an acquisition, Bull."

"I've been hard worked long enough, sir," he exclaimed, with some feeling in his strong, steady voice. "The chest o' clothes I left aboard the schooner is all I own, and that, God forgive me, arter more years of man-killing work than I like to think of. I feel like relishing any sort o' scheme that's a-going to give me ease, that's a-going to let me loaf and take all the sleep I want, where there'll be no skippers and mates, and enough to eat and drink, and kind words."

"You'll be making me in love with your scheme," said I, with a short laugh.

But this was a talk mightily to his liking, and I continued it for another half hour, starting such objections as I thought might occur to the seamen to hinder them from settling, and listening to his answers, all of which were plain, straight-headed and satisfying.

I called Kate on to the poop the next morning; and, in a walk that ran into an hour told her of my conversation with Bull, and asked her to get at the views of the women, because, should they hesitate when we rounded into the Pacific, the men would be discouraged, and the scheme fall through. She needed time to manage this, for the girls were reluctant to talk, particularly to her; they classed her with those who they believed sneered at them as degraded and unwomanly.

However, she succeeded first of all in getting hold of Sall Simmonds, Prentice's choice, a shrill, hysterical, saucy girl, and afterward of Weatherwax's partner, Maggie Dobree, who had shipped for Australia as a seamstress, and who, with her tall, willowy form, white face, and smooth hair, looked the most respectable of all the sailors' choosings.

It was three days after my talk with Bull that Kate came on to the poop of her own accord. Kate looked charming in a thick cloth jacket, and some sort of round, tight-fitting hat. Her eyes had the sparkle of the ocean brine, and all the health of the sea was in her red cheeks and red lips.

"I've come to have a walk with you," said she. "I've talked to two of the girls, Dobree and Simmonds, and think their views represent the others. Simmonds sees things as you might suppose a forward, thoughtless, and not very intelligent person would. She told me bluntly she wanted a husband, and was sick of service. She liked her man, Prentice, she said, and whatever's good for him is good for her."

"Did you ask how the colony was to clothe itself?"

"Yes. She said ships would bring all that the wives wanted, and be glad to exchange fine things—finer than anything she could afford to buy out of her wages—for potatoes, cocoanuts, poultry, and other food."

"It looks as if the women were being made fools of," said I.

"I don't think so," she answered. "Ships do barter for food, don't they?"

"Yes. But the vessels likely to touch at Brigstock's Island won't be freighted with clothes for women. There are no silks and satins to be found in whalers' holds."

"Perhaps Brigstock says to them, 'Why take ye thought for raiment?' and refers them to the lilies," said she.

"They'll help themselves, lilies or no lilies, to a good supply out of the stores aboard us. There's stuff enough to equip them until they sicken and depart."

"How'll they get away?"

"They'll be fetched, I fancy."

"Well," said she, "I thought them mad at first, but I now see some glimmer of sanity in the project. The girl Dobree put her case thus: 'I'm a seamstress; I was born at Nottingham, and am an orphan; and for a long while I've tried to keep myself alive with my needle, but I assure you, Miss Darnley, if I was not here I should be in the workhouse, or in my grave dead of want. How do I know what's going to happen to me in Australia? Mr. Brigstock's scheme mayn't prove a certainty for us women, but it might lead to better things.'"

"If I consent to join the Brigstock lot, will you be my partner, Kate?"

"You asked me that question before."

"Will you?"

"No."

"Your convictions want courage. You admire this island project, and refuse to be of it."

"It is a good project for those who have formed and are carrying it out," said she warmly. "Those girls guess that domestic service in the colonies is pretty much as it is in England: scarcely better paid, and with all the difference of thousands of miles of ocean rolling between them and home. What have they to look forward to?" she exclaimed bitterly. "Indeed, what are the hopes of the most sanguine among us? Their best chance lies in getting husbands in Australia, and pardners, as you call them, say, 'We'll not wait. Here are men willing to take us. They are respectable sailors, bent upon making a home for themselves in the South Pacific!' They are right," she cried with a flashing eye. "I'd do it if I were they. But gentility is restrictive and depressing. It prohibits audacity. So I shall be starting as a governess when those women, whose choice makes you wonder, are living in pretty bamboo cottages, everyone with a charming garden of flowers to herself, her own mistress, one of those few lucky ones of life who 'having nothing yet hath all.'"

Her temper and advocacy amused and surprised me. But though our talk left some features of the Brigstock enterprise vague, I was at all events convinced that if the crew carried out their project, the girls of their choice would stick to them.

We doubled the Horn in the midwinter of the Southern hemisphere; but, though we met with some heavy weather, the passage did not prove so formidable as I had feared. We struck 58 degrees south, and had eighteen hours of darkness a day, with spears of ice at the catheads and plunging bowsprit, and more than once the green, transparent shadow of an island of ice close aboard, looming through some brooding thickness of polar frost, and motionless on swelling hills of black water.

Yet, though on the whole our doubling of the Horn proved a lighter business than I had dared count on at that season of the year, it made a bad time for the girls. As before in heavy weather, so now I brought them into the cuddy, where they lived for the most part, sleeping on deck and in the cabins, though some twenty of them continued to occupy the 'tween decks. Once again I surrendered my berth at night to Kate Darnley and five others.

I got but little sleep; my anxieties were very heavy; I was the sole navigator aboard; the whole safety of the ship depended upon me; and, for lack of officers to help prop the burden, the weight was crushing during those black, bitter days of the Horn.

Thus we rounded the Horn, though not always thus; and Tuesday, June 20, found the Earl of Leicester's latitude 55 degrees south, and her longitude 83 degrees west.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MY OATH.

It was Monday morning. A light breeze, soft and sweet, blew off the starboard quarter; lower and topmast studding sails had been set to hold it, and the ship, with stirless wings and on a level keel, and over a wide majestic heave of swell, leisurely rippled onward, the sparkling blue of the Pacific around, and over her gilded trucks a clear heaven of azure dazzling with the cloudless morning light.

Two girls clothed in male attire were at the ship's wheel; beside them stood Sampson, whose "trick" it was; he had relinquished the spokes, but remained by my orders to con and instruct. Five other girls, dressed as men, walked here and there about the poop.

The ship was gay that morning with the crowd that filled her decks; all warm apparel had been stowed away; the Horn was far astern; the temperature that of a warm English June, kept cool with the ceaseless refreshment of the salt breast of the ocean; and the women were dressed in cottons and colors once more.

I went down to fetch my sextant. All the while I worked at the sun Brigstock paced the waist, with a frequent dull lift of his eyes at me. What does he want? thought I; his glances, his grave, formal stumping to and fro in one place made me uneasy.

After making eight bells I went below and worked out the latitude; and, just when I was done, a knock sounded, and Brigstock asked leave to enter. He walked in slowly; his manner was awkward and constrained; he held a fur cap in his hands, and twisted it while he brought his dark, peculiar eyes to bear upon my face as though it gave him trouble to look straight.

"Jer mind letting me know where the ship is to-day?" said he.

I was sure more was signified by his presence than that question implied; but, controlling my uneasiness by swift consideration that, until the island was in sight, the crew were as helpless as though the vessel was in the middle of a shoreless ocean, I gave him the latitude and pointed to the ship's position on the chart.

He put his magnifying spectacles on, and stooped his nose to the sheet, and after a pause said, "It's a-drawing pretty nigh."

"It is."

"How fur off jer reckon it, capt'n?" said he, with his eyes upon the chart.

"With anything of a wind, the island should be in sight to-morrow afternoon."

He continued to gaze; then, with movements of his hand which suggested agitation to my uneasy mood, he removed his spectacles.

"Capt'n," said he in his level voice, "Jer've acted like a gentleman, and we're obliged to jer."

I responded with a sharp nod.

"And I think jer'll agree, capt'n, that the crew have testified their sense of the hobligations they're under by acting like men."

"They've acted well."

"They've tried ter. I've bin a-watching of 'em closely all along. 'Ticularly Bull. I'm satisfied myself with the men, from Bull down; and, all things considered, I allow I've a right ter. Now, sir, I hope jer 'll not be offended at what I'm a-going to say."

"Say on," I exclaimed, plunging my hands in my pockets, and holding the deck, so to speak, with a firmer grip of foot.

"Jer've acted like a gentleman—I dorn't want to give no offense."

"I've obeyed the Scriptural injunction," said I, looking at him. "'Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain!' I've done that."

"And more," said he earnestly, as though impressed by my quotation. "Capt'n, what us men wants jer to do is to take a heath."

"An oath?"

"A heath," he repeated; "like to what you read out to us, only different, in the presence of all hands and the females, as ourn was."

"You're deuced long winded, Mr. Brigstock," cried I, in a torment of anxiety that was fast heating me into a passion. "What do you want me to take an oath about?"

"That if, under Providence," said he, in his deepest, most deliberate utterance, "jer 'll be lucky enough to carry this ship to port, jer 'll not tell the situation of the island jer 'll leave us on."

I fetched a deep breath of sudden relief; was that all?

I stood thinking, with my eyes fastened upon him, then said:

"Consider. Suppose your partners repent their decision, you, as much as they—the whole of you all round—might find reason to be grateful that an expedition was sent in search of you."

"No!" he roared; then, checking himself with a self-control I envied in him, so quickly it worked, so powerful was the will it disclosed, he exclaimed: "No good hexpeditions. I'll be square with jer, capt'n. The long an' short's this: Me and the others had plenty of time to talk things over, and we've decided to help ourselves to a little more of what this vessel contains than we originally proposed. We reckon we've got a right to the goods—what Bull calls a line upon 'em; a legal tarm, signifying a right to property where money's owed. Money's owed to us as wages, likewise as salvage. What would ha' become of this ship but for us? We also allow—it's Bull's reasoning—that we've got a claim for the saving of life. Why shouldn't we pay ourselves out of what's under foot, seeing but for us the whole biling, women and all, might have been at the bottom long ago?"

"True."

"But it's more'n likely our claims won't be allowed by them as owns the cargo. Therefore we're for asking jer to take a heath not to reveal the island jer 'll leave us upon."

"You had better compel me."

"Jer 'll have ter, anyhow," said he with a grave smile.

"How much do you mean to take?"

He again put on his glasses, and pulled out a piece of paper—the fly leaf of a book—on which he mused a minute, then said:

"We calculate our want 'll amount to about this; and he read: 'Longboat and one quarter-boat, with all necessary gear; such hagricultural implements as we may choose; clothing to go on with; spare sails for tents; beddin'; carpenter's tool chest; chest of small arms, and the hammunition we may meet with; the timepiece, and the ship's bell; provisions.' Other hitems 'll consist of sailmakers' stores, along with a spare compass, and the likes of that."

I listened with exultation. This catalogue made the island scheme more real than ever I had been able to find it since they stole me. Then there was the feeling of relief too, for his looks when he stamped the deck, and his coming to me with his solemn face and agitated gesture, had frightened me horribly.

I had time to compose my countenance while he pulled off his glasses and pocketed the paper. I then told him I considered his list moderate and reasonable; it would matter nothing to me, I said, if they stripped the ship, so long as they left enough to eat and drink in her to carry up seventy or eighty souls to port; only the more they took the likelier the chance of their being searched for, oath or no oath. If they helped themselves in reason, under the circumstances nothing might be said.

He answered he agreed with that, and no more would be taken than was needful to keep twenty-six people going until they had had time to look round.

"You talk of twenty-six," said I. "Will no others than your pardners accompany you?"

"We don't want no others. I've thought it over. Others without husbands might lead to trouble. No use a-laying on gas if you don't want to burn it. Will jer take the hoath, sir?"

"Yes; and I wish it administered as you propose, that there may be plenty to say I took it."

"This afternoon?"

"Eight bells."

"Aye, aye, sir."

He was going. "Stop," said I; "if Bull's island's to your liking you'll go ashore?"

"As prompt as possible. We're not for keeping the women washing about."

"If it don't satisfy you?"

"Then I'm sorry to say we shall have to ask jer to keep all on till we can find what we want," he answered.

Though there was a little damp to my hopes in this answer of his, seeing the possibilities it gave one a glimpse of, yet never since I had sailed from Bristol had I been in such spirits. I whistled; my heart danced; I could have capered about the cabin.

Day after day and night after night for weeks had my mind been strained by suspense. Would they abandon the island scheme? Would they deliver up the ship to me? Would anything happen fatal to my own consuming desire—a very passion of ambition it was—to carry the vessel and her crowd of poor passengers single-handed to Sydney? I'll not sham for a moment that it was all humanity. Certainly I hoped for a considerable reward, both in command and money, but I was also very much in earnest in wishing with mine own single hand, so to speak, to deliver all these poor women from the dire peril they had been in since that hour of Rotts death and the captain's blindness. Often I'd smile when I thought of myself as being looked at as the young skipper who had carried an emigrant ship to Sydney without a crew, worked by females only.

When I went on deck after dinner, I observed in the general bearing the impression the news had produced. A sort of quiet hung upon the ship; the women talked low; the familiar laugh, the familiar high-pitched note was rare; a number of the girls dreamily overhung the bulwark rails with their eyes on the sea, as though expecting a sight of land. I saw Brigstock carefully examining the longboat. If they took that boat and another, they'd still leave the ship with two and the gig, which they had hoisted after taking me out of her.

Kate came up out of the 'tween decks, and seeing me stood gazing wistfully. I called to her to come up, and she promptly arrived.

"What do they want us all to assemble on deck for?" said she.

"Has the order gone forth?"

"Miss Cobbs has made the rounds asking us all to collect as on the occasion when you administered an oath to the men. She won't say what for. Perhaps she doesn't know. We live in a continual state of dread."

"The crew intend to make me take an oath."

"You?" she cried, starting, opening her eyes, halting in an arrest of sudden sincere fright, which whitened through her face till she looked as sallow as a nun.

"Don't be afraid. They wish—" and I told her what the crew wanted.

"Are you sure that's all?" she exclaimed.

"That's all."

"Well," she said, letting her breath go in a great sigh. "I had made up my mind if they sent you away, to go with you."

"I'd have taken you."

"I couldn't go on as we are," she cried, "even with you in command. But to be left with the crew! If they sent you away, I'd go with you," and she set her teeth.

By four o'clock the women had gathered on the quarter-deck on either hand the capstan, as on the day when I swore the crew. I kept Kate by my side. The girls did not seem to know why they had been asked to come together again, and their faces were constantly rounding my way when I approached the break of the poop, walking with Kate.

Some one struck eight bells. Brigstock then came forward bearing his big Bible, and the sailors walked in his wake as in a funeral procession. I observed relish of this sort of thing strong in Brigstock's long face; he loved the ceremony in which he prominently figured. He came to the capstan and put his Bible upon it, and the men drew together in a group; a great crowd of women on either hand them, most of them staring up at me with looks of perplexity and fear.

I kept on the poop till I saw they were waiting, then leisurely and with all the dignity of deportment I could command, went down the ladder and advanced to the capstan.

Then Brigstock, sucking in a big breath, exclaimed:

"Captain Morgan, yer know no harm's meant."

"None. Now recite the oath."

In a broken voice, his breathing labored, after putting the Bible into my hand, he dictated an oath ungrammatical, pompous, and confused; in phrase and construction to the verge of unintelligibility. I was to swear I would not reveal the whereabouts of the island occupied by the settlers; also that I would not make any entries in the log-book calculated to furnish a clue; and the terms of the oath granted Mr. Brigstock permission to tear out of the said log book as many pages as he and the crew might think proper.

Bareheaded, I kissed the Bible with all proper reverence, and then, addressing the women, exclaimed:

"Ladies, you have heard me swear not to reveal the place where Mr. Brigstock and his party go ashore. Though no threats have been used, I am glad to say Mr. Brigstock will tell you it was his and the crew's intention to compel me to take this oath. That's so, I think," said I, looking round to Brigstock.

"We shouldn't have left the ship without it," he answered. "We've a right to warrant ourselves against intrusion till such times as the settlement shall become too flourishing to be meddled with."

"Very well. It's now understood by all these witnesses," said I, with a flourish of my hand to right and left, "That I've taken an oath, under compulsion, not to betray the secret of your whereabouts."

I pronounced these words clearly and with emphasis; then lifting my hat, went into the cuddy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No Embellishments.

Brown—How many courses do you have at dinner?

Robinson—We don't have any. We're glad enough to get the dinner.—Truth.

Quite Luckily.

"Do you know much about that horse you bought from the deacon?"

"I know more about the deacon than I did."—Life.

France Falling in Population.

Since the beginning of the century France has fallen from the second to the fourth place in point of population among European countries.

COURT OF LAST RESORT

THE UNITED STATES SUPREME JUDGES.

Sketch of Their Careers and Personal Appearance—Small Men Gradually Succeeding Large Ones.

Justice William B. Hornblower, the latest addition to the Supreme court, is a little man with a big head. His body is no larger than that of Gen. Joe Wheeler, or ex-Senator Mahone, but his head is bigger than that of Tom Reed, of Maine. He does not weigh over 125 pounds, and his Supreme court gown requires only half the cloth that it takes to fit out the giant forms of Justices Gray, Harlan and Stephen J. Field. The Supreme court is rapidly changing. Six years ago there was hardly a little man on the bench with the exceptions of Justices Bradley and Blatchford.

HARLAN, FULLER AND GRAY.

Now the heads of the justices, as they rest against their high chairs behind the long desk, run up and down like the teeth of an old saw, and the ponderous dignity of the court appears to be passing away. Chief Justice Fuller is a little man. He is no taller than Hornblower, and his legs are so short that he has to prop his feet up with a stool in order to rest easily in his chair of state. He forms a striking contrast to the two men who preceded him. Salmon P. Chase was six feet tall, and you could not have put his great dome of a head into a peck measure. Morrison R. Waite weighed more than 200 pounds, and his every motion was heavy and dignified. Take Chief Justice Fuller out of his gown and he looks like a gray-haired boy. He is not as big as was Senator Spooner, and, like Spooner, he probably frequently grows indignant at the idea that a man to be great ought to be at least seventeen feet high. As to the other justices, Harlan is over six feet, and he must weigh in the neighborhood of 300 pounds. He is a great, broad-shouldered, round-limbed giant, with the red corpuscles which denote plenty of iron shining out of every part of his frame. His eyes are bright and full of life. His step is vigorous, and he keeps his points well oiled by long walks. He sometimes walks from the Capitol to his home—a distance of three miles—and is frequently seen measuring off the side walk at a pace of four miles an hour.

The most of the judges walk out to the Capitol, and one of the funniest sights is to see Brewer and Harlan coming on a dog trot down Pennsylvania avenue with the chief justice in the middle. They have taken off their gowns, and though by looking at their faces you can tell that they are eminent men, the view from the rear presents two ordinary mortals in slouch hats with a little man under a silk plug in the middle.

A Look at Judge Gray.

One of the biggest men on the bench is Justice Gray, of Massachusetts. He is fully as tall as Justice Harlan, and he weighs more. He runs rather to adipose tissue. His face reminds me of the best pictures which you see in the magazines of the babies which are advertised as being brought up on artificial food, and his flesh looks clean enough and sweet enough to eat. He is a sober man, however, and his six feet two is one mass of judicial dignity. He prides himself on his position, and he thinks the three greatest things on earth the Supreme court, the state of Massachusetts and Harvard college. His uncle left in the neighborhood of $100,000 to Harvard, and he gave $25,000 to the college library.

No Bonnets Allowed.

It will seem strange to the American woman, with her Declaration of Independence traditions, to hear that the director of the French opera has assumed the authority to make a hard and fast rule with respect to ladies' bonnets. Even small bonnets are forbidden altogether for the occupants of the pit stalls on Saturdays, that being the only night when ladies are admitted to this part of the house. Formerly the stalls at the French theater were invariably reserved for men only, but one after another their rules have relaxed, until the only one where it is retained absolutely is the Theater Francaise. Ever since the question of bonnets has been constantly mooted, but hitherto without any actual result, it being so much against the habit for ladies to appear in evening dress in such places that no one under the rank of an opera director could have ventured on their adopting it.

—The joints and muscles are so lubricated by Hood's Sarsaparilla that all rheumatism and stiffness soon disappears. Get only Hood's.

BRILLIANTS.

The [illegible] dew
Falls earlier and whippoorwills complain
In forest deeps. Great vivid moons arise,
Burning and fierce as passionate with pain;
And, deep within a sense of sadness lies:
For whatsoe'er of beauty may remain,
The soul of summer with the swallow flies.
—Clara E. Whiton-Stone.

Why are we so glad to talk and take our turns to [illegible]
When so rarely we come back to the stronghold of our [illegible]
With an unwounded conscience?
—Thomas a-Kempis.

There is no calm like that when storm is done;
There is no pleasure keen as pain's release;
There is no joy that lies so deep as peace;
No peace so deep as that by struggle won.
—Helen Gray Cone.

With brain o'erworn, with heart a summer clod,
With eye so practiced in each form around—
And all forms mean to glance above the ground
Like it, each day of many days we plod,
Tongue-tied and deaf, along life's common road.
But suddenly, we know not how, a sound
Of living streams, an odor, a flower crowned
With dew, a lark upspringing from the sod,
And we awake. O joy and deep amaze!
—Edward Dowden.

Was there [illegible]?
Temptation sharp? Thank God a second time!
Why comes temptation but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
And so be pedestaled in triumph?
—Browning.

Calm soul of [illegible] make it mine
To feel [illegible]
That there [illegible] shine
Man did [illegible] mar!
—Matthew Arnold.

Man is his own [illegible] that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our facts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
—John Fletcher.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave
On their departure most of all show evil.
—Shakespeare.

EVEN GREAT MEN HAVE THEIR WEAKNESSES.

Chicago Post.

The great episode in the life of the dead Gounod was his love affair with Georgina Weldon.

Youth and age have often been curiously mated, but seldom so curiously as in the case of the famous French composer and the ambitious and beautiful Welsh woman. Into his second great oratorio, "Mors et Vita," composed after he was liberated from the spell of that mad passion, he poured the rage and grief of his soul—rage at the perfidy of the object of his affection; grief at the memory of a shattered hope. We might not have had the requiem mass had Gounod not met and loved that fair and wicked siren from the north.

There is some excuse for him, perhaps. As a matter of fact, Gounod was several times confined in an asylum for the insane. He was a man of impulse; he was highly impressionable. When he fell under the fatal charm of the young Welsh beauty he was nearly 60. There is no fool like an old fool; but Georgina—"ma belle Georgine"—was a woman whom few men, certainly no man of Gounod's stamp, could resist. She was surpassingly lovely and she knew it. It was her darling desire to be the literary sun around which revolved the literary talent of the day. The mere fact that she was the wife of Capt. Harry Weldon did not strike her as any reason why she should not exert all her powers of fascination upon the foremost of French musicians.

In six months after they met Gounod had surrendered to Georgina his entire nature. Merlin had yielded to Vivien. The composer left Paris and went to live at Tavistock House, London, then the residence of his charmer. Georgina was happy. Her salon was the resort of celebrities who crowded it to see the author of "Faust." Gounod was comfortable and smoked his long pipe in peace. They lady would sit on his knee, take off his Turkish fez, stroke his hair, cuddle in his arms like a young child. She invariably visited his room at night to "tuck him in" and to read him a chapter in the Bible.

It is not suggested that there was any actual immorality in their relations, though these gave rise to a world-wide scandal.

But the tide turned at last. The woman, who looked and seemed the personification of innocence and kindness, developed very different qualities. The two were separated by Gounod's friends, and the lady had the incredible impudence to present and sue for a "board bill" for the three years during which she had "entertained" him.

And thus the only romance of Gounod ended with a vulgar commonplace. As may every such exhibition of weakness and folly end hereafter till experience teaches men wisdom.

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.

DAISY COMES IN AFTER THE BALL.

How New Favorites Succeed Old Ones in the Popular Songs.

Those persons who became timorously apprehensive that "After the Ball" had come to stay, and that its now hackneyed melody would continue to be resounded in New York ears all winter, may as well abandon their worst fears, says the Sun, for it has been overtaken in popular favor and will soon be entirely superseded by "Daisy," a newcomer. "Daisy" is a German tune set to English words by a London composer. It has two very meritorious claims upon popular acceptance—it is short and it exalts bicycling and bicyclists. It casts a sidelight of romance and soft sentiment over "wheels" and wheelers, and it is the first song which does. That of itself would be enough to account for the favor with which it has been received, even if the music was not melodious, which it is, as light German music is ever likely to be. All kinds and conditions of men, women, girls, and boys have been honored or celebrated in appropriate stanzas, and there appears to be no good reason why bicycle riders and admirers should not be, too. In "Daisy" they are. There are three verses. The first is severely romantic, without any suggestion of a "wheel." The second verse approaches the bicycle question timidly. The third is luridly "wheel-like"—no mistake about it, even in the English puns.

VERSE I.—ROMANCE.

There is a flower within my heart, Daisy, Daisy!
Planted on day by a glancing dart, planted by Daisy Bell;
Whether she loves me, or loves me not, sometimes it's hard to tell,
Yet I am longing to share the lot of beautiful Daisy Bell.

VERSE II.—PARTLY ROMANTIC.

We will go tandem as man and wife, Daisy, Daisy!
"Ped'ling" away down the road of life, I and my Daisy Bell!
When the road's dark we can both despise p'licemen and "lamps" as wel;
There are "bright lights" in the dazzling eyes of beautiful Daisy Bell.

VERSE III.—WHOLLY WHEEL-LIKE.

I will stand by you in "wheel" or woe, Daisy, Daisy!
You'll be the bell(e) which I'll ring, you know, sweet little Daisy Bell!
You'll take the "lead" in each "trip" we take, then if I don't do well
I'll permit you to use the brake, by beautiful Daisy Bell.

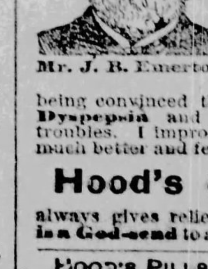
The best understood thing in a new popular song is the chorus. This is the chorus of "Daisy:"

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do!
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you!
It won't be a stylish marriage—I can't afford a carriage—
But you'll look sweet, on the seat, of a bicycle built for two!

If "Daisy" reaches the acute advertising stage, which, to its great renown and credit, "After the Ball" never did, the bicycle manufacturers will be, of course, the ones to utilize it for business announcements, and if they do the flowers will bloom again in the spring before one may expect to hear the last of it. Some rather misleading figures have been published concerning the profits derived from songs which catch the popular fancy. That they pay very well is undeniable, but that thousands of unauthorized copies are circulated without a penny of compensation to the composer is also true. Some of the most popular songs are of English origin, and are wholly unprotected by copyright here. One of the most remarkable things about the craze for certain songs is the fact that a well-qualified, intelligent, and unoriginal musician can pick up from the score of an opera, old or new, serious or comic, fresh or hackneyed, an air which with little rearrangement will serve for a "craze" song. Such is the origin of "Down Went McGinty," "After the Ball," "Reuben and Cynthia," "Daisy," and a dozen others.

That Tired Feeling

The great benefit which people overcome by That Tired Feeling derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." J. B. Emerton, a well known merchant of Auburn, Me., says: "About 5 years ago I began to suffer with very severe **pain in my Stomach**, gradually growing worse. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, being convinced that I was troubled with **Dyspepsia** and **Liver and Kidney** troubles. I improved at once and am very much better and feel more like working.



Mr. J. B. Emerton.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

always gives relief and great comfort. It is a God-send to any one suffering as I did."

HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box. Price 25c.

TOILETTE FOR THE MATINEE.

This extremely Frenchy gown is made of pale primrose cloth. The embroidery is done in fine jet, and the [illegible] are of black satin. A simple toque of black satin with [illegible]

SINGULAR MANIA AMONG THE LADIES OF PHILADELPHIA.

They Hire Women to Clean Their Houses but They Attend to the Streets Themselves.

Everybody has heard of the abnormal cleanliness of the front steps of Philadelphia houses, but it remained for the Press of that town to discover a section in which the streets are scrubbed every morning, six days in the week, with soapsuds. And this scrubbing is done, not by the hired girl, but by the lady of the house herself.

The extraordinary practice prevails in the section of the city bounded by Diamond, Broad, Eighteenth and Huntingdon streets. Every morning of the week, unless bad weather prevents, a double line of women may be seen scrubbing away and dashing

PHILADELPHIA LADIES SCRUBBING THE STREETS.

buckets of water on the pavement to rinse off the soapsuds. These streets are only about fifteen feet wide, from curb to curb, and the narrowness of them seems to engender a feeling of responsibility for their cleanliness. These ladies are possessed by this queer mania to such an extent that they hire women to do the scrubbing about the houses, but reserve the street cleaning for their own special recreation.

Some of the women were asked why they did such unpleasant work. One woman, who did not seem to particularly like the employment, smiled quizzically and said:

"That's just the question everyone of us asked when we first moved into this locality. We called the other women idiots for doing it, for about a week, and then we got ashamed of seeing the pavement in front of our own particular house so much dirtier than our neighbor's, and so we got to work and do as the other women do, scrub our part of the street every morning. It isn't a bit nice, and I don't like to do it, but it has become the custom, and I can't stand against it. The house may wait for a scrubbing and the children may run wild, but we can't neglect the street."

"How did such a ridiculous custom become established?" was asked.

"Nobody knows. It just broke out like an epidemic of measles, I suppose, and when it once got started nothing could stop it."

"What do your husbands think about this street scrubbing?"

"Our husbands? Oh, they growl a little, but that don't matter."

The women were asked if they scrubbed the street because they liked the work. They all seemed to think the question preposterous: "I certainly don't like it. What in the name of goodness is there to like about it?" That is the answer one made, and without exception all those who were questioned affirmed that there was nothing they detested more than to get out in the street and scrub.

Then, to the question as to why they did it if they didn't like it, some said they didn't know; some said they did it because the neighbors did, and some few said they couldn't bear to see the street in front of their doors dirty.

HOME AT NIGHT.

When chirping crickets fainter cry
And pale stars blossom in the sky
And twilight's gloom has dimmed the bloom
And blurred the butterfly;

When locust-blossoms fleck the walk
And up the tiger-lily stalk
The glow-worm crawls and clings and falls
And glimmers down the garden-walls;

When buzzing things, with double wings
Of crisp and raspish flutterings,
Go whizzing by so very high
One thinks of fangs and stings;

Oh, then, within, is stilled the din
Of crib she rocks the baby in,
And heart and gate and latch's weight
Are lifted—and the lips of Kate.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

His Marvelous Tact.

"When may I call on you, Miss Brushe?" demanded young Mr. Palette when he found his fellow-student from the Art League encamped with artistic apparatus on the Maine shore. "I suppose you're working a good deal, as I am, and so you may not be much at home."

"I am working a good deal," confessed Miss Brushe. "But I generally take Saturdays off. Come over Saturday afternoon can't you?"

"I'm afraid I can't," tactfully remarked Mr. Palette. "You see, I make a holiday of Saturday myself."

And now he is wondering whether it would be better for him to try and live it down or go west and begin life anew.—Chicago Journal.

LOSE OR GAIN A DAY.

A Place in the Pacific Where This Transition Occurs.

A question which has often been asked, but rarely answered satisfactorily, is how far one would have to go around the earth, moving east or west, and supposing no time lost in transition, before one would reach the point, where to-day changes into yesterday, says the Boston Globe. Evidently there must be such a point somewhere—for an hour is lost every fifteen degrees one goes to the east and an hour gained every fifteen degrees one goes to the west. To put the question in another way, suppose it is one minute past midnight in Paris on the morning of October 1, what day is it that same moment at the antipodes of Paris? Is it October 1 or September 30? Apparently one can prove that it is either of these days by making an instantaneous journey half way around the earth, either to the east or to the west. Going east, at the moment the Paris clock points to a minute past midnight, it is approximately 1 o'clock in the morning of October 1 at Vienna, 2 o'clock of the same day at Sebastopol, 3 o'clock at Astrachan, 4 o'clock at Bokhara, 7 o'clock at Saigon, 9 o'clock at Yokohama, 11 o'clock at Pine Island, and noon at Fortune Island—the 1st of October at every point. On the other hand, going westward one finds that it is 10 o'clock in the evening of September 30 at the Azores Islands, 8 o'clock in the evening at Buenos Ayres, 7 o'clock at New York, 6 o'clock at New Orleans, 3:15 at Mexico City, 1 o'clock in the afternoon near the Aleutian islands and noon at Fortune island—the date being September 30 in each case. Thus one has demonstrated that it is noon of October 1 and noon of September 30 at the same place and at the same time.

This would certainly be embarrassing to the good people of Fortune Island, and in order to avoid such complications and relieve well-meaning islanders in the Pacific from mixing up their Saturdays and Sundays in hopeless fashion, an arbitrary line separating to-day from yesterday or to-morrow has been agreed upon by the navigators of civilized nations.

This line has been drawn to avoid touching land. No one can be exactly sure of the moment of passing it, but the line runs just east of the New Hebrides and New Caledonia group and passes near the Marion Islands and the Caroline Islands. Captains of vessels, judging by the positions of the islands and the islands mentioned, can fix the date within a few minutes. Vessels sailing from west to east, on passing this imaginary line, simply repeat the day before on their log books, which consequently show two days bearing the same date. On the other hand ships going in the opposite direction skip the to-morrow and lose a day entirely. In the first case the sailors get an extra day's pay; in the second case they lose a day's pay. The conclusion of the whole matter is that, when Paris clocks indicate a minute past midnight on Oct. 1 it is Oct. 1 going east as far as the imaginary line just indicated, while it is Sept. 30 going west up to the same line.

Good News for Sufferers—Catarrh and Consumption Cured.

Our readers who are victims of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to know of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. The New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, will send you this new treatment free for trial. Write to them. Give age and all particulars of your disease.

TO HELEN AT THE BALL.

As down the long, bright room you pass,
Where love and homage greet you,
My every quickened sense starts up
And hurries forth to meet you.

I see the tender, gracious charm,
That makes you rarest, dearest;
I hear the music of your voice,
Of all clear voices clearest.

I taste the keen delight that's shown
In all the watching faces;
I smell the fragrant violets
That nestle in your laces.

You turn to where I, waiting, stand;
A haunting waltz commences.
I touch your hand and then, dear heart,
Why, then—I lose my senses.
—Vogue.

TO BUY FERRIS WHEELS.

New Jersey Man Asks for Catalogue and Prices.

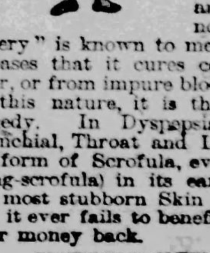
Here is a copy of a letter received from New Jersey by the managers of the Ferris wheel:

Perth Amboy, Oct. 1, 1893.

To the management of the Ferris Wheel, Chicago:

Dear Sir:—Please inform me where I can get your catalogue and prices. I want to purchase a wheel next spring. Please have them sent to me as soon as possible. State terms and how much off for cash.—Chicago Herald.

IT COVERS A GOOD DEAL OF GROUND



—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. And when you hear that it cures so many diseases, perhaps you think "it's too good to be true."

But it's only reasonable. As a blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and strength-restorer, nothing like the "Discovery" is known to medical science. The diseases that it cures come from a torpid liver, or from impure blood. For everything of this nature, it is the only *guaranteed* remedy. In Dyspepsia, Biliousness; all Bronchial, Throat and Lung affections; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages, and in the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases—if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

The worse your Catarrh, the more you need Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its proprietors offer $500 cash for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure.

The Sunday School.

The Resurrection.

LESSON VI, NOVEMBER 5, 1893.

Golden Text: Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. 15:57.

LESSON TEXT.

(1 Cor. 15: 12-26.)

12. Now if Christ be preached that he arose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?

13. But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen:

14. And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.

15. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not.

16. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised:

17. And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins.

18. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished.

19. And if this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

20. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.

21. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

22. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

23. But every man in his own order: Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming.

24. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power.

25. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet.

26. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

Illustrative Applications.

If Christ is preached that he hath been raised from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? (v. 12.) The resurrection of Christ was the triumph of Christ. If he had merely lived the life he lived, and died the death he died, he would have shown no power over death. But in his resurrection there was proof of the possibility of the resurrection of all who are sharers in his life. No man who believes that Christ rose from the dead has cause to doubt that there is a resurrection from the dead, of which Christ is the first fruits. And herein is the hope of all who live in him.

If Christ hath not been raised, then is our preaching vain, your faith also is vain (v. 14.) There is no life in a dead Christ. He who disbelieves the resurrection of Christ has no Saviour who has triumphed over death. He may think he is to have life hereafter, but his hope is not One who has already conquered death. Preaching that leaves out the fact of the resurrection of Christ is vain, and so is a faith that rests on a dead Christ.

If in this life only we have hoped in Christ, we are of all men most pitiable (v. 19). Hope looks forward, not backward. If Christ be not a living Christ, those who have looked forward to him as coming again to receive them to himself, have been pitiably mistaken. They are even worse off than those who have merely looked forward in the hope of better things to come in the progress of the ages. The greater the expectation, the greater the disappointment if that expectation fails. There is no hope possible to man that can be compared with the hope in a living Christ, who died and rose from the dead, and who gives life in spite of death to all who trust him. If this hope had no basis, those who held it were indeed to be pitied. But it is not a vain hope. Christ did rise from the dead; and those who trust him shall live with him forever. Christ is not precious merely as an example. There is no hope in a pattern of long ago.

Each in his own order: Christ the first fruits; then they that are Christ's, at his coming (v. 23). The first fruits of a harvest are not the full harvest itself. The beginning is not the ending. Christ's promise of rising from the dead in order to bring his loved ones from the dead, was shown to be a sure promise when he rose from the dead. Now those who trust Christ may look with confidence for his coming again, to receive them to himself, together with their dear ones who sleep in him. This is the hope of the believer—a hope that ought to be a joy to him at all times.

Then cometh the end (v. 24.) There are a good many ends, as there were a good many beginnings. The "beginning" spoken of in the first verse of Genesis was a different beginning from that referred to in the first chapter of John's Gospel. And the end referred to, when Jesus said on the cross "It is finished," is a different end from that here mentioned as the end of this age, or eon, or dispensation. In one sense, there was never a beginning, and there will never be an end. In another sense, there were many beginnings, and there will be many an end. The end that cometh when Jesus comes again is the end of all those troubles and doubts and perplexities which are inevitable while he is away from his own. "Come, Lord Jesus!" "Come quickly!"

The last enemy that shall be abolished is death (v. 26.) Death is an enemy. It was never anything else; it never will be. We may be ready to meet death, we may welcome his coming; but we must meet him, when he comes, as our enemy. We may triumph over death, but it is a triumph over an enemy that we secure even then. Jesus triumphed over death. We can have a like triumph over death in Christ. So may our loved ones. But the work of death as an enemy goes on. It will continue its ravages until all other enemies are put under the feet of Christ. "The last enemy that shall be abolished is death."—H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.

Dr. R. C. Flower.

Dr. R. C. Flower, the specialist of Boston, will visit the following cities:

Steubenville, O., Imperial Hotel, Monday, Oct. 30.

Columbus, O., Neil House, Tuesday, Oct. 31.

Springfield, O., Arcade Hotel, Wednesday, Nov. 1.

Cincinnati, O., Grand Hotel, Thursday and Friday, Nov. 2 and 3.

Dr. Flower needs no introduction to our readers. His marvelous way of diagnosing disease has placed him for years at the head of his specialties. This will be Dr. Flower's last trip to this part of the country this year.

FOR YOUR SCRAP BOOK.

The first standing army was kept on pay by Charles VII of France, who, in 1445, levied a force of 9,000 cavalry.

Elephants were seldom used in ancient warfare. When fighting they were more dangerous to friend than to foe.

The Persians first gave cavalry the importance it held in all Oriental armies until the introduction of European tactics.

The Americans are generally agreed to have surpassed all other nations in the invention and use of rapid-firing guns.

As early as 2000 B. C. the Egyptians understood the use of the battering ram, the scaling ladder and the movable tower.

The cavalry was the aristocratic arm of the Greek service. All horsemen owned and provided for their own horses.

The Spartan officers taught their men to march in step, to execute several evolutions by facing to the rear and wheeling.

The Rabsaris, mentioned in the second book of Kings, was an Assyrian military title, equivalent to brigadier general.

The first dragoons were organized by Henry IV of France. They were intended to be used either as infantry or cavalry.

There are three Khans—Khiva, Khokand and Bokhara—who date the origin of their families back to the Turkish invasion of Europe.

The largest known species of night flying insects is the Atlas moth, a resident of the American tropics, which has a wing spread of over a foot.

Sultan, or in its older form, Soldan, was first adopted by Bajazet. The older title of the chief Mohammedan ruler was caliph, commander of the faithful.

The Greek emperors of Constantinople called themselves "Holy," and one of the official titles by which they insisted on being addressed was "Your Holiness."

Count dates from the later Roman empire. Before the evacuation of Britain by the Romans a count of the Saxon shore was appointed to prevent Saxon invasions.

The title colonel comes from a word almost the same in several languages, signifying a column. The colonel was so called because he led or commanded the column.

OUR TARIFF IN CANADA

ITS APPLICATION AGAINST CANADIAN FARMERS.

What Ontario Agriculturists and Merchants Have to Say About Affairs Across the St. Lawrence.

New York Sun.

Kingston, Ont., Oct. 15.—All the week I have been ferrying back and forth on the St. Lawrence river—one day at Ogdensburg, then over to Prescott in Canada, then up to Brockville and Kingston, and then across to Morristown in the States. I have been finding out from the custom house officers and citizens about commerce across the St. Lawrence. I find that there is almost a Chinese wall between the Dominion and the States. If there are twenty-four shut-down factories in Amsterdam, and still wheels in Little Falls, there is also great depression in Ontario. When I asked Mr. Macpherson, a Brockville farmer, if he was shipping any sheep over the line, he said:

"Only a few. We used to ship droves of them in old reciprocity times, but now we have to pay a dollar and a half on every sheep, and it seems hard on us."

"But this $1.50 comes out of the Yankees, doesn't it?" I said.

"No. When this dollar-and-a-half tariff was put on our sheep in Canada, they dropped the same amount in value here. The value of sheep did not change in the States. We Canadians have to pay the tariff."

"And suppose this tariff were taken off: what then?"

"Why sheep would be worth just $1.50 more in Canada, or the same price that they are worth among the Yankees in Ogdensburg or Morristown."

"And about Canadian horses?"

"It is just the same with them. They are worth just $50 less on this side of the river than on the other."

"Do you remember when the present tariff went into effect?" I asked.

"Perfectly. I've always been shipping farm produce over to Ogdensburg."

"Well, what was the result?"

"Why, we Canadian farmers simply marked down our prices to match the tariff."

"How do you account for this?"

"Why, your country is so much bigger than ours. There are 65,000,000 Yankees and only 6,000,000 Canucks. You raise 47,000,000 sheep and we only 4,000,000. The comparatively little stuff which we ship to the States doesn't influence the American prices. We pay this tariff ourselves. If Canada were bigger than the States, then we would control the markets and you would pay the tariff."

"And suppose our tariff on Canadian sheep, eggs, butter, and horses were taken off, what would be the result?"

"Why, sheep, horses and butter in Canada would go up the amount of the tariff in a day. That is why we are crazy for reciprocity with the States again."

I find while Mr. Macpherson was right in the main, still there are some exceptions. When the States put a tariff of 30 cents a bushel on barley it did not at first reduce the price of barley 30 cents a bushel in Canada. It only reduced it 15 cents. The Canadian barley is worth 10 cents a bushel more than ours. Then reciprocity in farm products had given Canada the barley market. All Ontario was raising it and shipping it to the States. But this last year Northern New York went into barley.

Again, with wheat from Manitoba: As soon as the tariff of 25 cents a bushel was put on by the Americans, President Van Horn, of the Canadian Pacific, came to the rescue of the farmers. Wheat rates were reduced to Montreal, and the Canadian Pacific elevators were ordered to grade Canadian wheat a point higher. So our tariff on wheat only made a difference of 15 cents per bushel to the Canadian farmer.

I find farm property very low in Canada, and estates can be bought for half value in Coburg, Kingston, Napannee, Belleville and Port Hope. I saw one magnificent estate in Port Hope on which was a palatial mansion which once sold for $30,000. It is now offered for $5,000.

If we should have annexation or unitization with Canada, it would create a tremendous boom on the north side of the St. Lawrence. Yankee capitalists would rush in and pick up these beautiful country seats fronting on the St. Lawrence river. Coburg, Kingston and Port Hope, and all the shores of the St. Lawrence from Prescott to Toronto, would treble in value. Such a beautiful country is not to be found on the continent. It is always a gently sloping shore like Connecticut along the Sound. The St. Lawrence runs clear as crystal and teems with fish. With annexation the river and the lake would be alive with commerce, and Ontario would double in population and value in ten years.

"Would you like to have unitization with the States?" I asked a merchant in Brockville.

"Like it?" he said. "We are dying for it. It is a silly pride and the politicians who are keeping us apart. It is the aristocracy at Ottawa and sir knights who glue us to a mossback monarchy 3,000 miles away. What we want is a homogeneous nation on this continent. We want a flag that we can call our own. We want consuls, ministers, and we want to treat with foreign nations. We want to be a nation with a big N, and we do not want to be a colony like Ireland and India."

ELI PERKINS.

THAT JOYFUL FEELING

With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well informed.

THE REVEILLE.

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick-alarming drum,
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick-alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel;
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit spring therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-answering drum.

"What if 'mid the cannon's thunder
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
Better there in death united than in life a recreant—come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb;
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered, "Lord, we come!"
—Bret Harte.

Mistaken.

Benny's father had been telling him the story of George Washington and the cherry tree, and Benny was much impressed. A few days later, Benny came into his father's presence eating a cooky. Said his father:

"Who gave you that cooky, my boy?"

"I took it myself," replied Benny, taking another bite.

"Took it yourself? Why, didn't I tell you never to help yourself to cookies?"

"Why, father, I thought you'd rather lose a thousand cookies than for me to tell a lie!"—Harper's Young People.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only FREE by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

The Editor Wants Information.

Among the tens of thousands of readers of The Blade there are but very few who could not give information regarding farm, garden, orchard, stock, poultry and other subjects that would be read with satisfaction. The editor would like to have the information, too, that it may be published in The Blade for the benefit of the great Blade family of readers. Do not say you cannot write for the press, for you can. There may be those who do not understand how properly to prepare an article for publication, and yet their thoughts may be of the very best. It is not pure language nor beautiful expressions that newspapers seek. Facts that are useful—information that readers like to hear, make a newspaper valuable. Give the editor useful information, and it will appear all right in The Blade. Tell each other that which you know on the subjects named above.

Pip in Fowls.

T. J. P., Indiana: Pip is the outgrowth of derangement of the digestive organs. It is similar to "foul tongue" in human beings. It affects the tongue and mouth of fowls, and manifests itself in the way of tough, scaly growth on the tongue. It is often the result of dryness of the organ, due to the clogging of the nostrils, which causes the fowls to breathe through the mouth. The crop is at times nearly empty, and the comb looks unhealthy. If the disease in your fowls corresponds with the description here given, administer to each fowl that is ill a tablespoonful of castor oil. After this mop the mouth and tongue with chlorate of potash and flour of sulphur. The solution should be made fairly strong. Stir the ingredients in water. Do not use the same mop twice. Syringe the nostrils with kerosene or lard oil. If the droppings are hard give the fowls plenty of grass and soft feed. If the bowels are loose, give no soft feed. Avoid corn for a week or so. Keep the fowls in the coop while the weather is damp, and do not allow them in draughts of air. If your fowls gape they are troubled with the gapes— that is worms in the throat. In this case twist a horse hair, thrust it down the throat, and twist it. In this way you can pull the worms out. They should also be given castor oil. The hair should be twisted in a loop.

The Best Time to Prune.

C. F., Pennsylvania: The time for pruning varies with the climate, variety of fruit and the object to be obtained. Perfectly hardy trees may be pruned between the fall of the leaf in the autumn and its reappearance in the spring. More tender trees north of the 43d degree of latitude, should be pruned in the spring before growth has commenced. Some people prefer pruning the peach just before midsummer; but if limbs of any size are cut, the wound should be covered with a mixture of shellac and alcohol. Mix enough of the shellac in alcohol to make preparation of the consistency of paint. As a general rule you will find pruning your peach, cherry and chestnut that just before the sap starts in the spring is as good a time as any.

Blue and Ropy Milk.

Mrs. A. M. T., Minnesota: If your cow looks emaciated, has dullness of the eyes, dry hair, skin and the glands under the jaws are swollen, the giving of blue milk is an indication of tuberculosis. Some cows naturally give blue milk and are of little value. Milk in its normal condition is naturally alkaline, but when the blood is out of condition its alkalinity is much increased, and the milk becomes ropy. Be sure when you put your cream in with that which has been placed previously in the receptacle, to stir both well together. If the cow seems healthy the trouble with your cream may be overcome by giving her 3-4 lb. of sulphate of soda in a quart of warm (not hot) water in which there is stirred a teacupful of molasses. It should be administered through a drenching horn. After this has operated give a daily dose of hyposulphate of soda for two weeks in a mess of scalded bran or cut feed. For the leaking of milk from the teat put a small rubber band over each teat that leaks. These bands should fit so as not to give great pressure.

Oedema of Legs.

E. H. G., Connecticut: If the editor took the proper meaning from your letter, your horse is suffering from the disease named. Poultice the legs for two days, in the meantime give an ounce of pulverized saltpetre each day in drinking water. Then take this: Sulphate of copper, 3-4 oz.; pulverized gentian root, 1 1-2 ozs.; pulverized ginger, 1-2 oz.; nitre, 1 oz.; ground anise seed, 3 drachms. Mix and divide into eight powders. Give one night and morning. Give the horse walking exercise on a clean road. No corn is fed. After the legs have been poulticed wash off gently all the poultice that sticks to the legs with warm water and soap. Dry the legs thoroughly, and where the skin is broken apply solution of subacetate of lead, 1-2 oz.; glycerine, 4 ozs. Wrap legs from knee to buttock with muslin. Cut into strips four inches wide. The lead and glycerine should be applied once a day. Hand rub the legs when you take off the wrappings to apply the lead and glycerine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Milk Below the Standard.

An English farmer was recently arrested for selling milk below the legal standard. The milk furnished contained from six to eight per cent more water than it should. The defense was that the milk was not adulterated, but that it was sold just as it came from the cow. To prove this statement the farmer had the cows milked in the presence of a chemist, who analyzed the milk at once. It showed the same surplus of water. The judge dismissed the case on the principle that the state could only prevent the man from watering the milk; it could not punish the cows for not putting more fat in it. In this country the law holds that milk must reach a certain grade to be legal. If a farmer's cows cannot reach that grade, he must get others that will.—Rural New Yorker.

Notes About Swine.

Any one who attempts to grow a large number of pigs should have a house especially for them, supplied with abundance of water from a good well or cistern near it. The house should be the center for all the pens so that quite a herd can be fed without traveling over much ground.

Cheaper and healthier pig pork can be made from wheat bran and oil meal than from corn. Half a pound of oil meal and two pounds of bran will make three gallons of thick slop, which is a very cheap ration at a cent or less per gallon. A very small addition of corn or meal to this ration will insure a daily gain of one pound or more per pig. This food is highly commended by Waldo F. Brown, who has had long and encouraging experience with swine.

The gentle pig makes the most pork.

In buying a brood sow see that she is long, broad and deep, and with size of barrel extending well back to the hind quarters. She must have a straight back upheld by well rounded hams.

Crowd the pigs you are feeding, and get them to make all the pork possible before the severe weather. Cold retards growth, and makes necessary the feeding of a larger amount of grain per hundred weight of meat made than in mild weather.

Remember that sweet, home-cured salt pork, bacon, ham sausage, headcheese, etc., are appreciated as much by wealthy townspeople as by yourself and family, and will bring an extra price if you find the right buyers. Will it pay to sell the whole lot of pork at whole-hog rates?

The value of charcoal and rotten wood in the trough can be scarcely over-estimated. Hogs that are fattening rapidly must not be overfed, nor allowed to get sour stomachs.

Don't feed nubbins too freely at first to hogs that have been kept on whey and grass all summer. Begin the use of this immature corn gradually, or the pigs' digestion will suffer and then growth stops.

Boiled potatoes, pumpkins and turnips may not have great fattening properties, but they are excellent appetizers and tonics. Salt the mush well. It will make the craving for corn greater.—Farm Journal.

The Age of Bees.

This depends almost entirely upon circumstances. It may be impossible to decide how long a working bee would live if kept from wearing itself out by constant labor in the field. It may live one year or more, but the average life during summer is not over three months, and during a great honey flow it may not be over six weeks. Experiments may be made by introducing Italian queens to colonies of black bees, at various seasons of the year and noting the time when all the blacks disappear. Bees hatched in autumn will live through the winter until spring. Drones live a shorter time than workers. Kept in a queenless hive they may live three or four months. Being useless, except for mating purposes, the workers soon get rid of them. It is supposed that when their usefulness is at an end they are driven out to perish, but it may be that they live out their alloted time, and in the throes of death the workers take them out to die. The queen lives to a good old age, some as long as four years.—Southern Live Stock Journal.

Marketing Turkeys.

Christmas is considered by many the best time to sell turkeys, but my experience has been that where one has a warm place to keep them, if the weather is very cold, it will repay the extra cost of keeping if they are not sold until even later. A nice fat turkey will bring fifteen cents a pound as readily at the same market in February as it would have brought ten cents at Thanksgiving time. The extra food consumed should certainly be turned into fat, until the fowl has attained a weight of fifteen pounds for hen turkeys and twenty pounds for gobblers, live weight, if they are of the Bronze or large breeds. A scrub turkey will never grow as large as a pure bred bird.

As to picking, it is always best to pick them dry. It is some extra work, perhaps, but the birds look enough nicer to pay for it, and they usually bring more in the market. If plucked as soon as they are killed, the feathers pull out very easily, except some of the quill feathers, which may be removed by pouring a little boiling water over the base of them or by winding the feathers one at a time around the fingers. The most obstinate ones may be clipped off, with the shears close to the flesh, leaving the end of the quill in.

The place of marketing should decide whether the fowls should be drawn or not. For shipping they should not be drawn, nor should the heads be removed; for local trade it is sometimes necessary to do both. This should be determined by consulting your buyer before the poultry is killed. I am sometimes persuaded to sell fowls alive. A week or two before Thanksgiving the buyers are around with their crates to pick up turkeys and chickens—which they usually dress before selling by the way. It is such an easy way out of a disagreeable job—dressing a lot of fowls—that I sometimes let them go, but I think it well repays any one to dress them before selling. The buyer will tell you that they will "dress away" so much in killing that you will make as much to sell them alive. I took the trouble to weigh them "before and after," and I find that they dress away not far from five per cent in weight where plucked and drawn with heads off. With heads on and entrails undrawn, the loss is less than half this amount as the blood is practically all the loss, weight of the feathers amounting to very little.—Country Gentleman.

Artichoke for Hogs.

All intelligent swine breeders advise us to feed roots to hogs. For three years I have cultivated and fed the White Jerusalem Artichoke, which I consider the best and cheapest food for hogs. They grow very large tubers and need not be stored away as other roots, but just leave them in the ground as they grow, as no amount of freezing injures them, and late in the fall turn the hogs in to gather the crop. There will be tubers enough left in the ground to grow each succeeding crop, without any planting or cultivating. I keep one lot for spring use, where I feed for early spring market. By finishing with a little corn, my hogs fatten nicely and I have never had a sick hog nor so often empty corn cribs since I have raised artichokes. Five or six bushels will plant an acre and one acre of good soil will produce from 800 to 1,000 bushels; this will fatten 50 hogs and enough will remain in the ground for the brood sows and pigs through the winter. Artichokes can be planted either in spring or fall. About the 1st of November is a very good time to plant, as they start to grow very early in spring. The tubers are cut and planted, also cultivated the same as potatoes. To dig and pit them in the fall makes excellent food for cows during the winter, increasing the quantity and quality of milk. Spring calves and colts eat them with a relish during the winter.—Cor. Ag. Epitomist.

Sheep Notes.

A few stakes about each young tree are necessary to keep the sheep from barking trem when eating the windfalls.

When pasturage is short sheep may be benefited by giving them a daily range and feeding on the ground daily turnips, pumpkins, sowed corn, beets, grain, etc. It is well to feed green crops at night, as they become wilted and stale sooner, if fed in the hot sun.

Worms kill more sheep than do dogs. Where their presence is suspected allow plenty of salt, and give the following once in two weeks: Salt, two pounds, sulphate of magnesia, one pound; sulphate of iron, one-half pound; powdered gentian, one-half pound. Mix it well for 80 to 100 sheep. Food mixed with salt is also an excellent vermifuge. Whenever a sheep is killed, examination should be made for evidence of the presence of these parasites, for what is found to annoy one sheep will usually be true of all. To rid a sheep of tape worm give one-half a dram to a dram of areca nut, and 10 to 20 drops of oil of small fern. It is best administered in molasses and water, and must be followed the next day with a purge, like a gill of cotton seed oil, or raw linseed oil.

There is the most profit in lambs fattened when two to three months old, if got on the market early in the season and if the sheep raiser is near a large city. But under other conditions the most profit is in marketing fat lambs at from six to twelve months of age. Sheep can be fatted nicely on the old pasture of late summer and early fall. Feed corn and oats whole, morning and night. Keep quiet, give plenty of pure water, and keep troughs clean and dry.

All but late lambs may be weaned in July, on the meadow aftermath, or on the growth that comes up when old pastures is mown. The lambs should be put on immediately after mowing, being given some oats night and morning. A little bran or oil cake may be used also.—Farm Journal.

Professional Scorn.

"Did you hear about Biggins's shooting excursion?" said one member of the National Guard to another.

"You don't mean to say an amateur marksman like Biggins had the nerve to go hunting?"

"Yes."

"Hit anything?"

"Yes. He got seven birds."

"Well. There's only one way to explain it."

"How's that?"

"He didn't know the gun was loaded."—Washington Star.

The title mayor comes from the French, and originally signified "one who keeps guard." He was the head steward of a city, administering its affairs in the name of the king.

The Kings of Yemen and Muscat style themselves Imaums, and claim an ancestry back to the time of Mohammed.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Talmage's Sermon.

THE BOAT OF THEOSOPHY RECENTLY LAUNCHED.

A Worm-Eaten Ship Painted Over to Look Like New—Safety of the Gospel Life Boat.

This week Dr. Talmage chose for his subject, "Unsafe Lifeboats." The text was Acts 27:32, "Then the soldiers cut off the ropes of the boats, and let her fall off."

My subject is "Unsafe Lifeboats." We cannot exaggerate the importance of the lifeboat. All honor to the memory of Lionel Lukin, the coach-builder of Long Acre, London, who invented the first life-boat, and I do not blame him for ordering put up on his tombstone in Kent the inscription that you may still read there: "This Lionel Lukin was the first who built a lifeboat, and was the original inventor of that principle of safety, by which many lives and much property have been preserved from shipwreck; and he obtained for it the king's patent in the year 1785."

All honor to the memory of Sir William Hillary, who, living on the Isle of Man, and after assisting with his own hands in the rescue of 305 lives of the shipwrecked, stirred the English parliament to quick action in the construction of lifeboats. Thanks to God for the sublime and pathetic and divine mission of the lifeboat. No one will doubt its important mission who has read of the wreck of the Amazon in the Bay of Piscay; of the Tweed running on the reefs of the Gulf of Mexico, or of the Ocean Monarch on the coast of Wales, or of the Birkenhead on the Cape of Good Hope, or of the Royal Charter on the coast of Anglesea, or of the Exmouth on the Scotch breakers, or of the Cambria on the Irish coast, or of the Atlantic on the rocks of Nova Scotia, or of the Lexington, on Long Island Sound. To add still further to the importace of the lifeboat, remember there are at least 3,000,000 men following the sea, to say nothing of the uncounted millions this moment ocean passengers. We "landlubbers," as sailors call us, may not know the difference between a marlin spike and a ring bolt, or anything about heaving a log, or rigging out a flying jibboom, or furling a topsail, but we all realize to greater or less extent the importance of a lifeboat in every marine equipment. But do we feel the importance of a lifeboat in the matter of the soul's rescue? There are times when we feel that we are out at sea, and as many disturbing and anxious questions strike us as waves struck that vessel against the sides of which the lifeboat of my text dangled. Questions about the church. Questions about the world. Questions about our eternal destiny. Every thinking man and woman have these questions, and in proportion as they are thinking people do these questions arise.

Here is a splendid new lifeboat called Theosophy. It has only a little while been launched, although some of the planks are really several thousand years old, and from a worm-eaten ship, but they are painted over and look new. They are really Fatalism and Pantheism of olden time. But we must forget that and call them Theosophy. The Grace Darling of this lifeboat was an oarswoman by the name of Madame Blavatsky, but the oarswoman now is Annie Besant. So many are getting aboard the boat, it is worthy of examination, both beacuse of the safety of those who have entered it and because we ourselves are invited to get in. Its theory is that everything is God. Horse and star and tree and man are parts of God. We have three souls—an animal soul, a human soul, a spiritual soul. The animal soul becomes after awhile a wandering thing trying to express itself through mediums. It enters beasts, or enters a human being, and when you find an effeminate man it is because a woman's soul has got into the man, and when you find a masculine woman it is because a man's soul has taken possession of a woman's body. If you find a woman has become a platform speaker and likes politics she is possessed by a dead politician who forty years ago made the platform quake. The soul keeps wandering on and on, and may have fifty or innumerable different forms and finally is absorbed in God. It was God at the start and will be God at the last. But who gives the authority for the truth of such a religion? Some beings living in a cave in Central Asia. They are invisible to the naked eye, but they cross continents and seas in a flash. My Baptist brother, Dr. Haldeman, says that a Theosophist in New York was visited by one of those mysterious beings from Central Asia. The gentleman knew it from the fact that the mysterious being left his pocket handkerchief, embroidered with his name and Asiatic residence. The most wonderful achievement of the Theosophists is that they keep out of the insane asylum.

They prove the truth of the statement that no religion ever announced was so absurd but it gained disciples. Societies in the United States and England and other lands have been established for the promulgation of Theosophy. Instead of needing the revelation of a Bible, you can have these spirits from a cave in Central Asia to tell you all you ought to know, and after you leave this life you may become a prima donna, or a robin or a gazelle, or a sot, or a prize fighter, or a Herod, or a Jezebel, and so be enabled to have great variety of experience, rotating through the universe, now rising, now falling, now shot in a straight line, and now describing a parabola, and on and on, and up and up, and down and down, and round and round. Don't you see? Now that theosophic lifeboat has been launched. It proposes to take you off the rough sea of doubt into ever lasting quietude. How do you like that lifeboat? My opinion is you had better imitate the mariners of my text, and cut off the ropes of that boat and let her fall off.

Another lifeboat is Christian Inconsistencies. The planks of this boat are composed of the split planks of shipwrecks. That prow is made out of hypocrisy from the life of a man who professed one thing and really was another. One oar of this lifeboat was the falsehood of a church member, and the other oar was the wickedness of some minister of the Gospel, whose iniquities were not for a long while found out. Not one plank from the oak of God's eternal truth in all that lifeboat. All the planks by universal admission, are decayed and crumbling and fallen apart and rotten and ready to sink. "Well, well," you say, "no one will want to get into that lifeboat." Oh, my friend, you are mistaken. That is the most popular lifeboat ever constructed. That is the most popular lifeboat ever launched. Millions of people want to go into it. They jostle each other to get the best seat in the boat. You could not keep them back though you stood at the gunwales with a club, as on our ship Greece in a hurricane, and the steerage passengers were determined to come up on deck, where they would have been washed off, and the officers stood at the top of the stairs clubbing them back. Even by such violence as that you could not keep people from jumping into the most popular lifeboat, made of church member inconsistencies. In times of revival, when sinners flock into the inquiry room, the most of them are kept from deciding aright because they know so many Christians who are bad.

The inquiry room becomes a World's Fair for exhibition of all the frailties of church members, so if you believe all is there told you, you would be afraid to enter a church lest you get your pockets picked or get knocked down. This is the way they talk: "I was cheated out of $500 by a leader of a Bible class." "A Sunday school teacher gossiped about me, and did her best to destroy my good name." "I had a partner in business who swamped our business concern by his trickery, and then rolled up his eyes in Friday night prayer meeting, as though he were looking for Elijah's chariot to make a second trip and take up another passenger." But what a cracked and water-logged and gaping-seamed lifeboat the inconsistencies of others. Put me on a shingle mid-Atlantic and leave me there, rather than in such a yawl of spiritual confidence. God forbid that I should get aboard it, and lest some of you make the mistake of getting into it, I do as the mariners did on that Mediterranean ship when the sailors were about to get into the unsafe lifeboat of the text, and lose their lives in that way. "Then the soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat, and let her fall off."

> Once on the raging seas I rowed,
> The storm was loud, the night was dark,
> The ocean yawned and rudely blowed
> The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

But I got into the gospel lifeboat, and I got ashore. No religious speculation for me. These higher criticism fellows do not bother me a bit. You may ask me fifty questions about the sea and about the land and about the lifeboat that I cannot answer, but one thing I know; I am ashore, and I am going to stay ashore, if the Lord by his grace will help me. I feel under me something so firm that I try it with my right foot, and try it with my left foot, and then I try it with both feet, and it is so solid that I think it must be what the old folks call the Rock of Ages. And be my remaining days on earth many or few, I am going to spend my time in recommending the lifeboat which fetched me here, a poor sinner, saved by grace, and in swinging the cutlasses to sever the ropes of any unsafe lifeboat and let her fall off. My hearer, without asking any questions, get into the gospel lifeboat. Room! and yet there is room!

The biggest boat on earth is the gospel lifeboat. You must remember the proportion of things, and that the shipwrecked craft is the whole earth, and the lifeboat must be in proportion. You talk about your Campanias, and your Lucanias, and your Majestics, and Your City of New Yorks, but all of them put together are smaller than an Indian's canoe on Schroom lake compared with this gospel lifeboat that is large enough to take in all nations. Room for one and room for all. Get in! "How? How?" you ask. Well, I know how you feel, for summer before last, on the sea of Finland, I had the same experience. The ship in which we sailed could not venture nearer than a mile from shore, where stood the Russian palace of Peterhof, and we had to get into a small boat and be rowed ashore. The water was rough, and as we went down the ladder at the side of the ship, we held firmly on to the railing, but in order to get into the boat, we had at last to let go. How did I know that the boat was good and that the oarsmen were sufficient? How did I know that the Finland sea would not swallow us with one opening of its crystal jaws? We had to trust, and we did trust, and our trust was well rewarded. In the same way get into the gospel lifeboat. Let go! As long as you hold on to any other hope you are imperiled, and you get no advantage from your lifeboat. Let go! Does some one here say, "I guess I will hold on a little to my good works or to a pious parentage, or to something I can do in the way of achieving my own salvation." No, no, let go! Trust the Captain who would not put you into a rickety or uncertain craft.

The Strongest Defence

Against ill health, debility and nervousness is to promote digestion, activity of the liver and regularity of the bowels with the incomparable alterative and tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine without a drawback, safe and thorough, and having the highest professional sanction. It promotes an adequate secretion of the gastric juices that act as solvents of the food, and insures its conversion into rich, nourishing blood, which never fails to honor the drafts for strength made upon it by the rest of the system. As a laxative of the bowels it is natural and gentle in operation, but at the same time effective. By directing the bile into its proper channel it removes the many and harassing symptoms of liver complaint. Heartburn, nausea, sick headaches, nervousness, rheumatism, malaria and kidney troubles are remedied by it.

"GOOD-NIGHT, SWEETHEART."

> "Good-night, Sweetheart, good-night, Sweetheart!"
> In dimmed, blue eyes the bright tears start,
> And little hands all pleadingly
> (Dear hands of love!) reach out to me:
> Yet, in the darkness I depart
> And answer not: "Good-night, Sweetheart!"
> "Good-night, Sweetheart, good-night!" I knew
> That tears were in the eyes of blue,
> And that the lips yearned for the bliss
> Of just one last, forgiving kiss!
> For love is love and hath no are
> Save only love. "Good-night Sweetheart!"
> Good-night! * * * if we could only know
> The gentle hearts that love us so;
> The words that strike with shafts of pain—
> Love's lips should kiss them back again!
> I answer now, while hot tears start:
> "Good-night, Sweetheart, good-night, Sweetheart!"
>
> —Atlanta Constitution.

Only Fresh Pasteboard Permissible

The custom of turning down the corners of the cards to signify different messages is not a very general one, as it is considered better form to have one's pasteboard representative as fresh in appearance as possible. However, the fashion does obtain to a small extent, and its language is as follows: Turning the upper right hand corner signifies that the single card is to include all the ladies of the household, and turning the upper left hand corner that the call was made personally. This latter is the more senseless custom, as, except in Washington, where the visiting duties are so very onerous, it is very unusual in this country for ladies to call by proxy or to send their cards to a door by their maid or footman.

Egyptian Embalming.

It is estimated that the number of bodies embalmed in Egypt from B. C. 2000, when the art is supposed to have been first practiced, to A. D. 700, when it ceased, amounted to 420,000,000. Another estimate places the total number of mummies at 741,000,000, but this is based upon the extension of the beginning of the practice to a much earlier date. The traffic in the mummies is very profitable to the modern Egyptian dealers.

Q. E. D.

She—It is rank injustice to say that a woman is inferior to a man in reasoning powers.

He—Why?

She—Because.—Detroit Tribune.

Men Don't Understand.

"No man ever suffered a single pang like unto woman.

"Women, therefore, gladly turn to a woman for sympathy, counsel, and help in their peculiar troubles.

"Lydia E. Pinkham deserves the confidences showered upon her by thousands. Her Vegetable Compound has done more for women than any other remedy.

"The great cause of woman's misery is in her womb. *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* goes direct to the source of trouble, drives out disease, and cures backache, fainting, despondency, bloating, ovarian troubles, and leucorrhœa.

"I would have been in my grave if I had not taken Mrs. Pinkham's medicine."—*Mrs Hannah Hyde, Bethel, Ind.*

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.
Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.

The Camp Fire.

Thought They Were Hornets.

Miss Ada C. Sweet, daughter of the late Col. B. J. Sweet, of Chicago, has many interesting incidents which have been told her by her father. Major Sweet had a splendid war record before he took command of Camp Douglas. One of Miss Sweet's war anecdotes is as follows:

"The young man—oh, my! I must laugh—the young man was a friend of ours. He knew my father very well and was in my father's regiment. He had been in the service about two weeks and just before the battle of Perryville he and another young man were ordered in advance of the column to take down a fence so that the the regiment could pass. They were going through a pasture land, and as the young man went ahead every second or two he heard a peculiar kind of whizz in the air and thinking he was getting into a hornet's colony he kept on looking around to see the nests. The odd hissing kept right on all about him, but he could not see any hornets, so he said, 'Pshaw, I've got something more important to do than to look for hornets' nests,' and he went on and let down the fence. But he missed his comrade, and couldn't imagine what had become of him. So he did all the work himself and came back to the regiment and had quite forgotten all about the hornets. Just then my father rode up and said to him: 'I'll see you after the engagement, Mr. ——,' and galloped off. My father looked stern and spoke briefly and in a tone of command. The young man saw this, and thought my father was angry. So he reflected: 'Now Col. Sweet is angry. I suppose I've done something wrong, but I can't imagine what it is.'

"A day or two later he was greatly puzzled to receive an official letter, with his appointment as first lieutenant.

"'It's luck,' said he, 'pure, unadulterated luck,' and he took it like a philosopher only he was a bit curious to find out how it was that luck should favor him. My father was wounded at the battle, and when he was able to be about again, the young man asked him for an explanation.

"'Why, cried Col. Sweet, 'you were promoted for bravery the time you let down that fence. You were the coolest man under fire I ever saw.'

"'Under fire!' gasped the young lieutenant. 'Was I under fire?'

"'Why,' exclaimed the colonel, 'the bullets were whizzing all around you.'

"'Heavens!' exclaimed the young officer. 'Were they bullets? I thought they were hornets!' And he looked awfully surprised and startled.

"That young man is a very prominent banker in Cincinnati to-day, and so I won't tell you his name. But he often thought what a good runner his comrade was. As soon as his comrade heard the first 'whizz' he knew it wasn't a hornet, and he dropped his musket and ran like a wild man back to the regiment. But the valorous man had his reward."

Comrades, You Help.

The editor of The Blade asks every comrade around the Camp Fire to read the announcement of our new story, given on the fourth page of this issue. Every one of you will like it, from the very first chapter. It is a tale of the first year of the war, historically correct in every detail, and tells the story of the first battle of Bull Run in a way never told before.

Please call the attention of comrades who are not subscribers to The Blade to this story, and to the Nasby Letters as well. Also do us the favor to send us on a postal card or letter the names and addresses of persons you think would be glad to read this excellent serial, and we will gladly send them sample copies. Please send names AT ONCE.

Grant and the Swede.

Editor Camp Fire:—I belonged to a squad of wounded soldiers who were set to guarding railroads and black houses. When we became able we were ordered to be taken to our regiments. We were taken from the Soldiers' Rest in Baltimore and put aboard a boat to go down the Chesapeake. There were three boats lying side by side at the dock and we were marched upon the second one. A lot of us camped down on the upper deck when we were told that Gen. Grant was on the third boat. We had with us a Swede who was an intelligent fellow and who said he knew Gen. Grant and had bought wood of him in Missouri. The Swede walked over to the railing next the boat on which the famous general was walking with two companies.

Suddenly Gen. Grant turned and walking to the side of the boat took the Swede by the hand and said, "Comade, I know your face but I cannot remember your name. I believe you are one of the old 21st. "No," replied the Swede, "I belong to the 8th Mo., and my name is John ——. I lived between you and St. Louis." Then Grant said, "Now I know you," and shook hands with him a second time, and to judge by the looks of his handsome face was glad to see his old neighbor.

Finally the Swede asked Grant when he thought the war would be over. This was in the winter of 1864. "Comrade," said Grant, "I can tell you little more than you already know. You must read the papers for information. You will notice an order from the war department to stop the recruiting of any more cavalry, and the same order stops the buying of any more beef cattle for the present and you may consider this order the beginning of the end. There will probably be a lively and vigorous campaign this spring when the days became longer and the roads passable. By that time you will find each man to be with his regiment and when the spring campaign opens you and me and every other soldier is expected by the nation to do his duty without flinching. We must make the campaign short and lively."

Just then Grant's boat began to move and the general took from his vest pocket a roll of greenbacks and gave the Swede $10, telling him to buy papers and after he had read them to give them to his comrades, and shaking hands the third time the boat pulled away.

Besides Gen. Grant's great ability his courage was unshaken, his nature ardent, his capacity for enduring fatigue was extraordinary and his manners perfect. He was a handsome man and watever his faults were it will be a long time before America will produce another such a man.—James N. Betts, Co. H, 12th Wis. Inft.

The Major Was Mad.

Editor Camp Fire:—Being a citizen of Kansas I offer a few sunflowers to mingle with the pine knots of my comrades from Tennessee. In '61 our regiment fit—no, I mean marched, under Banks (I should say General Banks—not clay banks) most of the time in sight of Sugar Loaf mountain. We did venture across the Potomac, however, in February, '62, as we found out the Johnnies had gone where it was warmer. About the middle of October, '61, we took charge—so to speak—of several miles of the Potomac—left bank, of course—with headquarters at Sharpsburg. At dam No. 4, Companies E and K were under the command of Major Hubler, who had been with General Scott in some skirmishes with Santa Anna, Antonio de Lopez. The major was a tall Pennsylvania Dutchman, with a wonderful voice and the largest mouth on the "job."

Late in October the major ordered the two companies out for drill—going to put down the rebellion—and four companies were formed from the two, for this was to be a battalion drill—see?

Our captain was a little slow of hearing commands with his off-ear, and when the major gave command, "By companies, right wheel into line," the other line officers repeated the command, but ours did not. The other companies obeyed the command, but our captain and his command were making long strides towards "Ole Virginny," when the major noticed the break in the line. Then he yelled until we thought we could hear the sound of the echo from the other shore:

"Halt that company! Where in h——l are you going with that company?"

Months after this, far into the night, when all the good boys not on duty had returned from their visits to adjacent hen-roosts, or weekly prayer meetings, and were wont to sleep, some thoughtless comrade would yell, at the top of his voice: "Halt that company," etc.

Success to The Blade, which strikes at the fountain head of evils without running to seed on visionary subjects.—Isom T. Vest, late of Co. K, 12th Ind. Inf., and of Co. B., 44th Ind. Inf.

Age of the Veterans.

The encampment of the old soldiers at Indianapolis has moved the Journal of that city to make an inquiry into the ages of the veterans. The federal law makes subject to military duty all males between the ages of 18 and 45, and they are liable to draft. But the records show that a large proportion of the volunteers was composed of youths either under or over the legal age. Here is a record of 118,254 soldiers from Indiana:

Under 17 years	279
At 17 years	634
At 18 years	21,935
At 19 years	10,519
At 20 years	9,435
At 21 years	9,705
At 22 years	7,835
At 23 years	6,789
At 24 years	6,013
At 25 years	4,891
At 26 years	4,283
At 27 years	3,738
At 28 years	3,329
At 29 years	2,739
At 30 years	3,091
31 to 34 years	8,361
35 years and over	14,127
Total	118,254

From this table it appears that nearly 50 per cent of the soldiers from the Hoosier state were boys when they shouldered their muskets. Of these, the survivors are now about 50 years old, or still in the prime of life. In comparison with the whole body of soldiers, very few indeed were over 35 when they enlisted; consequently the average age of the veterans of Indiana at the present time is under 60 years, and probably what is true of the soldiers of that state applies equally to those of others.

The wearing effect of exposure, together with hard service, however, undoubtedly sapped the vitality of those who responded to Father Abraham's call, so that the old soldier at 60 is physically 5 to 10 years older than his neighbor whose actual years count the same, but who remained at home, sheltered from the dangers, privations and fatigues of the war.

SPLINTERS.

Comrade A. W. H., of Kellerville, Ill., wants all loyal people to join in a petition to President Cleveland asking him to remove Hoke Smith and Commissioner Lochren.

Comrade E. T. Lee, Monticello, Ill., secretary of the Shiloh Battlefield association, desires the address of all survivors of the battle of Shiloh, with name of command served in.

Comrade Andrew Cotton, of the 9th Ind. Cavalry, admires Hoke Smith's backbone, and says he is the only Democrat who has sand enough to carry out the wishes and pledges of the Democratic party.

Comrade Pope of the 5th Ind. Cav., writes that he served in the Mexican and civil wars, and was a Democrat until Cleveland and Hoke Smith began their war on the old soldiers, but now he will vote that ticket no more.

A man having on his person certificate No. 496,770 for pension act of June 27th, 1890, awarded to William J. Hopper, Co. E, 95th Regt., Ohio Vol. Inft., and unassigned 2d Ohio Vol. Cav., also voucher for payment of pension to be executed after Dec. 4th, 1893, was accidentally killed on an east-bound freight train on the Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis railway at or near Collier, Brooke Co., W. Va., Tuesday, Oct. 17. He was buried at Wheeling. Friends can secure further information from George B. Crawford, Wheeling.

LIFE'S MISERY

To many people who have the taint of scrofula in their blood. The agonies caused by the dreadful running sores and other manifestations of this disease are beyond description. There is no other remedy equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum and every form of blood disease. It is reasonably sure to benefit all who give it a fair trial.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

A YOUNG ATTORNEY.

A Woman Who is Seeking Political Preferment in Ohio.

Miss Edna Gray, of Hillsboro, O., is the first woman of her state to be the nominee of a political party for public office. Woman suffrage ideas have never obtained very extensively in Ohio, so that the nomination of Miss Gray for prosecuting attorney of Highland county is an exceptional honor to her sex. She is but 21 years old, is a farmer's daughter, and, prior to her admisssion to the bar, was locally famous for her elocutionary exhibitions. She was graduated from the Cincinnati Law School last May, and at once opened a law office in Hillsboro, a historically famous old village of Southern Ohio, the boyhood home of Governor Foraker.

MISS EDNA GRAY.

She was so successful with her first two cases that older lawyers gave her unreserved commendation, and the Prohibitionists nominated her for prosecuting attorney at their recent county convention. As Hillsboro is the center of the strongest temperance and Prohibition section of Ohio, there is a possibility of Miss Gray's election, the more because the gallantry of the Highland county beaux is far above par.

At a recent meeting of her party adherents she made a stirring political speech, along with ex-Governor St. John, the Prohibition apostle of Kansas.

SICK HEADACHE Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Surnames.

E. J. M., Leanderville, Ill.: Probably the first surnames were used among the later Greeks. With them the eldest son usually was given the name of his parental grandfather, and the confusion arising from the repetition of the same name was relieved by appending the father's name, or the occupation, or the name of the place of birth, or a nickname. This did not, however, amount to a regular system of surnames. Among the Romans, the people were divided into classes, called "gentes," and each gens into families. Hence each Roman citizen had three names: the praenomen, the same as our "Christian" names; the nomen, which told the gens; and the cognomen, or family name. Sometimes a fourth name, the agnomen, was added, generally in honor of some military success; as Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus. Publius was his "given" name; Cornelius showed that he belonged to the Cornelian gens; Scipio was the family name; and the agnomen, Africanus, was bestowed because of his victories in Africa. There were few surnames used in England before the time of William the Conqueror, though some appear in the Saxon records. By the middle of the twelfth century it was deemed essential that persons of rank should bear surnames, though the custom did not become universal among the lower classes till about two centuries ago. During the Middle Ages the Jews formed surnames by the use of the Hebrew word "ben," meaning "son of." Thus Solomon ben Ezra meant Solomon the son of Ezra. In Wales the word "ap" was used in the same way.

"Information on Money."

C. E. B., Fall City, Wash.: You will find your question as to the silver countries of the world answered in the article headed "Information on Money," on the fifth page of the Weekly Blade of last week (October 19).

We ask every reader interested in the financial question to cut out the whole article, table and all, and preserve it carefully. We shall tell those who ask questions covered in that article to refer to it for information.

D. K., Lock 17, Ohio: The above-mentioned article answers your question. The delay was because we had to send to Washington for the facts, and it cost us not only much labor, but considerable cash expenditure to have the work done there.

"Banker," Alden, Minn.: We think you will find what you want in the above-named article.

H. A. D., Huntington, W. Va.: We are sorry we have not the figures you ask for. The per capita circulation in this country was never greater than it is now, in good money.

Ratio of Silver to Gold.

W. Toledo, O.: The history of English coinage has been one of constant changes in the relative values of gold and silver, and of consequent changes in the coinage ratio, until 1816, when England adopted the single gold standard, which she has retained ever since. Soetbeer, the eminent German authority, gives a table of the ratio of the market values of the two metals from 1501 down. In that year the ratio was 10.75 of silver to 1 of gold. Silver declined relatively to gold for a century and a half. From 1601 to 1620 the ratio averaged 12.25. Fram 1661 to 1680 it averaged 15. Then it rose, from 1601 to 1700 averaging 14.96. From 1701 to 1740 it averaged a little over 15. From 1741 to 1790 it averaged a little less than 15. From 1791 to 1800 it averaged 15.42; 1801 to 1810, it averaged 15.61; from 1821 to 1830, it averaged 15.80; from 1841 to 1850, averaged 15.83; from 1856 to 1860, 15.3; from 1866 to 1860, 15.56. About 1873 silver began to decline sharply. In 1874, the ratio was 16.16; 1876, 17.80; 1878, 17.96; 1880, 18.06; and it is now about 28 to 1.

The Whisky Trust.

N. B., Jasonville, Ind., writes to inquire about an editorial paragraph in the Weekly Blade of October 12, which stated that, as the Whisky Trust holds 13,000,000 gallons, the Democratic proposition to increase the internal revenue tax 50 per cent. would increase the value of the Trust's holdings by $5,200,000. He says a Democrat there disputes the fact, and claims that all whisky on hand would be subject to the increased tax.

That Democrat must suppose the Whisky Trust is composed of fools, instead of sharp, shrewd business men. Does he suppose they will allow that whisky to remain in bond, and let the additional tax be imposed, thus losing the opportunity to make $5,200,000? As soon as it becomes certain that the bill will pass, they will pay the tax on this whisky at the present rate, and take it out of bond. Then they will simply hold it until the law goes into effect, when the price will of course be raised, and their stock be worth $5,200,000 more than it was before.

John P. St. John.

B. F. S., Garden City, Kan., has our thanks for the following detailed statement, in answer to J. E. N., Carrollton, O.:

John P. St. John was elected two terms for governor of Kansas by the Republicans, and received the nomination for the third term. He had worked to secure the Prohibition amendment to the Kansas state constitution, hence the whisky Republicans voted for G. W. Glick, the Democratic candidate, and defeated St. John. After that St. John was made a delegate to the Republican national convention at Chicago, in 1884, which nominated James G. Blaine for President. St. John offered a prohibition plank to the Republican platform in that convention. It was not inserted in the platform by the committee. Then he announced himself a Prohibitionist henceforth.

National Bank Questions.

C. N. M., Sego, O.: The national banking system was fully explained in Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of June 15 last.

W. G. M., Hendy, Neb.: We are sorry, but we have not the figures you ask for. The amount of bonds deposited by national banks in the Treasury is far larger than the total national bank circulation; for there are many banks which do not take out the full amount of circulation.

H. C. P., Sawyer, Mich., wants to know what is to prevent a national bank which has deposited, say $90,000 in bonds, and obtained $81,000 circulation, from buying more bonds with this, depositing them, taking out more circulation, and so on. The national banking law prevents it. See summary of that law in Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of June 15 last.

Civil Service Examinations.

E. S. C., Bridgeport, Ind.: We have but one answer to any and all questions about civil service positions, and it is this: Write a letter to "Hon. John T. Doyle, Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C." telling him for what branch of the service you wish to take an examination—whether the classified departmental service, customs service, postal service, railway mail service, or Indian school service; ask him to send you the necessary information as to the scope of the examination, and the dates and places of examination, which he will send you.

Silver Production.

B. F. C., Pittsburg, Mo.: The Sherman law provides for the purchase of 45,000,000 ounces of silver per year. For several years prior to its passage, the production of United States mines ranged from 57,000,000 to 64,000,000 ounces. It was estimated that about 10,000,000 ounces are used every year in the arts, and that the Sherman law would absorb the whole product, beyond that used in the arts.

The Poet Laureate.

L. R. R., Howell, Mich.: Lewis Morris is the poet laureate of England. It was announced at one time that the appointment was to be conferred on John Ruskin; but he either declined it, or the matter was reconsidered. Mr. Morris received the appointment.

World's Fair Attendance.

D. W. S., Philo P. O., Ohio; F. R. M., Roscoe, O.; E. C., Cedar Mills, O.: You will find the official figures of the attendance at the World's Fair in an editorial article on the fourth page of this issue of The Blade.

Miscellaneous.

O. M. B., Palmer, Kan.: The Railway Age is published in Chicago.

E. L., Emporia, Kan.: We have not time to write, nor room to print, essays on abstract subjects.

J. T. S., Muskegon, Mich.: In all our silver coins, 90 per cent. is pure silver and 10 per cent. alloy—copper.

H. W., Waterloo, Ind., wants a process for making and using colored enamel for bicycles. Who can furnish it?

F. S., New London, Minn.: Sorry we do not know. Better write to the editor of the periodical in which you saw the article.

C. O. P., Iveyville, Iowa: It is absolutely impossible to ascertain how many pounds of lead were used by both sides during the civil war.

J. B.: The "salary grab" act was passed on March 3, 1873. James B. Weaver took his seat in Congress first on March 18, 1879, and hence could not have voted on that bill.

C. & R., Blakeslee, O.: We have not back numbers of The Blade containing the platforms, etc., for which you ask. You will find them in the World or the Tribune Almanacs.

J. F. P., Malinta, O.: The children of persons who have been duly naturalized, they being under age at the time of the naturalization of the parents, are made citizens thereby.

A. B. H., Oregon, Wis.: When a rope is subjected to moisture, the fibres enlarge their diameter by its absorption, and consequently shorten in length. The result is, the entire rope is shortened.

J. T., Brooksburg, Ind.: You do not seem to know that silver dollars are a full legal tender for everything, and that the government receives them and pays them out for all purposes, without exception. Foreign coins are not accepted by the government.

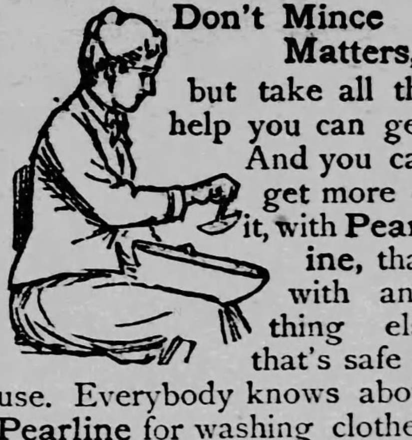
O. M. L., South Charleston, O.: We have not the vote in the House on silver in 1877. The recent vote in the House on the repeal of the Sherman law was given in full in The Weekly Blade of August 31, giving name and politics of each member. Follow rules above, please, about the number of questions you send.

R. E. G., Monroe Mills, O.: Bimetallism is the doctrine that gold and silver shall both be the standard of value in the country, at a fixed ratio determined by law, and both have full legal tender powers. Monometallism is the doctrine that but one can be the real standard of value, and that the law should recognize this.

Z. O. T., Yorktown, N. D.: We can find out but very little about the black skunk. We are told that they are chiefly caught in British America, by the trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company. Probably it lives in the North United States as well. If any one can give us information about the animal, we shall be glad to publish.

H. W. D., Sequim, Wash.: We are sorry that we are not well enough informed on the intricacies of the land laws, and decisions of courts in land cases, to advise you. The matter ought to be laid before the "Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C." It might be well also to write a concise statement to your Representative in Congress, and ask him for his aid in the matter.

J. H. C., Columbia City, Ind.: Perhaps you may be confusing silver certificates with Treasury notes of 1890. A silver certificate represents silver dollars in the Treasury, and is redeemable only in them. The Treasury notes of 1890, which are issued to buy silver bullion under the Sherman law, state on the face that they are redeemable in "coin." It is optional with the Secretary of the Treasury whether he will redeem in gold or silver.



Don't Mince Matters, but take all the help you can get. And you can get more of it, with Pearline, than with anything else that's safe to use. Everybody knows about Pearline for washing clothes.

We talk more about that, because of all the wear and tear and labor it saves, by doing away with that ruinous rub, rub, rub. But don't let its help stop there. With anything that will wash at all, Pearline will save you something in the washing. Dishes, paint, woodwork, marble, windows, carpets (without taking up), milk cans, silver, jewelry, etc.—these are only some of the things that are washed best with Pearline.

Beware of imitations. 338 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

FOR INDIGESTION Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

If your dinner distresses you, try it. It aids digestion.

BRILLIANTS.

> There was a poet whose untimely tomb
> No human hands with pious reverence reared;
> But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds
> Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid
> Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness.
> —Shelley.

> His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
> His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
> His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
> His heart as far from fraud as Heaven from earth.
> —Shakspeare.

> Far better never to have heard the name
> Of zeal and just ambition, than to live
> Baffled and plagued by a mind that every hour
> Turns recreant to her task; takes heart again,
> Then feels immediately some hollow thought
> Hang like an interdict upon her hopes.
> —Wordsworth.

> And should the twilight darken into night,
> And sorrow grow to anguish, be thou strong;
> Thou art in God, and nothing can go wrong
> Which a fresh life-pulse cannot set aright.
> That thou dost know the darkness, proves the light.
> —George MacDonald.

> This use may lie in sorrow,
> To drive the soul to strive and strain,
> Building the vast and sunsetless to-morrow
> To escape to-day's intolerable pain.
>
> If to all pain a sweet surcease were given,
> How should the spirit unfold to larger scope?
> Why should we strive for Heaven
> If earth fulfilled our hope?
> —Richard Hovey.

> Not rural sights alone, but rural sounds
> Exhilarate the spirit and restore
> The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
> That sweep the skirt of some far spreading wood
> Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
> The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
> And lull the spirit while they fill the mind.
> —Cowper.

> The spider works with wit and will,
> She frames her wheel and she is sped;
> But 'tis the dew's gift, not her skill,
> That hangs with diamonds every thread.
>
> With pains and patience we no less
> Shape out our lives, but yet allow
> That all our brightest happiness
> Is sent from Heaven, we know not how.
> —London Spectator.

> And thought, that is the greatest of this earth,
> And man's most inmost being, soars and soars,
> Beyond the eye's horizon's utmost girth,
> Garners all beauty, on all mystery pores;
> Like some ethereal fountain in its flow,
> Finds Heaven where the senses may not go.
> —William Wilfried Campbell.

WITH A GRAIN OF SALT.

When Admiral Magnaghi visited Bar Harbor, he wanted to see the mayor. There isn't any, but the natives didn't want to disappoint the admiral, so Dr. William Rogers personated the mayor, and opened a cool bottle in the club house.

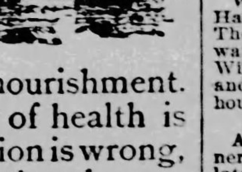
At Exmouth, England, recently, Coroner Cox fined himself a guinea for being late at an inquest, to the annoyance of the jury.

Politeness which cost was that of Capt. Craven, of the Tecumseh, during the war. She was going down. Craven and the pilot met in the door of the turret. "After you, sir," said the former, and was drowned. The pilot was saved.

A lady at Ascot races this year was seen in three different gowns during the afternoon. It was very swell, but the changing must have been inconvenient.

At St. Malo, France, there is a marquis who conducts an omnibus, a count who makes mousetraps, and a bathing man who is both Count Raouldela Begace and Marquis de Chambery.

A Ruddy Glow on cheek and brow is evidence that the body is getting proper nourishment.



When this glow of health is absent assimilation is wrong, and health is letting down. Scott's Emulsion taken immediately arrests waste, regardless of the cause. Consumption must yield to treatment that stops waste and builds flesh anew. *Almost as palatable as milk.*

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

DRUMMERS' NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Advantages of the Organization Recently Formed in New York.

The commercial travelers, composing the Commercial Travelers' Club, of New York; the Travelers' Club, of Philadelphia; the Maine Commercial Travelers' Association, of Portland, Me., and the Travelers' Club, of Boston, took an important step in New York the other day in the formation of a national league.

The plan adopted includes an arrangement whereby the commercial travelers' clubs now in existence in other cities and those which may be established will form a chain, thus giving to the member of one club all the privileges of clubs in other cities. More than that, to enable commercial travelers to obtain many advantages and benefits of which they are now deprived. The commercial travelers of the United States now book between 60,000,000 and 80,000,000 tons of freight yearly. With more than 300,000 commercial travelers in the United States it is easy to see what an influence it is possible for them to exert in any special direction if united. The organization of a national league will without doubt be followed by a heavy increase in membership in individual clubs when the advantages to be obtained by a league are understood. Railroads will quickly learn to appreciate the strength and influence of the league after it has become firmly established, the members believe, and when they present their views to the companies will receive due consideration.

EDWARD C. MATHEWSON.
(President of the National League of Commercial Travelers.)

Edward C. Mathewson, who was chosen president of the league, is a member of the board of directors of the New York Commercial Travelers' Club. He is manager of a well-known commercial house in New York and also represents several foreign firms.

For Bronchial, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have remarkable curative properties. Sold only in boxes.

JOLLY OLD FELLOWS.

Lord Ebury, who is 94 years old, has just started out on a long voyage for his health, which was a little shaky.

Old Joe Samuels, of Page county, Va., is 91, and his wife is 85. They don't have to go on a health trip; never had a sick day in their lives, nor called a doctor.

Sir Isaac Holden is an M. P., and four years older than Gladstone. He smokes every day four big, black, strong cigars, and can walk ten miles.

Victor Balliot is lively enough now, but when he was captured on the field of Waterloo in a dying condition, and when, after that, he had consumption, the military prison doctors gave him up. Recently he celebrated his 100th birthday at Young, France.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will enclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No Humbug, no deception. Address Thomas Barnes, Marshall, Mich.

This Year at Vassar.

Vassar college will be full, notwithstanding the addition of Strong Hall and the effect of the panic, which has caused the withdrawal of a number of students. A few weeks ago the enrollment was far in excess of the capacity. Among the new instructors are Miss MacCurdy of the Harvard Annex, Greek; Miss Franklin, Ph. D., Bryn Mawr, Latin; Miss Brown, B. S., Massachusetts Institute, biology; Miss Johnson, A. M., Michigan University, history.

ANOTHER HOAX.

> This Indian summer is a fraud,
> A time-worn, thread-bare scheme
> To tempt poor mortals with a smile
> To coax them with a dream.
>
> The only object of it is
> To get you out of town,
> And then, with chill and dreary rains,
> To soak your newest gown.
> —Detroit Tribune.

PROVED BY LIVING WITNESSES THAT THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCES cure more people than any other one remedy under the sun.

NO HARM can come from their use. A genuine current of electricity, continuous, can be made mild or strong, or reversed at the pleasure of the wearer. All of the above fully confirmed and indorsed, by hundreds who have tried them, in our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

Also description, cuts, prices and other valuable information, printed in English, German, Swedish and Norwegian languages. This catalogue or a treatise on rupture cured with Electric Truss will be mailed to any address on receipt of six cents postage.

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PATENTS For INVENTORS. 40 page BOOK FREE. Address W. T. Fitzgerald, Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C.

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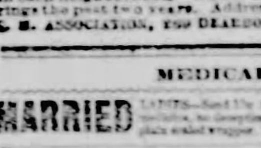

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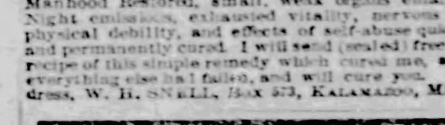

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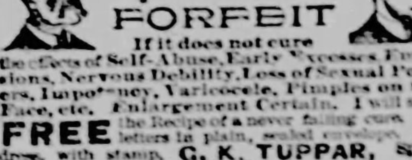

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1893.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 168,000

THE "NASBY LETTERS" BOOMING.

Our orders for the Weekly Blade one year with a copy of the "Nasby Letters" as a premium, all for one dollar, are increasing steadily in numbers. Indeed, the book is having a veritable "boom." All who receive it are pleased with it. Every man who was in the Union army during the war should have a copy; and so should every one who desires to preserve this world-famed series of letters, which did so much to maintain and advance public sentiment during those trying days of struggle, and thus strengthened the hands of the government at every critical time. For its historic value alone every intelligent American should have a copy. Read the announcement on the fifth page.

AN IMPORTANT ARTICLE.

On the fifth page of last week's issue of the Weekly Blade, will be found a very important statistical article under the caption "Information on Money," to which the closest attention of every reader who is interested in the financial question is directed. It was prepared for this paper, at considerable expense, under direction of our Washington correspondent, and involved an immense amount of labor to collate the facts there tabulated. It is a mine of information on the monetary situation of the principal countries of the world, and should be preserved for reference by every reader. We trust that persons will seek there for statistical information instead of writing to the Question Bureau of The Blade for it.

NOT TOO LATE.

A subscriber writes to express his regret that he can not renew his subscription to The Blade, which expires this month, and get a copy of the "Nasby Letters." He says: "I can not spare the dollar now, and after this month it will be too late. I hope some day to be able to take the paper again, anyhow." If our good friend thinks it is too late to get the "Nasby Letters," we are glad to tell him that it is not. When he gets that dollar, we shall be happy to send him the book and The Blade. If any one else is under a similar error, we hasten to undeceive them. If for any cause you can not renew at once, you can have the book when you do find it convenient to subscribe again.

THE TARIFF IS THE ISSUE.

The people of the country have a way of making an issue, whether party managers like it or not. A striking instance of this is shown in the present contest in Ohio. The Democrats have insisted that the election last fall "settled the tariff issue;" that low tariff received the indorsement of the people—which it did not, by the way, for Cleveland received a minority of the total popular vote. But the voters of Ohio won't have it that way. They propose delivering an opinion on the tariff issue on November 7 that will be received with profound attention from the pine-clad hills of Maine to the sunlit valleys of Southern California. The tariff is the one dominant issue in Ohio, and its importance is so great that in the struggle all minor issues pertaining to state affairs are lost from sight. The Pittsburg Dispatch, which is a very attentive observer of Ohio politics, remarks upon the Ohio campaign as follows:

> One of the notable features of the Ohio campaign is the wonderful amount of enthusiasm which has been aroused over the great issue of protection versus free trade doctrines so ably represented by the Hon. Lawrence T. Neal. The arguments for and against a protective tariff are thrice-told tales in the Buckeye state, having been used in several campaigns that were among the most vigorous in our political history. But the struggle of 1893 bids fair to eclipse all others in point of general interest. While both parties are having large meetings, the McKinley gatherings have been remarkable in this particular from the day that he fired the first gun at Akron, and this in spite of Democratic scoffs that the tariff was a dead issue, having been disposed of in the last general election.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Post thinks that some of the silver Senators actually believe that what they say on that subject is interesting. Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, is one of these. While he was making a speech the other day the correspondent referred to made a note of what every other Senator present was doing, and here is the result:

Ransom and Jones talking.
Gray reading.
McPherson reading.
Daniels reading.
White (La.) writing.
George chewing gum and looking at the clock.
Gorman and Faulkner talking.
Stewart reading.
Squire, with back toward Cockrell, reading.
Frye writing.
Call and Teller talking.
Dubois and Lodge talking.
Pettigrew and Cary talking.
Hoar and Hale talking.
Platt reading.
Stockbridge reading.
Peffer reading.
Smith talking to a page.
The Vice President trying to kill a fly which was trying to walk on his (the Vice President's) head without slipping.

The Senate committee is "hanging up" the nomination of Mr. Hornblower as associate justice of the Supreme court, in revenge for Mr. Cleveland's attempt to "dictate" to the Senate on the repeal bill. Are we going to have a contest between Congress and "the man at the other end of the avenue," similar to that in Andrew Johnson's day?

The purpose for which Congress was convened in extra session appears as far off as it did two months ago.

If this thing keeps on, the Democratic Congress will be compelled to pass a bankruptcy law.

Tom Reed has made thousands of friends by his campaign in Ohio.

AN EXPERT ON ALCOHOLISM.

The name, "alcoholism," is the scientific term of a comparatively new series of phenomena which is attracting attention from scientific experts and medical specialists every year. The Bureau of Education has just issued a government publication, entitled "Abnormal Man," written by Dr. Arthur McDonald, a specialist in alcoholism. He gives, in this volume, his own views, which are conservative, and then adds digests of the published literature of other countries on the same subject. The statements, being the results of official and professional investigation, are of great value to all students of the liquor question.

Dr. McDonald gives great importance to the relation of alcoholism, crime, pauperism and iniquity. He declares that all the varying forms of insanity, from melancholia to imbecility, are found in alcoholism. It produces moral and intellectual weakness and laxity as to honor and decorum. With these general declarations, he proceeds to give expert testimony. First is the resume of the views of Dr. Baer, of the Imperial Board of Health, and chief prison physician at Berlin.

Dr. Baer says with the universalizing of the use of whisky, alcoholism appeared. Alcoholism is not an inborn, instinctive need, but an acquired one. When taken habitually, such liquor injures the whole constitution. Statistics for twenty years in the United Kingdom showed that the mortality was 35 per cent greater among drinkers than among abstainers. He takes European countries and proves that alcoholism was in direct proportion to the cheapness and use of whisky. In Norway and Sweden, as the use of whisky decreased and the consumption of beer increased, there was far less alcoholism. In France drunkenness has increased, because the people drink less wine and more whisky. In both Italy and Austria alcoholism is increasing, and whisky is responsible for it.

Dr. Bunge, of Leipsic, says that alcohol lessens the heat of the body, and it strengthens no one, but simply benumbs the feeling of fatigue. Dr. Sommer says nothing has become so universal as alcohol, and that there can be no doubt that it affects the brain injuriously. Dr. Colajanni, the Italian expert, asserts that "alcoholism as a direct motive of crime is very limited," and he declares that "alcoholic intoxication makes the sentiments of man neither worse nor better, but it lets them loose; it accents them." Dr. Vetault, of Paris, says the tendency to excess has increased during the past thirty years. He can find no fixed rule to determine the responsibility of alcoholics, but he says the use of alcohol pushes man to suicide, theft, homicide—crimes which increase in direct proportion to the consumption of alcohol.

Dr. Monin says "alcoholism varies inversely as the consumption of wine"—the less wine the more whisky, and consequently the more alcoholism, and the reverse. Dr. Peeters, of Brussels, who investigated the effect of alcoholism for the Royal Academy of Medicine of Belgium, says its influence is like the influence of age. To these more interesting declarations of the distinguished specialists can be added briefly the declarations signed by thirteen professors of the faculties of medicine at Leyden, Amsterdam, Groningen and Utrecht: 1. Even the moderate use of spirituous liquors is injurious; alcohol does not favor digestion. 2. They are not stimulants necessary to cold or heat. 3. In all diseases, those who habitually use liquor offer less chances of resistance. 4. Alcoholic drinks are destructive of the prosperity and the moral and natural development of the masses.

The real foe of temperance reform is the ignorance of the great masses of the people on these subjects. There can be no greater nor better work done for temperance reform than to diffuse an exact knowledge of the progress of scientific investigations into the liquor question throughout the country, especially among the laboring classes, who are the largest users of rum in all its forms. With accurate knowledge, it is hard to believe that any intelligent man will use alcoholic beverages. Thus a public temperance sentiment will be built up, which will add a mighty force to the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

GOUNOD, THE COMPOSER.

The announcement comes by cable of the death of Charles Francois Gounod, the composer. A stroke of apoplexy felled him as he was assisting at the performance of a requiem mass of his own composition, and after a few hours of unconsciousness he passed away. Though he was a voluminous composer, and musicians value his works highly, to the great mass of music-loving people who are non-professional M. Gounod's title to loving remembrance lies in the fact that he wrote the music of "Faust." After Goethe wrote the immortal story, it was an achievement of the first magnitude to tell that story in music on an equally high artistic plane with the literary merit of Goethe's masterpiece. Gounod did this, and his title as one of the mightiest masters of the tone-world was thereafter secure. No matter what musical fads and crazes may come, the music of "Faust" will remain ever popular. It goes to the heart, and stirs the deepest human emotions. Had the master never written another composition, his fame would rest secure on this alone.

The free trade theorists in Congress never received a harder blow than when Democrats from all parts of the country, and notably from the South, appeared before the Ways and Means committee, begging for a continuance of protection. Business interests are more important, even to the Democrats, than is a question of theoretical politics.

Within the first nine months of the present year we imported over 22 million dollars' worth more than we exported. The trade balance is against us already and will be still greater when the Wilson low tariff bill gets through Congress.

Mcinley can have 50,000 plurality if the Republicans in Ohio will register and vote. It will take every vote. Over confidence means a small Republican vote always.

McKinley's meetings are simply tremendous in point of size, and bubbling with enthusiasm.

The Democratic mud and smut machines are the only factories in Ohio working full time.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

We make an announcement, on the 5th page, of the most important premium offer The Blade has ever made. It is important because it is welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the public at large, who have been wanting the "Nasby Letters" in book form for a number of years. We have prepared this volume at great expense, and it has cost us much time and labor in addition to get it ready. We have endeavored to make it plain that we can not take care of renewals from subscribers who want the book, except in the order, by months, in which their subscriptions expire. To attempt, in September, to fill orders for renewals of subscriptions which expire in other months than September, would be almost a physical impossibility, and cause delay and vexation. Every one will be given a chance in due time, during the month in which his subscription expires.

We wish to urge just as strongly that subscribers who desire the book must take advantage of the postal card due-bill during the month in which their subscriptions expire; as, in the next month, we will have to care for the renewals of that month, and we do not care for those who have missed their opportunity.

As to new subscribers, we will take care of them at any time. We can not, of course, set a time for them; neither can we send them the postal card due-bills. Send $1 for the Weekly Blade, and say you wish a copy of the "Nasby Letters," and your order will be filled as soon as you receive it. If no mention is made of wanting the book, we shall take it for granted that you don't want it.

All subscribers whose terms expire in September should at once prepare to get in their orders for renewal as soon as they receive postal card due-bills. We will receive their orders during August—a little in advance—or at any time during September. If they pass that month without renewing, they will have to wait until some further future favorable time.

TO YOUR TENTS, O ISRAEL!

The fact is admitted by every one that McKinley will be re-elected governor of Ohio on November 7. The Republican press of the whole country claims it exultingly, while the Democratic newspapers tacitly admit it. Everybody says the only doubtful question is as to the size of McKinley's plurality.

We believe this to be true. But the size of that plurality is vitally important. Ten thousand plurality would elect the Republican state ticket, from McKinley down, just as surely as would one of 50,000 votes. But the issue is greater than McKinley. The whole country is not watching the Ohio campaign simply and alone because it is interested in McKinley's personal political fortunes. It is not the man so much as it is the cause which he represents—the economic doctrine of which he is recognized as the foremost exponent in the nation. Neal, the author of the free trade plank in the Democratic national platform, stands for the opposing policy. The triumph of the Democratic party last fall, and the fact that the Ways and Means committee is to-day laboring behind locked doors in the committee-room, preparing a bill in accord with Neal's plank, have bred fear and distrust, paralyzed manufacturing and trade, thrown thousands of men out of employment, and changed an era of prosperity into "hard times." The voters of Ohio will, by their votes, decide which they prefer—protection and prosperity, or free trade and stringency.

The strength of the verdict will lie entirely in the size of McKinley's plurality. It should be made tremendous; it can be, if the Republicans of Ohio do their duty. It is their worst political fault that when confident of victory, they relax effort; and thus the enemy gets advantages sometimes which were undreamed of by the over-confident Republicans. Last year was a case in point. The easy-going Republicans took things easily; the Democrats, ever on the alert, almost captured the state—electing one Presidential elector on the national ticket. Only because of supineness in our ranks, induced by too great confidence, could this have happened.

Shall this humiliating experience be repeated in Ohio this year? Shall McKinley get but 20,000 plurality when he might have 50,000, through the inaction of his friends? Shall the verdict go out that the people of Ohio are satisfied with the "change" Democratic supremacy in the nation has wrought? No, a thousand times, no!

The Republicans of Ohio must arouse themselves. There is too much serene confidence of victory, too great a feeling of false security. As in the days of old, when the Israelites were summoned to do battle, the war-cry should ring through the land, "To your tents, O Israel!" Let us awake to a realization that the battle is not over, the victory yet unwon. The man who does not do his duty and his whole duty is a traitor to the party and to the cause it represents.

Harper's Weekly—of which Carl Schurz is the editorial writer—confesses that it was wrong in championing the appointment of Van Alen. It admits that the proof is conclusive that Mr. Cleveland knew Van Alen's only claim for appointment was that he had contributed $50,000 to the Democratic campaign fund last year, and that the transaction was of the nature of bargain and sale.

According to the Agricultural department, the average yield of wheat per acre was higher in Ohio this year than in any other state. This is an item which should not be overlooked by those of her sons who are casting wistful eyes towards Western states where less secure conditions exist.

The world is looking on at the demonstrations of the French and Russians and the English and Italians, and is wondering what the harvest will be.

The Democratic party may not, as a whole, be very good at orthography, but it at least knows how to spell "ruin."

Suppose the silver men offer a compromise that doesn't require the other fellows to make all the concessions?

Senators should heed the warning. Emma Goldman was sent to the penitentiary a year for making a speech.

The "man at the other end of the avenue" is waspish these days whenever the Senate is mentioned.

The Democratic party will have to increase the "war taxes" in order to reduce the tariff.

THAT "COMPROMISE" PLAN.

The "Democratic "steering committee" of the Senate has made a desperate attempt to get its party out of the dilemma in which it is involved on the financial question. The committee has patched up a compromise bill, which it expects to put through the Senate first and then through the House, under the party lash. Like most compromises, it settles nothing—merely postpones the adoption of a definite financial policy, and thus relegates the question to the people at the Congressional elections next year.

The plan proposes that the repeal of the silver purchasing clause of the Sherman law shall take effect on October 1 of next year; that 4,500,000 ounces of silver must be purchased monthly by the Treasury up to that time, and that it shall be coined into standard dollars; that the so-called silver "seigniorage" in the Treasury shall also be coined; and that all greenbacks and Treasury notes under $10 shall be retired, their places being taken by silver certificates or silver dollars. Nothing is said of the issue of gold bonds, or of any other means of maintaining the gold reserve in the Treasury—now lower than it ever was before.

Now, what will be the effect of this measure? It will add about $160,000,000 to the stock of silver money in the country. This would be a good thing if a silver dollar contained a dollar's worth of bullion; but as it does not, and there is not the shadow of hope for believing that silver will increase in value up to $1.29 per ounce—the rate at which a silver dollar would be worth a dollar as bullion—it simply increases the menace to our financial prosperity. It presents no means of maintaining the gold reserve, the only safeguard to keep the 57-cent silver dollar at par. We have never looked with favor on the scheme of increasing the bonded debt to maintain the gold reserve, because the same result could be reached in a better way by the unconditional repeal of the Sherman silver law; but even the issue of gold bonds would be infinitely less costly than the cyclone of ruin which would follow the drop of our monetary system to the silver standard. Furthermore, the proposition to call in all the $1, $2 and $5 notes redeemable in gold and substitute either silver, or notes redeemable only in silver, will add to the financial distrust.

No Republican Senator or Representative should vote for it. If Mr. Cleveland is willing to humiliate himself by eating humble pie, and accepting it, that is his lookout; if the Democratic members of Congress put party "harmony" before the best interests of the country, let them do it. No Republican can vote for it under the financial plank of the Minneapolis platform, for it largely increases the danger of a drop to the silver standard—to silver monometallism. The silver men will gladly vote for it because of the probability of such an occurrence, as that is what they really want. There is not one of them who is a bimetallist at heart. One thing is certain—that for the Democrats, including the President, to agree to it, will mean the defeat of that party in every Northern state except those owned by the silver barons.

LUCY STONE BLACKWELL.

The death of Lucy Stone Blackwell is a reminder that the cause of what is known as "woman's rights" is hardly older than a half century. Lucy Stone was one of the earlier band of agitators for the reform in favor of equal rights for women, and she was only a few months more than 75 years of age. Born in 1818, in Massachusetts, of Revolutionary ancestry, she so early became interested in the cause to which she devoted her life that her chief purpose in taking a collegiate course was that she might learn to read the Bible in the original, and satisfy herself that the texts quoted against the equal rights of women were correctly translated! She graduated at Oberlin College in 1847, and the same year began lecturing on her chosen theme. From that time her whole life was devoted to the effort to break down the legal barriers to absolute equality in rights of women with men. In 1855 she married Henry B. Blackwell, a merchant of Cincinnati, and one of the band of early abolitionists—retaining, by consent, her maiden name. She has edited periodicals devoted to her reform, lectured, and, in fact, spent her long life in pushing the one object dearest to her heart. Elizabeth Cady Stanton said of her that she "first really stirred the nation's heart on the subject of woman's wrongs." Her death leaves a vacancy in the ranks of the reformers which will be hard to fill.

Some of the people in the East are inclined to criticise Peffer sharply for saying, "Let no Caesar come into this body, and then there will be no need of a Brutus!" Accustomed to language which is intended to mean something, they understand this as a threat at any attempt to compel a vote in the Senate. But poor old whiskered Peffer did not mean anything. It was simply a mouth-filling sntence, which sounded well; so he used it. The speeches of men of his type are aptly described in Shakespeare's line, as "tales told by an idiot; full of sound and fury, signifying nothing!"

Well, Messrs. Democrats, get your precious compromise out of the way, and then let us have "tariff reform." Let the country know the full extent of its peril as soon as possible.

The Ohio State Journal sums up the political outlook in this terse statement: "It looks very much as if the distance flag would drop on Larry Neal."

Attorney General Olney says the court has no right to appoint those Union Pacific receivers. But the court appointed them, all the same.

It is fitting that Wilson's committee should hold its meetings in the cellar of the Capitol at Washington to formulate its free trade bill.

The effect of protection in maintaining prosperity may be judged by the depression now experienced because of the threat of removing it.

One of the leading figures at the recent meeting of the Boston & Maine railway was its counsel, Attorney General Olney.

There does not seem to be any hilarious rush of great Democratic orators to ride on the Neal hearse in Ohio.

Manhattan Day was second only to Chicago Day at the fair. That is the proper place for New York to take.

MARSHAL MACMAHON.

Full of years and of honors, the aged Marshal of France and ex-President of the French republic is dead. He has been one of the great generals of France ever since his magnificent feat of storming the Malakoff, one of the strongest of the chain of fortifications surrounding Sebastopol. The allied troops of France, Great Britain and Turkey had besieged that city for weary months, and the resistance of the Russians was so stubborn that success seemed as far off as ever. MacMahon's military eye saw that the thing to do was to break the Russian cordon of forts. The Malakoff was in front of the French lines, the Redan before the British. Both were attacked, but the French tricolor waved in triumph over the former before the cross of St. George appeared above the ramparts of the Redan. From the bloody heights he had so hardly won, MacMahon sent to the Emperor Napoleon the brief bulletin "J'y suis—j'y reste" ("here I am—here I remain!") which has become immortal in the military annals of France.

As his name indicates, MacMahon was of Irish descent, tracing his lineage cninterruptedly back to Brian Boroihme, king of Ireland. His great grandfather was an adherent of the Stuarts, and when their cause fell, never to rise again, he fled the country, a price on his head, and settled in France. The family has been a distinguished one in French annals, and the old Irish fighting strain made Marshal MacMahon a great soldier. He won distinction in Algeria, his Marshal's baton in the Crimea, and his military record made him President of the Republic. It is singular how many Irishmen, driven from the land of their ancestry, become great elsewhere. MacMahon's career in France, and those of the O'Donnells in Spain, the De Laceys in Russia, and the Taafes and Nugents in Austria, all bear witness to the genius of the old Irish race.

THE M'CREARY BILL.

The McCreary bill, amendatory of the Geary law, has passed the House of Representatives, and will probably pass the Senate, if that body does not dry up and blow away in the windstorm which has been raging through the chamber for so many weeks. The bill wisely does not try to change the main provisions of the Geary law. It simply changes it in three details. It extends for six months the time of registry of Chinese; provides that the photograph of the person to whom a certificate is issued shall be attached to that document; and amends in some details the provisions of the Geary law with regard to the arrest, detention and deportation of unregistered Celestials.

The first amendment is one absolutely needed. Under the advice of the Six Companies, the great majority of the Chinese refused to register. The time specified in the Geary law wherein Chinese must register, expired on May 6 last. Arrests were made in New York city, the case was tried, and the law upheld. It is believed that the Chinese will now be willing to register under its provisions, and the McCreary bill gives them the opportunity. There are something like 100,000 unregistered Chinamen in the United States; and, under the Geary law, as it now stands, they must all be deported. No officer, no court, has any discretion. It will cost nearly $100 to deport each individual to China. If they are now given an opportunity to register, and do so, it will save the treasury somewhere between seven and ten million dollars, and the object of the law will be accomplished—to keep out the steady stream of slant-eyed heathens who are being smuggled across the border daily.

THE OUTLOOK.

The inside feeling in administration circles at Washington is that President Cleveland has not the remotest intention of recommending any concession whatever, preferring the Sherman act as it is, unless the purchasing clause is unconditionally repealed. If the Democratic majority in the Senate refuses this, it will show the country that the Democratic party is incapable of legislation, and would better disband at once. The national Democratic platform demands the repeal of the Sherman law as "a cowardly makeshift;" and it would be an impressive spectacle for the voters of the United States to see the Democratic majority in the Senate refuse to carry out the party pledge. It begins to look as though we are to have another illustration of the truth of General Grant's saying that if the Democratic party be given rope enough it will always hang itself.

SECRETARY MORTON IS TOO SWEEPING.

Secretary of Agriculture J. Sterling Morton, in his address before the farm congress at Chicago, attacked the Grange and Alliance organizations among American farmers. He said, among other things:

> We all understand that, so far, Grange and Alliance organizations have been to attend to something else rather than farming; that they have been "worked"—to use the parlance of the day—by journeyman farmers who have for political purposes farmed the farmers. These organizations, as a rule, have attended to every other thing except agriculture. They have instructed the public as to how banks ought to be organized and how railroads ought to be managed; they have even gone so far as to prescribe new methods of coinage for the general government.

There is some truth in his strictures, but he made a mistake in classing the Grange along with the Alliance. We believe the Grange movement has been of decided benefit to farmers, and that it has been, as an organization, largely free from unsound political vagaries. And Mr. Morton should remember that he would to-day not be Secretary of Agriculture had it not been for the Grange—that there would have been no such department. The Grange movement was chiefly instrumental in having it organized, and should have due credit therefor.

Disobedience to orders seems to have been the cause of the wreck and holocaust at Battle Creek. Will this "taking chances" never stop?

The roosters worn on Democratic hats at political gatherings this year are notable for their scarcity.

Thanksgiving is coming, but there has as yet been no rumor of a failure in the turkey crop.

Van Alen is confirmed. Who's the next campaign contributor to get a slice of pie?

Adlai is "very small potatoes" these days. Every one has contempt for a coward.

The spinnaker of the yacht Voorhees seems to have split.

The Ohio Democrats are making for the cyclone cellars.

OUR NEXT NEW STORY

A TALE OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE REBELLION.

It is Written Expressly for The Blade, and for Blade Readers—A Serial Everybody Will Like.

Believing our readers like variety in the serials published in The Blade, we have arranged to follow W. Clark Russell's sea tale, "The Emigrant Ship," with a story of the early days of the War of the Rebellion. It is entitled:

A FAIR VIRGINIAN.

A Tale of the First Bull Run.

This story will, we believe, create a genuine sensation among our readers, and especially among those who took part in the great civil war, whether arrayed on the side of the Union or on that of the Confederacy. It is written by Mr. David Lowry, who is well-known to the patrons of a number of Eastern papers and magazines as a writer of serials and sketches. The readers of the magazine Blue and Gray, will recall an excellent short story by Mr. Lowry in the August number, entitled "Battle Bonds."

"A Fair Virginian" is full of dramatic action, and all references to historic personages and to the field of action and the movements of armies of the first battle of Bull Run—around which its interest centers—are historically accurate. Although it is a pure, clean love-story, there is enough of life in the camp, on the march and battle-field, to attract all lovers of historic adventure. There is much in it to give the generation which has come to maturity since the war a clear idea of the sentiment of the struggle, and the views held on both sides, which will give much light on the causes of the great civil war. Altogether, it will please all readers, especially soldiers and soldiers' sons and daughters—and it will be read as eagerly by those who wore the gray as by those who were clad in blue.

This story will begin in the issue of the Weekly Blade for November 16. We shall be very glad if all our subscribers, especially our Camp Fire comrades, will take an interest in this story, and send us lists of names of persons whom they think would be glad to read the serial, and we shall gladly send them sample copies.

THE OHIO CAMPAIGN.

As the gubernatorial campaign in Ohio comes closer to election day, it becomes more and more certain that McKinley is an easy winner. Let the Republicans of the state but turn out en masse, and give their full strength to the ticket, and McKinley's plurality will be the largest ever received by any Republican in Ohio for the past twenty years. For not only will he have the normal Republican plurality, but it will be augmented by the votes of thousands of Democratic workingmen who are already suffering in pocket from the "change" which they so eagerly demanded one short year ago.

For, it has been made clear to them that, by the removal of protective duties from foreign articles of the same kinds as those produced by our domestic industries, the employers will be compelled either to reduce the cost of manufacture, or abandon their business to foreigners. The latter they will not do, unless compelled to; their first effort will be to try the former course. To do this, they will endeavor to lower wages. This simply means that the working classes will have their wage-scale revised and put on a lower permanent level. This means, of course, a lower standard of living among them, and a broader line of demarkation between rich and poor. The former may not be richer, but the latter will certainly be poorer.

Of course, it is to be expected that the laboring classes will put forth every energy to resist this long step downward. They would not be human did they not do so. But unfortunately they will be compelled to yield. For it is certain that the American manufacturers can not compete with foreign goods made with labor averaging half its cost here; therefore, they will either have to get their labor cheaper, or shut down permanently. Where those are the alternatives, labor will come down—of this be assured

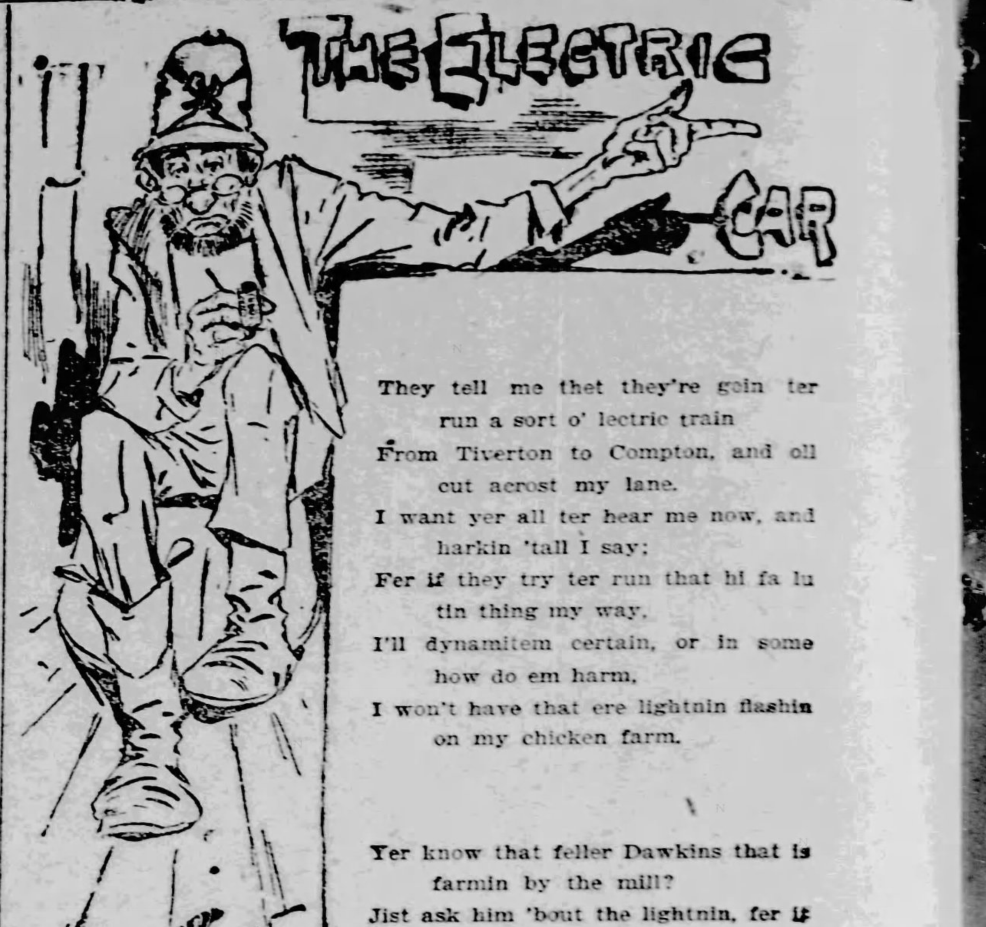
Herein lies the vast importance of the Ohio campaign. The struggle is not so much a personal one between McKinley and Neal, as it is between the opposing economic systems which they represent. McKinley is the acknowledged champion of protection; Neal is the author of the free trade plank in the national platform of the Democracy, and hence the foremost representative of the low tariff idea. The verdict of the Ohio voters must be between these two systems. And the significance of that verdict depends upon the size of the plurality for McKinley. One of 15,000 would be negative. It would mean nothing. One of 25,000 to 50,000 would be an emphatic warning to the Democratic party to leave the protective tariff alone.

Therefore let no Republican allow anything to prevent his casting his vote for McKinley on November 7. The only danger that his plurality will not be emphatic lies in over-confidence on our part. It is the one fault of the Ohio Republicans. McKinley may not need your individual vote to elect him, but the cause of protection needs it. Therefore see to it that you vote, and that every man you can influence also casts his vote, to the end that the country be not plunged into the distress that must attend a degradation of the social condition of the great mass of our working people.

Every indication points to a Republican victory in Iowa this fall, by a plurality of from 20,000 to 30,000. The state was never so thoroughly and systematically organized as it has been by the Republicans this year. In 66 of the 99 counties there is a subcommittee and correspondent of the state chairman in every single school district, while the organization is only fractionally less complete in the remaining 33 counties. Organization is doing more effective work than oratory, though 75 speakers are steadily stumping the state. The campaign is a lively one, and promises an old-time Republican victory.

The really remarkable thing in the Senate deadlock is to see Democrats actually refusing a chance to vote. The Democratic motto hitherto has been, "Vote early and often."

The White House opinion seems to be that Adlai is a chump.

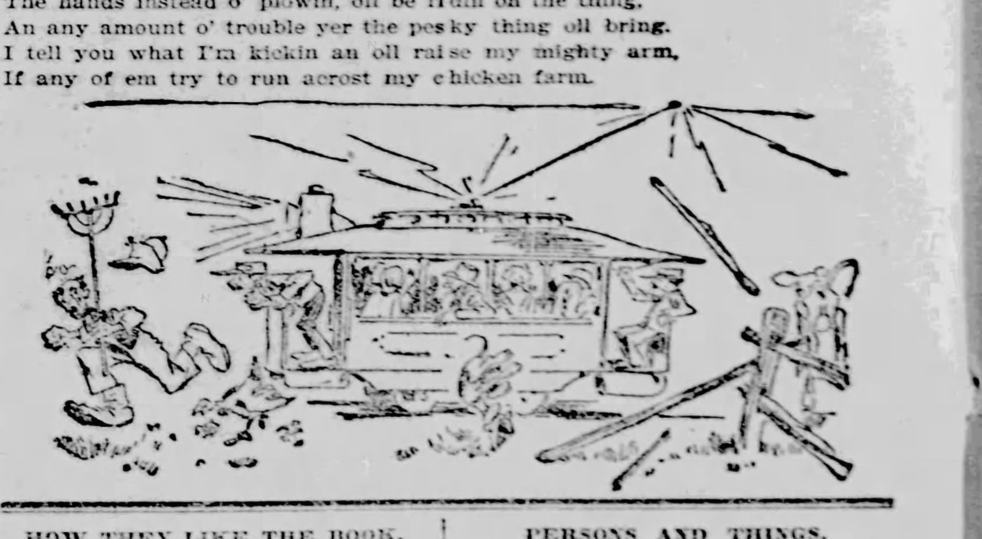


They tell me thet they're goin ter
run a sort o' lectric train
From Tiverton to Compton, and oll
cut acrost my lane.
I want yer all ter hear me now, and
harkin 'tall I say;
Fer if they try ter run that hi fa lu
tin thing my way,
I'll dynamitem certain, or in some
how do em harm,
I won't have that ere lightnin flashin
on my chicken farm.

Yer know that feller Dawkins that is
farmin by the mill?
Jist ask him 'bout the lightnin, fer it
struck his brother Bill,
An knocked the life right out him—laid him deader than a nail,
An then ter think o' buyin it fer runnin on a rail.
I kaant see whats got in em, cause fer me ther aint no charm,
I wont have that ere lightnin flashin on my chicken farm.

I know its scientific, an' some people think it smart
Ter have the thing ter pull em, stead o' ridin on a cart.
They say "we mus' be stirrin"—an—"the scheme oll make a hit."
"We farmers is too old"—an—"the young mus manage it"
Im waitin fer the'r hittin, an I'll raise a big alarm!
Ef enny of em try ter run acrost my chicken farm.

Why, the people oll be stricken, all the hosses run away,
The milk all gittin sour, lightnin makes it spile that way.
The hands instead o' plowin, oll be ridin on the thing,
An any amount o' trouble yer the pesky thing oll bring.
I tell you what I'm kickin an oll raise my mighty arm,
If any of em try to run acrost my chicken farm.



HOW THEY LIKE THE BOOK.

We give below another selection from letters received from subscribers who have renewed and obtained a copy of the "Nasby Letters" as a premium. It is pleasant to know that the book is highly valued by those who have it:

Pierce City, Mo., Oct. 14.—Publishers Blade:—Having received and examined the "Nasby Letters," I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of the work. The book, alone, is worth double the price of The Blade for one year.

I have been reading The Blade for a number of years, and one fact, surprising to me, is how the publishers can afford to give such valuable premiums to its patrons.

I read, besides monthly journals, four weekly newspapers, and I have no hesitation in saying The Blade is my favorite.

Respectfully, J. M. ORICK.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Oct. 20.—Publishers Blade:—I received the "Nasby Letters" all right, and was very much pleased with the book, as it was far above my expectations. As for The Blade, I will say that if not the best, it is certainly one of the best newspapers in the land, and in my eyes it is the best. Success to The Blade and best wishes for its prosperity.

Yours, R. L. HOPKINS.

Houstonia, Mo., Oct. 15.—Publishers Blade:—I received your new book ("Nasby Letters") all right, and am well pleased with such a nice present; but the good old Blade I like still better. It comes every week and is read with interest, especially the serial story "The Emigrant Ship." As an after-dinner story I never read anything better. I have only one regret, and that is, that I did not become acquainted with The Blade years before I did; and I will always try to continue with it. Yours, truly,

A. PEBLEY.

Port Townsend, Wash., Oct. 12.—Publishers Blade:—It was like meeting an old friend and swapping memories to once more peruse and laugh over the pungent wisdom of "Nasby." I was born and brought up in Butler county, Ohio, and was old enough at the time to take such notice of events as they occurred in that hot-bed of Copperheadism to still remember them, and cause me to the more appreciate them as so inimitably portrayed by "Nasby." I wish every young voter would read the entire volume and profit by it. With many thanks for "Nasby," I remain, yours,

A. O. R.

Arkadelphia, Ark., Oct. 11.—Publishers Blade:—The "Nasby Letters" at hand. They carry me back to old times, as I used to read them as they were published. In one sense—to the Union man of the time of the war—they are beyond price. Sad thoughts are also awakened by reading them, in that the fruits of four years of war, the greatest of modern times, have mostly been thrown away. The war was carried on gloriously, protection and the finances were created and perfected, the country advanced from the seventh to the first in rank among nations of the earth, the slave was freed, and then the good all comes to an end.

The country did not possess the moral courage to preserve what it had built. We have not enough Wades, Chandlers, Stevenses and Stantons. It has all ended in a farce. Those who tried to the utmost to destroy our country now rule over us, really carried into office by virtue of anarchist votes. How disgraceful! Many thanks for the book.

C. W. BATES.

WORLD'S FAIR ATTENDANCE.

For some unknown reason, the figures given by the Chicago daily newspapers of the attendance at the World's Fair do not agree. The Blade has had many inquiries for an accurate record of the attendance from the beginning, and in order to obtain it addressed a request to the Bureau of Admissions. In response, we have the following statement, which is the official figures of paid admissions up to and including October 15. The additional figures are the daily official figures sent out by the Associated Press:

Paid Admissions, Official.

May	1,050,037
June	2,675,113
July	2,760,2[illegible]
August	3,515,493
September	4,659,871
October 1 (Sunday)	48,535
October 2	128,196
October 3	145,133
October 4	175,175
October 5	180,454
October 6	143,579
October 7	222,282
October 8 (Sunday)	88,050
October 9	716,881
October 10	[illegible]
October 11	[illegible]
October 12	275,217
October 13	215,343
October 14	260,891
October 15 (Sunday)	82,276
October 16	[illegible]
October 17	[illegible]
October 18	[illegible]
October 19	305,965
October 20	248,7[illegible]
October 21	200,317
October 22 (Sunday)	140,578
Total	19,715,176

The increase in the amount of money in the great commercial centers is not an indication of prosperity, but of paralyzed industries. The money is staying in the banks because the uncertainty as to the future of the tariff has put a stop to all new enterprises, and curtailed the production in numberless lines of manufacture.

There is only one consolation in the confirmation of Van Alen—it will take the dude back to Europe.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Mrs. Carlisle is said to have one of the finest teams in Washington.

One-third of the California fruit ranches are either owned or managed by women.

The city of London drinks every year 45,000,000 gallons of malt liquor, 8,000,000 gallons of wine, and 1,500,000 gallons of spirits.

The recent reunion of the Smith family at Peapack, N. J., brought together 5,000 people bearing that old and honored name.

Jessup, Ga., boasts of not having had a death in the town since last September. The town has a population of over one thousand.

Andrew Carnegie has sent a cable dispatch from Scotland accepting an invitation to be present at the Williams college centennial celebration in October.

France was very much disturbed by strikes last year. An official return shows that in twelve months there were close upon three hundred trade disputes, affecting 108,000 workmen.

Dr. Elgar, superintendent of the famous Fairfield shipbuilding yards at Glasgow, visited the Cramps' shipyard at Philadelphia the other day, and expressed great admiration at many things he saw there.

Salt spray was carried ten miles inland from Wrightsville, N. C., by the great storm the other night, giving the trees the appearance of having been out in a heavy snowstorm. The oldest inhabitant doesn't recollect such another occurrence.

Frederick H. Fowler, clerk of the Massachusetts state board of Agriculture, has discovered, in indexing its reports, one made by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1849, as chairman of the committee on a plowing match at the Berkshire society's annual fair.

Ex-Secretary Richard W. Thompson, of Indiana, who is now 84 years of age, says that in early life he was an excessive chewer of tobacco, but fearing ill effects upon his nervous system he abandoned the practice over fifty years ago, and has never taken a chew since.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

If poverty make the man groan, he yawns in opulence.—Rivarol.

Ill humor is but the inward feeling of our own want of merit.—Goethe.

Hope warps judgment in council, but quickens energy in action.—Bulwer.

He who can conceal his joys is greater than he who can hide his griefs.—Lavater.

Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we get.—Spanish Proverb.

Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world alters the world.—Emerson.

Wrong ever builds on quicksands, but the right to the firm center lays its moveless base.—Lowell.

Thes oul without imagination is what an observatory would be without a telescope.—H. W. Beecher.

The highest reach of human science is the scientific recognition of human ignorance.—Sir William Hamilton.

The giving of riches and honors to a wicked man is like giving strong wine to him that hath a fever.—Plutarch.

Those who have but little to attend to are great talkers. The less men think the more they talk.—Montesquieu.

The cheerful live longest in years, and afterwards in our regards. Cheerfulness is the offshoot of goodness.—Bovee.

I will not be as those who spend the day in complaining of headache and the night in drinking the wine that gives it.—Goethe.

SOME SINGULAR CUSTOMS.

The Tartars take a man by the ear to invite him to eat or drink with them.

The Laplanders rub their noses against the nose of him whom they would honor.

In many parts of Java the bride shows her subjection by washing the feet of the groom.

When meeting a friend the Chinaman shakes his own hand instead of his friend's.

The Chinese have an academy of manners that prescribes etiquette for the whole empire.

The body of a dead Chinaman is often kept in his late home for three or four years before burial.

A Roman bride was carried to her future home and lifted across the threshold by her husband.

The practice of using eggs at Easter is of Hindoo origin, the egg being in India an emblem of immortality.

At the time of the discovery of America the rank of a Peruvian lady might be determined by the size of the ring she wore in her nose.

The Dyak head hunting has a religious origin. The Dyak believes that every person he kills in this world will be his slave in the next.

Roman mourning extended during a whole year, but a great feast or victory, or public rejoicing of any kind, might terminate it sooner.

In China white is the color of mourning; in Egypt, yellow; in Turkey, violet; in Ethiopia, brown; in Europe, during the middle ages, white.

Down to the present century a part of the marriage ceremony in Hungary consisted in the groom giving the bride a kick to remind her of her subjection.

Among the head hunters of Borneo a man is not permitted to offer marriage to a woman of his tribe until he brings her the head of a man killed by himself.

IN THE FIELD OF EDUCATION.

Germany had in 1881, 57,000 schools, 120,000 teachers and 7,100,000 pupils.

National grants in aid of education were first made in the United States in 1833.

Girton college, England, for the higher education of women, was opened in 1873.

Roman schoolboys used a wax tablet and pointed stylus instead of slate and pencil.

Celestial spheres are believed to have been invented by Anaximander, B. C. 552.

Publishers' Column.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver; the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finest timepieces that have yet been devised. These are the watches that we offer to you, and at prices far below those charged in shops.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

Here are the watches we offer. All are stem winders and setters:

Offer No.1—The Toledo Blade Special
GOLD WATCH, MEN'S SIZE, $16.75.

This watch is exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except the expense. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. The ring, joints, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear, are solid gold. The works contain a regulator so plain that a child can work it, seven valuable jewels, compensating expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to Blade subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of either Open Face or Hunting Case, delivered, $16.75.

NO. 1 1-2—BLADE EXTRA.

Gold Watch, Men's Size, $14.50.

For a short time we will sell No. 1½ for $14.50. It is the same as No. 1 in looks. This case is guaranteed to be gold-filled and good for 15 years' wear. We will send it to any Blade subscriber in hunting case only, including free delivery, for $14.50.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size.
GOLD WATCH, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs have been selling this watch for $38. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Size.
OPEN-FACE GOLD WATCH—$12.

No. 3 is a magnificent gold-filled open face watch, with Waltham or Elgin works, seven jewels, expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. Purchasers can easily get $35 for this watch in cash or exchange. The manufacturers guarantee the case to wear 15 years. Price, by registered mail, $12.

Offer No. 4—Men's Size.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN—$5.50.

No. 4 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting, and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 5—Lady's Size.
SOLID GOLD WATCH—$22.50.

No. 5 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14 k. gold. Each watch is a stem-winder and setter, with compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant time-piece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for $22.50.

Offer No. 6—Lady's Size.
GOLD WATCH—$13.25.

No. 6 is a seven-jeweled lady's watch, in an engraved hunting case, either Waltham or Elgin movement, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers good for at least 15 years' wear. It is a magnificent time-keeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.25.

Offer No. 8—Blade Special.

Open face or hunting case, Waltham or Elgin works. It has the appearance and most of the good qualities of a $200 watch. The movement (or works) contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all improvements. The case is the thinnest filled watch case ever made; that is, the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, and all others who wish an accurate timekeeper. As a present it cannot be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and is especially recommended for school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equaled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail, to any of our subscribers for $22.00.

No. 9—"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham.
FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, adjusted double-sunk dial. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Gold-filled 15-yr. hunting case (engraved)	$22 00
Gold-filled 15-yr. case, open face (engraved)	18 50
In solid coin silver case (3 oz.), open face or hunting	17 25
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face	12 25

No. 10—In Honor of Columbus—The Waltham World's Fair Extra.
GOLD WATCH, ELEGANT GOLD ENAMELED DIAL, NO. 1492. PRICE, $20.

No. 1492 is a magnificent Waltham watch, named and numbered in honor of Columbus. It has cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, etc. It has a beautiful genuine gold-enameled dial, with Arabic figures, which gives to the watch the appearance of a $300 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14k. gold in two plates, stiffened between with a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 20 years. The ring, joint plugs, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. Price, $20 in hunting case and $19 in open face.

"THE LIMITED."

14k. Gold-Filled Watch, Men's Size Hunting Case—No. 2487, Price $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. No. 2487 has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensating expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the latest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

Ladies' Size Hunting Case 14k. Gold-Filled Watch—No. 2488, Price $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. It is a most attractive watch, especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price, delivered, $12.50.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

WATCH CHAINS.

In appearance, there is no difference between a rolled gold chain worth $10, and a solid gold chain worth $100; and really there is no difference after half a lifetime's wear. So many of our watch buyers desire us to supply them with chains, that we have arranged to supply gold filled chains, which for many years' wear are fully equal to solid gold. They are all guaranteed to wear five years, if properly used. The prices below include free safe delivery:

No.1—Men's rolled gold filled "trace" chain	$1 00
No. 2—Men's heavy rolled gold filled "cable" chain	1 50
N. 3—Men's stylish chain, rolled gold filled, long and short links combined	4 50
No. 4—Men's seamless gold filled "rope" chain	4 75
No. 5—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated	1 25
No. 6—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated	1 35
No. 7—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, solid gold	4 00
No. 8—Lady's solid 14k gold Victoria watch chain and charm, usual retail price $12; our price	8 00

We deliver these chains free by mail to any subscriber of The Blade on receipt of the above prices. The higher-priced filled chains are guaranteed to wear 20 years. The solid gold chain will of course wear forever. Address all orders and remittances to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

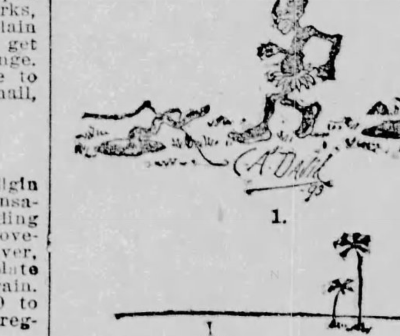
1. The Roman Chariot Race.
2. The Retreat From Moscow.
3. Christ Leaving the Praetorium
4. Napoleon at Friedland.
5. Christ Before Pilate.
6. The Grand Canal of Venice.
7. The Horse Fair.
8. Columbus at the Court of Spain.
9. The Landing of Columbus.
10. Theory of Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca.
11. Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee.
12. The Russian Wedding Feast.
13. Home from the First Voyage.
14. The First Love Letter.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE TALE THAT WAS CONTINUED.



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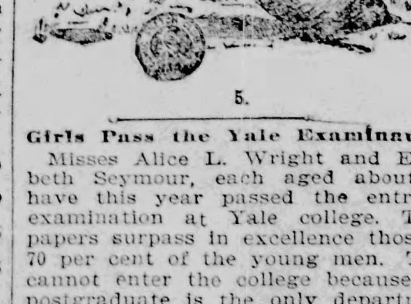


5.

Girls Pass the Yale Examination.

Misses Alice L. Wright and Elizabeth Seymour, each aged about 15, have this year passed the entrance examination at Yale college. Their papers surpass in excellence those of 70 per cent of the young men. They cannot enter the college because the postgraduate is the only department now open to women, but they have the satisfaction of knowing they have passed the Yale examination better than half the boys who can enter, and the certificate they receive will admit them to Vassar, Wellesley, or any of the women's colleges.

The Exception.

Fair Patron—See here! You told me a horrible story about the way my husband was acting, and I've found on investigation that it is not true. He's just as good as can be.

Fortune Teller—Very remarkable, madame, very remarkable. I've told that same story to about 10,000 different women, and you are the first one who has made a complaint.—New York Weekly.

Startling Hypothesis.

He—Will you be my wife?

She—You must ask mamma first.

He—Bue suppose she doesn't refuse me?—Indianapolis Journal.

"WORLD'S FAIR" NOTES.

Visitor—How long since you saw Turkey?
Turks—Be gob! not since Christmas.
Visitor—Have you carried these chairs many years?
Turks—No, but we have carried the hod.

BALLAD OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Now bear aloft the standard
 And round it rally all,
No cliques or clans, Republicans,
 But each take up the call:
"The G. O. P. must triumph—
 Forward, in bold array
With mighty tread and banner spread—
 McKinley leads the way."

He battles for protection
 And glories in the cause;
They blessed the land, like magic wand,—
 The fruitful tariff laws.
Mills roared and spindles rattled,
 Glad tumult held full sway;
Join the attack to bring it back—
 McKinley leads the way.

The labor had employment,
 The farmer sang a-field,
From herd and flock, from barn and shock,
 Rich was the golden yield.
Rang then in shop and forest
 Industry's roundelay;
'Twill ring again if we'll be men—
 McKinley leads the way.

Democracy and panic,
 Free trade and deadly blight—
Cause and effect; the country wrecked
 And plunged from day to night.
Now, yeomen, to the rescue!
 Turn night to brilliant day.
This can be done and glory won—
 McKinley leads the way.

To sound of drum and bugle,
 Arise, Ohio's sons!
Let ballots voice your sovereign choice
 Louder than smoking guns.
O'erwhelm the free-trade party,
 Strike Congress with dismay,
From South to lake the ranks awake—
 McKinley leads the way.
—Cincinnati Times-Star.

LOVELY WOMAN SLANDERED.

Hungarian Proverb—No is the feminine of yes.

Guicciardini—Honest men marry soon, wise men not at all.

Richter—Love lessens woman's delicacy and increases man's.

Schopenhauer—Lack of brains is of no consequence to a woman.

Anon—Nothing makes a woman laugh so much as a pretty set of teeth.

Anon—We never know what a woman does not mean until she has spoken.

Paul Bourget—Modesty with women, whether virtuous or not, begins where love ends.

Chamfort—Women see faults much more readily in each other than they can discover perfections.

Alphonse Daudet—Women do not look so closely. They are easily caught by a bird-lime of words.

Anon—A coquette is a rose from which every lover picks a leaf; the thorns are reserved for the husband.

Anon—Six women can talk all at once at the same time and get along first-rate, and no two men can do that.

George Eliot—These poor silly women things—they've not the sense to know it's no use denying what's proved.

Mrs. Stowe—There is not on earth a more merciless exactor of love from others than a thoroughly selfish woman.

Lord Chesterfield—You may safely flatter any woman from her understanding down to the exquisite taste of her fan.

George Meredith—Women do not care uncommonly for the men who love them, though they like precious well to be loved.

Bulwer Lytton—You women regard men just as you buy books; you never care what is in them, but how they are bound and lettered.

Bulwer Lytton—They may talk of the devotion to the sex, but the most faithful attachment in life is that of a woman in love—with herself.

A HINT TO THE POETS.

Love unto his bosom pressed her;
Hovering angels kissed and blessed her;
Morn in robes of splendor dressed her;
Roses formed a couch to rest her;
White doves gave their down to nest her;
Music-murmuring winds caressed her;
Jersey skeeters feared to pester,
And no babe can beat or best her—
There's your bloomin' rhymes for Esther!
—Atlanta Constitution.

A Sad Case.

"Can a man be held responsible for the acts of his agent, who has full power of attorney and sings his client's name to documents?" asked a pale young man of the great lawyer.

"I'm afraid so," was the judicial answer. "What's the trouble?"

"Well, I've been abroad for the summer," said the young man feebly, "and left my business in charge of a chuckle-headed idiot, who is dreadfully absent-minded and also deeply in love."

"Yes," returned the lawyer

"This man had full power to sign my name when he thought best," continued the worried youth, "and, being anxious to protect my interests, attended closely to business. Once a day, however, he wrote to his fiancee, and with his absent-minded idiocy signed my name to his letters."

The lawyer smiled. "And now the girl wants to sue you for breach of promise?"

"Not a bit of it," returned the youth. "She's sensible, and didn't care for such an absent-minded lover, so she broke the engagement. And now my ex-agent has secured those letters, signed with my name, and is going to sue me for alienating the girl's affections; and what I want to know is whether he can collect, having possessed the power of attorney at the time."—Flavel Scott Mines, in New York Press.

A Bonnet He Appreciated.

"Have you noticed my wife's new bonnet?" said Bloobumper to Dossill.

"Yes; it's a stunner!"

"That's what it is. Now, she has had a great many bonnets and gowns since we were married, but nothing she has worn has given me greater satisfaction in all that time."

"Like it, do you?"

"That's what I do. It cost $2."

"Is that the reason you like it?" gasped Dossill.

"Yes, sir. Hitherto she has never worn one which cost over $20."

"Never worn one which cost over $20, and now you appreciate so highly this one which cost nearly twice as much?"

"That's it, Dossill."

"But I don't understand it. Married men don't usually get so much enjoyment out of buying an expensive bonnet for their wives."

"That's just it, Dossill, exactly. You see her father sent her the money for it."—William Henry Siviter, in New York Press.

No Foreign Foolishness.

Stranger (in far Western restaurant)—Is it necessary to tip the waiters here in order to secure proper attention?

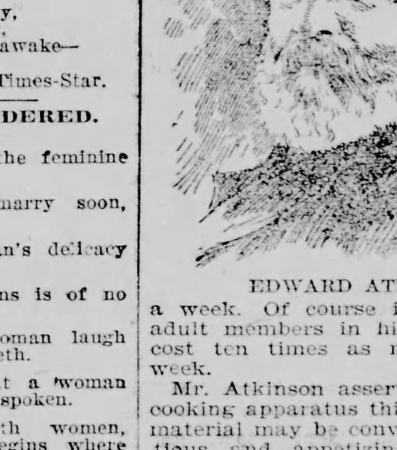
Native—Not if yeh got a gun.—New York Weekly.

LIKE ALADDIN'S LAMP,

Edward Atkinson Tells How to Live Well on 70 Cents a Week.

One of the most valuable features about Edward Atkinson's system of political economy is that it is intensely practical and goes into the details of everyday life. His latest suggestion is particularly timely in view of the present stringency and the necessity for the most rigid economy on the part of those in straitened circumstances.

Mr. Atkinson has devised a simple cooking arrangement by the use of which, he asserts, a workingman may live well at present prices in Boston—and if the assertion is correct it applies substantially to most of the large cities of the country—at a cost of not over 10 cents a day or 70 cents



EDWARD ATKINSON.

a week. Of course if there are ten adult members in his family it will cost ten times as much or $7 per week.

Mr. Atkinson asserts that with his cooking apparatus this supply of food material may be converted into nutritious and appetizing food with a common hand lamp as the source of heat and with an expenditure of oil not exceeding one pint a day. He does not give the exact cost of buying this apparatus, but says that any person of ordinary capacity can prepare the materials and put it together without the lamp for less than $2. These are Mr. Atkinson's directions for the construction of the stove:

Make a four-legged table about 18 inches high without any top; get a sheet of galvanized iron or tin two feet square or a little more; round off the corners or turn them down; have a round hole two and one-half inches in diameter cut in the middle and put on that sheet of metal for the top of the table. It may buckle, and it had better be supported with two iron rods, one on each side of the hole in the middle. Get a lamp of the Bradley & Hubbard type, central duct, with a wick one and one-half inches in diameter. Get two strips of tile or soapstone, four or five inches long, one inch wide and half an inch thick. Set one one each side of the hole on the top of table. On these strips lay a whole tile or brick. Light the lamp, set it on a block underneath, so that the top of the chimney will just come into the hole without making the lamp smoke.

Now for the oven. Cut off one-third part of a flour barrel, better yet one-half part of a clean, new oil barrel or beer barrel of a little large size, which

THE ATKINSON COOKING-BOX.

is made of thicker material; if necessary run a strip of tin around the edge or put on a hoop close to the edge to hold it firm and tight; then place it closed end upward on the table over the hole. There you have an oven, or there you have a box in which you can box up the heat that comes from the lamp. Put in your cooking vessels, one on the brick and set others around the sides—the lamp will do the rest.

MAUD UP TO DATE.

Maud Muller, on a summer night,
Came out beneath the moon's pale light,

And sang with zest that same old tune,
"My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon."

And each bright star up in the sky
At Maudie winked his other eye.

But, not abashed, she still sang on,
And bade the flippant stars begone.

Just here a man of daring mien
Appeared upon this painful scene,

And whispered soft in her pink ear
Most pleasant words for maid to hear.

Said he: "Oh, cease your dizzy dream
And come with me and have some cream."

She hesitated in her choice,
A faltering note came in her voice—

She stopped. The ice-cream plea had won,
The moon was knocked out by the son.
—Indianapolis Journal.

Uncle Silas Found Out.

Uncle Silas was at the theater. It was with intense delight that he saw the acrobat go across the stage on his hands. Turning to his wife he said:

"Well, I am glad I found out at last."

"Found out what?"

"How they do it. I've often read in the funny papers about actors walkin' on their uppers, but I never before knew what it meant."—Washington Star.

M'KINLEY AND PROTECTION.

Tune—"Marching Through Georgia."

Hark! what glorious music
 Is ringing through the air!
It is the voice of Justice
 That tells us to beware.
The call is for McKinley,
 Resounding everywhere,
To vote for the Hero of Protection.

Protect! Protect! McKinley is the man
To lead along the great Republican van.
Return him to Columbus, I'm certain that we can,
Then vote for McKinley and Protection.

The Democrats decided
 To give us all a change;
It came to us so sudden
 They took it very strange.
Our rolling mills are idle—
 Now, some one must arrange
To vote for McKinley and Protection.

The Demmys now are rallying
 Their Larry bold to bring,
That he might take the tariff
 Off all the foreign tin.
But never will he do it
 While we remain to sing
Tariff, Protection and McKinley.

Come, let us all be faithful—
 We know that he began
This cause of true Protection
 To help the working man.
He always has been loyal—
 Then praise him while we can,
And crown him the hero of Protection.

He has been our guardian
 In the time that has gone by:
He will be our leader
 In the time that's drawing nigh,
For Tariff is his motto
 And is our motto, too—
Shout then Protection for McKinley.

Our country now resembles
 A ship that's on the sand,
Without a mate or captain
 To give a helping hand.
And while the lifeboat's governed
 By Democratic band
Down goes the ship with poor McGinty.

But while we have McKinley,
 In God's mysterious hand,
Bringing in the cargo,
 The ship will never strand.
He will be the captain
 To bring it safe to land,
Shouting for Tariff and Protection.
—T. M. Richards.

A CYCLE FOR THE AIR.

It is to be on Hand During California's Great Midwinter Show.

A skycycle to fly through the air from Portland to San Francisco is one of the latest announcements of novelties billed for the midwinter fair. This strange vehicle is owned by Fred T. Merrill, a bicycle expert of Portland. It is called a skycycle, and was invented by a brother of Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, who resides at Eugene, Ore. Mr. Merrill is making arrangements for the manufacture of the new machine, to be commenced as soon as a few minor changes have been made.

"We have already used a heavy machine," says Mr. Merrill, "made of steel and iron, with which we have ascended thirty feet from the ground, ridden 200 yards, made curves and described a circle 100 feet in diameter, alighting with safety. The perfected machine, which will be entirely of aluminum, we intend to have weigh less than forty pounds, if we can get along with a lighter balance-wheel than now used. In operating the machine it is intended to ride but a short distance above the ground—the height being determined by the nature of the country over which the rider is traveling and the strength of the wind currents encountered, as well as their direction. We think an average speed of thirty to forty miles an hour can be made with the perfected machine, and with the wind in our favor we are in hopes to make at least fifty miles. The machine is propelled by the ordinary motion of the feet with a bicycle on the ground. Gearing attached operates the rotary wings above, and, like the bicycle, the

THE "SKYCYCLE."

machine will be steered by the throwing of the rider's weight in the direction opposite to that in which he wishes to go. All other machines made for aerial navigation require either steam or electricity for motive power, and thus, adding materially to the weight, require a larger and more cumbersome machine. We dispense with that, as the motive power is furnished by the rider, and our machine is consequently much lighter than any other invented."

THE MAN YOU CAN HELP.

There are plenty of men who will grasp your hand,
 With a pleasant, cordial smile;
There are plenty of men who will pass you by
 In the most indifferent style.
You may be "cut" sometimes by those
 Whom in boyhood days you knew;
But a man will always treat you well
 When he wants a favor from you.

How glad is he that you look so well;
 And how do your children do?
Your wife is in good health, he trusts,
 And your business prospering, too.
He struck a new brand of cigars to-day—
 By the way, just try a few!—
Oh, yes, a man will treat you well
 When he wants a favor from you.

When the favor's done—alas! alas!
 How suddenly he forgets
How he loved you when he needed, perhaps,
 Your help to pay his debts;
But the fact remains, and every one knows
 That this assertion's true:
A man will always treat you well
 When he wants a favor from you.
—Somerville Journal.

AN OBLIGING MIDSHIPMAN.

Jumped Into the Sea to Give a Shipmate Chance for Promotion.

An anecdote is related by our Paris correspondent of Admiral Avelan, who is in command of the Russian squadron at Toulon, says the London Daily News. When, many years ago, he was cruising in the Baltic, as a midshipman, among the men aboard his ship was a former captain of a man-of-war, "broken" for insulting an admiral, and reduced to a common seaman. The young officer considered it a sacred duty to treat this unfortunate man with all the kindness consistent with the regulations, and to try everything to start him afresh on his career. A pardon could be granted only for an act of bravery.

"Next time a storm comes on," said Avelan to the ex-captain, "I will drop into the sea as if by accident. You will jump in after me, and thus win your epaulettes." This was agreed upon. Some days later, in a squall the cry was heard, "A man overboard."

Avelan had disappeared. The ex-captain jumped over the ship's side, but he was a bad swimmer, and instead of rescuing Avelan, he owed his life to the latter. In due course the commander's report reached the Czar, and the ex-captain was restored to his rank.

The captain is now an admiral. The other day he celebrated the 50th anniversary of his entrance into the service by giving a dinner, to which Admiral Avelan was invited, and in the course of an after-dinner speech he publicly thanked his junior colleague for having opened to him the path of honor.

Man's Advancement.

According to Dr. Darwin and others, it takes a monkey thousands of years to make a man of himself, but a man can make a monkey of himself in a minute. We lead the world.—Dallas News.

WOMAN STOCKBROKER.

Amy Elizabeth Bell Has Been on 'Change in London for Years.

For seven years Miss Amy E. Bell, of London, has been a stockbroker, and for the greater part of that time the only woman stockbroker in England. She seems to have shown a financial bent from childhood. An old gentleman, a visitor to Miss Bell's home at Bristol, happened one day to be diligently reading the money article in the Times, and in no mood for interruption from the child beside him. "Run away, little girl," he said, "I am busy with my lessons and

AMY ELIZABETH BELL.

you must go to yours." "Ah!" came the repartee from the child's sharp tongue, "what's your lessons is my play!" The small Miss Amy, it seems, used to think it her highest recreation to study the quotations of the money market and to note the rise and fall in various kinds of stock and shares. Her business is of her own making, although from time to time she has received help from one or two leading firms. She had a distinguished career at University College, Bristol, and spent some time at Newnham. No woman has yet been admitted to the stock exchange; consequently Miss Bell remains an outsider, but with this difference—while outsiders, as a rule, advertise largely and scatter their circulars broadcast, she does not advertise at all and takes no speculative accounts whatever. Miss Bell finds the majority of her clients among women. She is able to help her particular clientele in ways that the ordinary stockbroker in a large business would hardly think of or contemplate. A woman with a hundred or two saved, maybe, from her own professional earnings, scarcely dares to ask the big, successful stockbroker to invest the small amount for her, still less does she dare to occupy his time in consultation; but the affair interests Miss Bell, not merely because her client is a professional woman like herself, but for another reason. "I want," she says, "to make women understand their money matters and take a pleasure in dealing with them. After all, is money such a sordid consideration? May not it make all the difference to a hard-working woman when she reaches middle life whether she has or has not those few hundred? As a whole, I find women are delightful clients, sensible, punctual and courteous."

WE ARE ELECTING M'KINLEY.

Air—"Marching Trough Georgia.")

Ring out your lusty voices, boys, and sing a rousing song.
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it for America a million Buckeyes strong,
While we're electing McKinley.

Hurrah, hurrah! The button has been pressed,
Hurrah, hurrah! Ohio 'll do the rest,
Good-by, old free trade panic! Shout, ye idle and distressed,
For we are electing McKinley.

The Democratic roosters we are tired of for food,
With Larry Neal we know we'd have to live on them for good;
Our stomachs yearn for juicier meat more suited to our blood,
While we're electing McKinley.
Hurrah, etc.

We want good times like ninety-two, the workshops crowded full,
With throbbing engines, belted wheels, all hands to take a pull,
Larry Neal shall have a message to report to old John Bull,
While we're electing McKinley.
Hurrah, etc.
—Augustus Jacobson, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Adlai's Son Will Marry.

Bloomington, Ill., Oct. 24.—It is announced that Lewis Green Stevenson, only son of Vice President Adlai E. Stevenson, will be married to Miss Helen L. Davis, of this city, November 21. Miss Davis is the daughter of William O. Davis, proprietor of the Pantagraph.

A Paternal Blessing.

The maidens of tropical climes,
 Where the favors of Nature abound,
Wear very few clothes,
As every one knows;
 They are summer-girls all the year round.
—Puck.

CLAIRVOYANT—I tell your past, present and future, give you advice on Love, Courtship, Marriage, Family Troubles, Sickness, Lost Affections, Business, etc.; satisfaction guaranteed. Address, with stamp, MRS. L. JOHNSON, 382 West Madison Street, Chicago.
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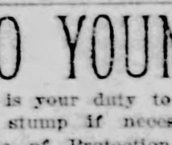
BLANKET your horse with a BURLINGTON "STAY-ON." Ask dealer or write Burlington Blanket Co., Burlington, Wis.

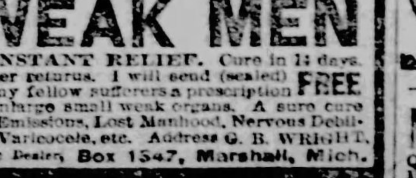


RING FREE! To introduce our publications, and create a demand for them, we have decided to give away absolutely free to everyone answering this advertisement, one of the beautiful Rolled Gold Plate Rings illustrated herewith. Send 10 Cents in stamps, silver or postal note, also a string size of finger, and by return mail we shall send you One Hundred and Fifty Songs, including Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay, words and music; 52 Complete Stories by the most celebrated authors; The Widow Bedott Papers (funniest book ever written), and the handsome ring described above FREE. Address W. S. TRIGG, Publisher, 149 Duane Street, New York.

TO YOUNG MEN!

It is your duty to be prepared to take the stump if necessary in favor of the cause of Protection. If you have the "Weekly Blade" and the "American Economist," published by the American Protective Tariff League, you will be prepared to do this. Of the "Economist" a correspondent says: "No true American can get along without it. I consider it the greatest and truest political teacher in the United States." We will send the "Weekly Blade" and the "American Economist" to you for one year for $2.10. Address the "Weekly Blade," Toledo, Ohio.

12 COMPLETE NOVELETTES FREE! To introduce our large and handsome 16-page, 64-column illustrated literary and family paper, THE PEOPLE'S HOME JOURNAL, into thousands of homes where it is not already taken, we make the following special and extraordinary offer: Upon receipt of only Ten Cents in silver or postage stamps we will send THE PEOPLE'S HOME JOURNAL for Three Months, and to each subscriber we will also send, Free and post-paid, Twelve Complete Novelettes, as follows: The Stricken Home, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth; Flaxied Dawn, by Charles Reade; The Heiress of Arne, by the author of "Dora Thorne"; Vivienne, by "The Duchess"; Helen Whitney's Wedding, by Mrs. Henry Wood; Under False Colors, by Miss M. E. Braddon; Thomas Burke's Wife, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens; The Child of the Wreck, by Miss May Agnes Fleming; The Lady of Glenwith Grange, by Wilkie Collins; Hester Quatermain's Story, by H. Rider Haggard; The Secret Panel, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and Eve Holly's Heart, by Mary Kyle Dallas. These twelve charming complete novelettes by the most famous authors in the world will all be sent free to any one sending us ten cents for three months' subscription to our paper. For 60 cents we will send six subscriptions with the 12 complete novelettes free to each. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. This is no humbug, but a bona-fide offer by an old-established and reliable publishing house, and a wonderful bargain in reading matter. Address F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 106 Reade St., New York.



Beginning. First Week. Second Week.
WEAK MEN
INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days. Never returns. I will send (sealed) FREE to my fellow sufferers a prescription to enlarge small weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address G. B. WRIGHT, Music Dealer, Box 1547, Marshall, Mich.

A New Book for Blade Subscribers

THE "NASBY LETTERS"

For months past the Toledo Blade has been preparing a surprise for its readers in the form of a new book publication.

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, five years ago there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters," in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of these letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written 25 or more years ago.

At a very great expense of time and money, we have collected all of the Nasby Letters ever written. This has been a huge task, as copies of these letters were never preserved except in files of the Toledo Blade, in whose columns they were published.

From them we have eliminated such letters as pertained to local or unimportant and forgotten topics—publishing, however, every number which is of interest to the general public. The entire collection makes one large volume of over 500 pages.

This volume will therefore give practically all of the "Nasby Letters" ever written and published in the Toledo Blade during the entire period from Mr. Locke's first connection with the paper until his death. It will be set in plain, readable type, giving, however, a large amount of matter on each page, and will contain between 500 and 600 pages. There will be matter enough in this book for a thousand pages, were it set in the ordinary type, like that used in "Nasby in Exile;" but, owing to the immense amount in these letters, we have endeavored to make it very compact, and still have it in easily readable form.

As stated before this is the first and only publication of the bulk of the Nasby Letters in book form. As this matter is all copyrighted, it never can be published by any one else.

Why This Book is Published.

Notwithstanding the enormous demand for this publication from all parts of the Union, from those who are not subscribers to the Weekly Blade as well as from those who are, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not publishing this book for sale or profit. We have determined never to sell a copy for cash, and never to any one, except in connection with the Weekly Blade.

The readers of the Toledo Blade are those who will best appreciate the volume, and we believe every one of them will want a copy. We are therefore determined to present one copy of this book to each and every subscriber to the Toledo Weekly Blade.

The Blade has at present over 160,000 subscribers. A small percentage, however, do not belong to our regular yearly list, but we estimate that there are 125,000 people in the United States who are our regular subscribers year after year. We are quite sure that every one of these subscribers will want a copy of the "Nasby Letters." Then we estimate that 25,000 more will join The Blade's ranks for the purpose of obtaining a copy. Therefore we are making preparations to give away 150,000 copies.

Now, this book, if we were to retail it, could not be sold for less than one dollar, including payment of postage. The cost of setting it in type, making the stereotype plates, and otherwise getting it ready for the press, is quite a large sum; and we estimate that within one year from this announcement the entire cost of presenting these books to our subscribers will be, in cash, fully $100,000.

Few people can realize the magnitude of this task; and owing to the rapidity with which we shall have to mail the books to our subscribers, commencing in September, we shall be obliged to deviate somewhat from our usual plan of receiving orders.

Here is Our Plan of Distribution.

First—The book will be presented to YEARLY subscribers to the Toledo Weekly Blade only. Every subscriber, on renewing his subscription, who sends us ONE DOLLAR, will have his term of subscription extended ONE YEAR, and he will have a copy of the "Nasby Letters" sent him by mail, postage paid.

Unlike all of our former premium offers in connection with the Weekly Blade, we do not wish our subscribers to remit a long time in advance of the expiration of their present subscriptions. We want to take care of each month by itself. For instance:

In September, we shall send to every person whose time expires in October, a postal card, which card, if returned with one dollar for their renewal, will be a due-bill for a free copy of the book, the "Nasby Letters."

Owing to the large number of names whose term will expire each month, we shall be unable to take care of any other orders excepting a renewal of the subscriptions expiring that month. Of course, new subscribers may come in at any time; but we prefer that those whose time expires in later months should hold back their orders until their proper month.

Then, again, it is very important that each subscriber shall take advantage of the due-bill sent, and send in his renewal at the proper time—not getting the idea that he can be taken care of later.

These postal card due-bills will be sent out during the month previous, and renewals and remittances may be sent any time after receiving the due-bill; but take care and do not wait until your subscription has expired, or until the month in which the expiration occurs has gone by. One month later we will have all we can do to take care of that month's orders, without taking care of orders belonging to the previous month.

The "Nasby Letters."

Do not confuse this title with the book, "Nasby in Exile," which we have been giving our subscribers for the past 15 months. "Nasby in Exile" is practically out of print. During August we are giving the few remaining copies as premiums to club raisers. After these are gone, no more will be printed.

The "Nasby Letters" is a NEW book, printed from our own plates, and the first edition will be ready in September—just what date we do not know.

Subscribers whose time expires in September will send in their orders for renewal during August and September, and have their time extended at once on the Weekly Blade for one year. The books will be mailed just as soon as they are ready; and we shall take care to see that they are mailed in the same order as they are received. Therefore, the earliest September renewals will get the first books.

Some of the Contents:

There will be hundreds of the Nasby letters contained in this volume, embracing everything of importance in that line ever written by "Petroleum V. Nasby." Here are some of the features of the book, but only a few among the vast number:

How the Nasby Letters Came to be Written.
The First Nasby Letter.
Mr. Nasby Starts a Church.
A Confession of Faith.
Interview with President Lincoln.
The Wise Old Rat.
The Discontented Peasant.
His Change of Base to Kentucky.
A Kentucky Tea Party.
The Famous Series of Letters on President Johnson's "Swinging Round the Circle," upon which tour Mr. Nasby attended him as his confidential adviser.
His Trip With the President to Raleigh.
The Amnesty Proclamation.
The Pendleton Greenback Theory in Kentucky.
Mr. Nasby Loses His Postoffice.
"Cussid be Canaan!" A Lecture Delivered at Music Hall, Boston, December 22, 1867.
"Nasby as a Banker." The noted series of letters on the Greenback Theory.
Mr. Nasby's Sojourn in New York. A series of Letters written from the Sixth Ward of that City.
Mr. Nasby's Return to the Corners.
The Question of Taxes at the Corners.
The "Women's Crusade" at the Corners—A series of letters written during that famous temperance movement.
The Series of Letters during the famous Electoral Commission.
"Silver at the Corners"—a series of letters written during the time the Bland bill was before Congress, and quite applicable to the present time.
With hundreds of others equally interesting, and ending with the last "Nasby Letter" ever written.

Tell All Your Friends.

Will our subscribers please tell their friends of this offer? We feel quite certain that this announcement will obtain a large number of subscribers to the Weekly Blade from all parts of the country. Thousands of non-subscribers will willingly send $1 for The Blade a year, because they want the book. After reading The Blade a year they will become permanent subscribers. We ask as a favor that every present subscriber shall show this announcement to at least one friend or neighbor who does not take the Weekly Blade. Will you kindly do this much for us?

No matter when your subscription expires, you shall then have an opportunity to get one of these books. Therefore, wait until a week or two before your subscription expires, or until you receive a postal card due-bill. We shall try to take care of each month's expirations in order; but it would be simply impossible to take care of orders from our subscribers at random. Therefore do not order until just before your time expires.

The remittance must always be one dollar, in net current funds, for the Weekly Blade one year. Do not send checks on country banks, nor postage stamps. Remit by draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, money order, express order, or currency by registered mail. Address

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A TOLEDO KNIFE FOR TOLEDO BLADE READERS.
7-in. Steel Shears and this Knife, $1. Post-paid, warranted.

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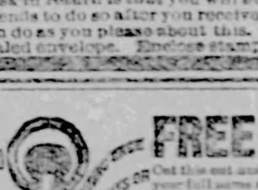
MAHER & GROSH, 632 Adams Street, TOLEDO, OHIO.



BEFORE. AFTER.
WEAK MAN CURE YOURSELF IN TWO WEEKS.
Why waste time, money and health with "doctors" wonderful "cure-alls," specifics, etc., when I will send FREE the prescription of a new and positive remedy for the prompt lasting cure of Lost Manhood, Nightly Emissions, Nervous Weakness in old or young men, Varicocele, Impotency, and to enlarge weak, stunted organs. Cures in Two Weeks. I send this prescription Free of charge, and there is no humbug or advertising catch about it. Any good druggist or physician can put it up for you, as everything is plain and simple. All I ask in return is that you will buy a small quantity of the remedy from me direct or advise your friends to do so after you receive the recipe and see this. there is no humbug or deception. But you can do as you please about this. Correspondence strictly confidential, and all letters sent in plain sealed envelope. Enclose stamp if convenient. E. H. Hungerford, Box B 3, Albion, Mich.

$3.50 FREE A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any $25.00 gold watch pay our sample price, $3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you One Free. Write at once, as we shall send out samples for 60 days only. Address THE NATIONAL M'F'G & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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WANTED—Housekeepers to find out all about our Crown Washing Machine, the best time and labor saving Wash Machine on the market. Write for prices. Crown Mfg Co., Toledo, Ohio.

FREE REMEDY. MANHOOD RESTORED. AFTER.
Small, weak organs enlarged, Emissions, Impotency, Varicocele, and all effects of Self-Abuse or Excess cured. Never returns. I will gladly send (sealed) FREE to all sufferers a receipt that cured me of these troubles. Address, L. BRADLEY, Box S 21, Battle Creek, Mich.

MAKE MONEY! AGENTS WANTED to sell EDELMAN'S STEAM COOKER. QUICK SALES. GOOD PROFITS. Address at once, DETROIT STERILIZING CO., DETROIT, MICH.

HOW I LOOKS AT IT.

Ef yo' reck'ns fur to go it jes' precisely as yo' please,
An' de Master from His girdle will on-hitch the gol'n keys,
W'en yo' step across de threshold uv de mighty bimeby
An' tell yo' yo' is welcome to de mansion in de sky,
Dere's mistake somewhar.

Ef yo' scatter yo' wile oatses in the May-time uv de year
Wid a notion dat October'll fill yo' barn, my honey dear'
Dat de oatses in de furrer's go'n to change to yallar corn,
Better hark to Master Gabril, who's a-shoutin' from his horn,
"Dere's mistake somewhar."

Dere's a warnin' rolls from Siny, rolls a-thundrin' right and lef',
An' yo' better listen careful, for it's 'tended for yo'sef;
Ef yo' spose dat the angil w'ot is makin' up yo' count,
Yo'd to mixify de figgers so yo' won't pay full amount,
"Dere's mistake somewhar."

Ef yo' feeble, tremblin' fingers grip de fingers uv yo' Frien',
Ef yo' trab'l in de fores' to de clearin' at de en',
Ever lovin' like a lover dat is loyal an' is true,
Ever trustin' in His power for to see yo' safely froo,
No mistake dat time.

—The Independent.

HOME TALKS.

HOW A SMALL WORK FOR GOOD GREW INTO THE LARGER ONE.

A Group of Merry Girls Are Moved to Bring Sunshine Among Shadows—Their Later Day Effort.

"The charities that soothe and heal and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers."

In all the world there is nothing which makes a more beautiful growth through exercise than charity. It may cost money, anxiety, weariness, but this stepping out of oneself for others, this tender ministry to the pain-stricken and care-laden, making the burdens of life a little less heavy for them to carry, gives a glimpse to the doer of good of a happiness that is priceless. With this gladness at the heart, the impulse to further effort becomes stronger, till the desire to help humanity in whatever way comes the opportunity, is the motive power of the daily living.

The whole of charity is not involved in great deeds and in large expenditures of money. Often and often, it is the little unobtrusive act that is as quiet and silent as the falling of the dew upon the flowers, in which is comprehended the heart of charity. It is the thought which wings the deed that gives the latter value, and makes it in truth one of those that "soothe and heal and bless." And everywhere there is room for all of these expressions of love to humanity, but in cities their number needs to grow into legion, demanding unselfish working, and giving without stint.

In the country, too, so far as it is possible each individual must answer to the poet's description:

"He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting charity."

I am led to-day in particular to consider the thought of what is included in true charity by the overwhelming conviction of all that must be done by each and every one of us for humanity during the coming winter. In the face of the business depression; of the thousands of people out of employment; of the families that are even now unable to keep the gaunt wolf of hunger from the door, no conclusion can be reached other than that love for our fellow beings, the principle of true brotherhood, will demand self-sacrifice, self-denial from us all, in order to fill up the measure of our individual responsibility.

The thought may come to some of us that we can do little or nothing, that every nerve will be strained to the utmost to keep our own heads above water. Let us not make up our minds that way for the very thought palsies our good impulses and prevents our seeing possibilities. What seem to us the veriest trifles of service, sometimes are the open doors to a good that cannot be measured. Do you remember the story, a true one as I know, of the sending by a King's Daughter to a poor woman of a bunch of field flowers, which reached her, just as in despair she was going forth to seek a death by drowning? They were like those which grew near the home of her childhood. Among such as they she had played in those sunny, happy days when a mother's love had enwrapped her and she knew and thought not of sorrow. The sight of those blossoms brought back the memory of that gentle being, and in the rush of emotions that swept over her the truth became plain that she was about to play a coward's part, and that her duty was to live and meet bravely whatever was in store. New courage entered into her heart; she picked up the scattered threads of her life; the door of opportunity opened and she went on into a brighter future. We never know what even a trifle given with gentle intent, a kindly word spoken, may bear of fruit, and sweet thoughts and helpful words are always at our command whatever else may fail.

And yet there are few among those who read these words so poor but that there are others who are poorer still; for whose physical needs they may do something if only they hold in their heart the earnest desire to help. If we are honestly anxious to do for others, if we are ready to forget self in the needs of the neighbor who is suffering, or the stranger who is yet our brother because of the unity of humanity, the ways and the means will be sure to come by one path or another.

Such seasons of extremity as it now seems likely the coming winter will be, have a side that is not all shadows. They call forth the best that is in human nature. They challenge by the terrible insistence of the need every helpful impulse in the community, and bring forth effort for others which otherwise would never be made. And when we remember that all such thought and effort contribute to the spiritual growth, and that each good thought and each good deed help to swell the tide that bears all humanity forward to better things, we can understand that even what seems so terrible in its potency for producing suffering, may be in the end a blessing. It is in a large sense, to the many, what the ministry of pain is to the individual.

This thought does not, however, in any sense diminish the responsibility of each of us to help make the suffering less. It only aids us to endure more courageously the knowledge that something exists which we have no power to cure but only in a small way to alleviate. When we have done and are doing all that is possible for others less fortunate than ourselves; when love of self does not hold our hearts indifferent and our hands idle, while opportunities for helping the needy pass us by, then and not till then, may we let go of the thought of suffering that we cannot reach, and the realization of which only shadows our lives uselessly.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

A Hint or Two for the "Stay-at-Home" Travelers.

In making our preparations for these excursions to foreign lands, we do not need to plan so much for our wardrobe, as for time; while we will not need so much of that commodity as if a long absence from home was expected, yet to have our trips successful we must take the leisure to study our guide books, books of reference, maps, etc.

It is best to take one country at a time and "do" that thoroughly before passing to another, and first we should decide upon our route; the guide books of foreign travel will assist us in this.

Our pathway marked out, we should obtain all of the information possible, regarding the country we are to visit; its climate, products and general features. At each city, town or village where we stop, we must endeavor by much reading and reference to such illustrations as we are able to procure, to form in our minds, clear pictures of the churches, art galleries and noted places in that town. There are so few places of any interest that have not been fully illustrated in some newspaper, that it will be easy to obtain views which will make the written descriptions very realistic.

A dictionary will be of great assistance to us in helping us to pronounce the geographical names we will meet with in our reading, and an encyclopedia will give us information regarding the habits, growth and use of the products of the soil. If a series of stereopticon views could be given in connection with this study, it would add very much to our pleasure.

To arrange these evenings so as to interest all who take part in them is very important. If in the club, or the family, there is one exceptionally good reader who will do the reading at each meeting that will be a pleasant way, but if all are equally good in this respect, this part of the work should be divided so that all may feel a personal responsibility in making each evening as pleasant as possible. However this is arranged, the programme for each meeting should be given at the previous meeting, and every one should read and study the subject previously, in order that by questions and explanations every subject may be fully discussed. It is a good idea to have some one appointed to prepare papers to be read at review meetings, to recall to our minds the incidents we have passed over in former readings.

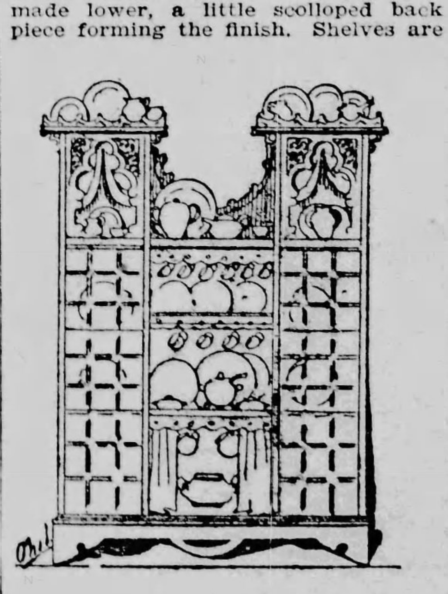
This Chat is not intended to be more than a hint which may be enlarged to an indefinite extent and adapted to the use of either large or small companies of students, as the subject is one which, by careful attention and study, may be made of absorbing interest and great benefit to all who undertake it.

WORK FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

What the Busy Fingers of the Household May Fashion.

A Pretty Closet.

A pretty addition to dining room furnishings may be made at small expense if instructions are given to the carpenter and the housekeeper is willing to take some trouble. The illustration shows the form which is to be used. The center part, which is the wider of the three divisions, is also made lower, a little scolloped back piece forming the finish. Shelves are



put in the three compartments, but those upon the sides are shut in by doors. The tops of these have a little fancy work. Above the upper shelves the space is left open.

As seen the open shelves are arranged for pretty plates and cups and saucers. The plates are held in place by means of hooks screwed into the back. The cups are hung by hooks screwed into the shelves as shown. Curtains of silk of pretty coloring are hung in the spaces at the top of the sides.

This cabinet as it may be called may be made of pine, and then painted or stained by the housekeeper to correspond with the dining room where it is to be placed.

Handkerchief Case.

Get some of the matting at your grocers in which tea chests are wrapped. Get five-eighths of a yard of blue or pink china silk and three

yards of No. 9 ribbon to match the silk.

As the matting ravels badly, commence by turning it down to the depth of three inches, basting flatly. Now, beginning at one corner, measure six inches on each side, and mark by pin or a cross-stitch of thread.

Then fold each of these six-inch measurements into a plait three inches deep, making the corner, of course, come in between them. Sew firmly with strong thread and proceed in the same way with the three other corners. Next, with coarse silk, work a star three inches long and four inches wide.

Begin in the center, work four stitches, two one and a-half inches and two two inches long to mark the size, filling in with shorter stitches between. Cover the sides and bottom with a layer of cotton wadding, sprinkled with violet sachet powder. Measure from the top of the case down the side and to the middle of the bottom, allow an inch and cut from the China silk a strip of this width—it will probably be about eight inches. Stitch it together. Turn down half an inch for a heading, gathering it so as to leave a little upright double frill. Draw up to fit the inside of the case and sew around the edge, taking care not to let the stitches show on the outside. Turn in the other edge, gather as closely as possible, tack it to the bottom and cover with a button an inch in diameter, made of the silk, or a little plaited rosette. Cut a piece of stiff paper to exactly fit the oblong opening, and use for a pattern to shape the matting, which must be turned in to prevent raveling. Cover with a layer of wadding, half-an-inch thick, and a piece of China silk, which must be allowed one-half longer than the length of the lid and about an inch wider. The extra length is gathered. Fasten the lid in place by tacking it lightly to the box at two of its corners. Make four small bows, and sew one at each of the four corners where the plaits project from the basket.

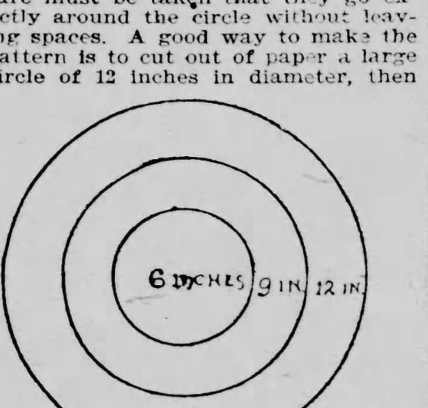
Work a star on the center of the lid, as on the sides. Two little ball tassels on each corner of the case, two on center of the lid and two on the middle of front edge of the lid make a pretty addition.

Fancy Mat.

These articles are very pretty to put under vases of flowers which are set upon a nice table cover, and also under jardinieres. They may be made of different materials, but usually of something contrasting prettily with the color of the cover.

A very pretty one is shown in the illustration. The round center is of plain silk, and is about six inches in diameter. A pretty vine is worked

around it as shown, then it is laid upon a circle of white crinoline and the edge neatly turned under. Two circles of leaves are put around as shown the inner one made of a light shade of velvet and the outer of a dark shade. When these are fastened around as shown then the back side is lined with silk or silkolene. The leaves are made over crinoline in the same way as the center. The edges are followed around with a narrow gold braid. In cutting the leaves care must be taken that they go exactly around the circle without leaving spaces. A good way to make the pattern is to cut out of paper a large circle of 12 inches in diameter, then



cut two circles of the proportion shown in illustration. The two larger circles of paper can then each be folded into equal parts and cut into leaves as represented, putting them together so that they will alternate.

Fringe may be used instead of these circles of leaves if liked.

FAMILIAR CORRESPONDENCE.

Letters From Old and New Friends of the Household.

Another View of a Wife's Duty.

I wish to criticise, without any intention to offend, however, "Peggy Clover's" answer to "Nameless" inquiry, in which she is of the opinion that it is not a wife's duty to "hand over" to her husband the money she earned before she married him. I agree with that lady when she insinuates that no gentleman will ever ask his wife to give him the money she earned before she married him. But it is my opinion that it is a wife's duty to help her husband if necessary.

If he is poor and needy, and she has the money to assist him in his business affairs, it is her duty to do so, and if she is a "helpmate" she will not hesitate, nor regret her step even if it profits him nothing."

I have in mind a couple who have been married for five years. Five years ago he was poor, but had a promising future before him, and at this time he asked the lady of his choice to marry him. Soon after they were married the gentleman was unfortunate financially, and with dismay and humiliation he found himself unable to support his wife and scarcely able to support himself. He wanted to send his wife to his people where they would willingly receive her till he was "on his feet again." But like a true woman she protested she would never leave him, like a coward, to fight his battles alone, but would remain with him and support both till the clouds passed. She had a few hundred dollars she had saved working at her trade before she married him, and this she offered her husband. At first he was too proud to accept her hard-earned money, but obedient to his wife's oft-repeated, earnest request, he finally yielded. She was not above supporting herself and husband in a time of need, and she procured a position and worked hard for two years. It was she who comforted him, cheered him on to nobler efforts, and bade him not despair. Her untiring energy and fidelity to him gave birth in him a greater determination to succeed in his business affairs, and he pushed with an energy and courage he would not otherwise have had the strength to do, till, as a result, success crowned his efforts at last. To-day he is a wealthy man, and the few hundred she lent him has grown to enormous proportions, and they are the happiest of husbands and wives. When asked what his key to success in life was, he points with pride to his wife and answers: "Her love; she is my good angel, she made me what I am."

"Peggy Clover" says, in speaking of husband and wife, "If he cannot provide a home for her, be it ever so small and humble, he should not have asked her to become his wife until he could do so." Ah! this is a sad, sad error. I think of an instance that will prove how great a folly it is for a couple to remain single who find in each other a desirable companion for life. I know of two who loved each other, but because the gentleman was proud and unable to support a wife, he postponed their marriage till he was better situated. He came West with bright hopes for the future. He always had a ship coming in, but, alas! like so many, it never came. For 30 years he has been struggling against poverty, and they are both single yet, and will probably remain so. Now they are old and broken-hearted, and their youth has vanished without one gleam of sunshine, and, when it is too late, they sigh, "O, if I had known!" and behind those words there is a sad confession, an acknowledgment of their error, and graves of buried hopes and joys, while Pride lies shattered in fragments beneath the feet of old age and despair, and over all hangs the dark, heavy gloom of Death.

Ah! my dear girls, how much better it would have been had they borne each other's burdens and struggled together against the stream of misfortune, with four hands, instead of two, bravely rowing their life boat; they would soon have glided into calmer waters and under sunnier skies, and long ago enjoyed prosperity and happiness, and their lives would not have been lived in vain.

God wants us to cheerfully do our duty. It may be little that is required of us, and it may be much. It may be your duty to help your husband, perhaps to support him, and sweet will be the fruit of labor if the root is love, and cheerfulness in doing one's duty is the blossom thereof. A wife who does not love and respect her husband enough to give up everything for his sake that is for his welfare and interest, which is just as much hers as his, is not a woman who deserves the sacred name of "wife."—Mrs. E. F. Beach. z

"Mary" Gives Advice to Many.

Lizzie Price:—The two pieces of goods you mentioned would make lovely waists, to wear with black skirts. Wash the surah carefully, and dye it pale green or pink. Make it over a fitted lining, with the fronts gathered at the shoulder seams, and crossing in surplice style. Face the lining at the top, with the surah, or the lining may be cut away, leaving a V shaped opening, above where the fronts cross each other. Arrange the back in soft folds by gathering at the neck and shoulder edges, and gather the fullness at the waist, into four short rows of shirring, tacked to the lining.

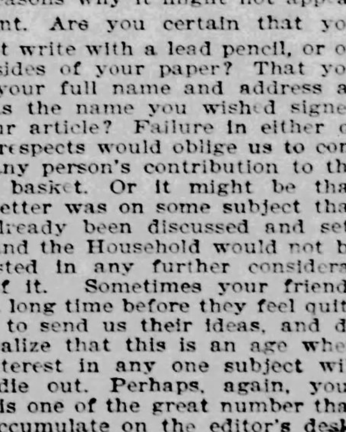
Dye the nun's veiling heliotrope, with a weak solution of maroon. Gather the fronts at the top, at each side of the closing, and collect the fullness at the waist, in four forward turning pleats. Gather the back at the neck and waist. Bretelles of ecru lace, or the nun's veiling, may be gathered to fall in a deep frill, at the back, just below the rolling collar, and arrange them on each side of the fullness in front. They should be narrowed almost to points at the waist line. Make full puffed sleeves, gathered at the lower edge, into deep cuffs. A wrinkled belt may be made to wear with it.

You can dye plush or velvet like other goods, by being careful not to rub or wring it. Prepare a package of black dye for silk, according to the directions, and after your lavender plush is washed and rinsed, put it in the dye. Stir it constantly while in the dye, then rinse. Press between two cloths, to remove all the water possible. Baste the pieces smoothly to a piece of calico or muslin, and hang out where the wind can whip it, until it dries. This will usually raise the pile, but if there are any places that look crushed, hold them over a hot iron, covered with a wet cloth, and as the steam rises, have some one brush it gently. When treated in this way plush or velvet looks like new goods.

M. B. S.:—If your plain cashmere sleeves are still good, take them out, rip the seams down almost to the elbows and cut off the cashmere. Sew the lining up again just as it was before, then put on full puffs of the cashmere, gathering at the top and lower edge. Or put on three gathered ruffles, sewing them into the armhole. They should be simply hemmed, and the widest one should reach almost to the elbow. If you do not like the cuffs at the wrist, take them off and face the sleeves. Thank you for your kind words; I am glad the suggestions I have made in regard to making dresses over have helped so many readers of The Blade.

M. D. E.:—A light grey flannel dress may be dyed almost any color. Navy blue, bronze green, dark green, wine color, plum and garnet are beautiful colors, and your dress may be dyed with either of them. Rip all the seams and separate the lining from the flannel pieces. Wash them in warm, soapy water, to which a little ammonia has been added. Select the color you wish, tie the dye in a piece of cheese-cloth, and dissolve it in a little warm water. Then add the hot water, and put the flannel in it. After it is dyed, rinse and press it on the wrong side. Make a gored skirt, slightly gathered at the front and sides, and quite full at the back. Finish the top with a broad belt of the material. Make a reefer blazer of the usual length, with leg of mutton sleeves. The fronts of these jackets are reversed in broad lapels, which meet the rolling collar. Make one blouse of the flannel, and others of silk, cashmere and other material. The suit may be finished with machine stitching, or rows of fancy braid, put on above the hem of the skirt, and around the edges of the blazer.

Dye your green alpaca dress according to directions given for other goods, except that alpaca should be hung up to dry without wringing. Use dark green or seal brown dyes, and be sure to allow it to boil (not simmer) as long as the directions advise. After it is dyed, rinsed and pressed, you can make a gored skirt, plain waist, and full puffs for the sleeves out of the material you have. Get velvet to trim it, and put a bias band of it around the skirt. Broad revers, reaching from the shoulder seams to the waist line, the cuffs, collar and belt should also be made of the velvet; you will then have a very serviceable and stylish suit.—Mary.



THE QUESTION BOX.

Our Weekly Exchange of Information.

Several weeks ago I sent a letter to the Household, but have never seen it in print. Why is it? I have read other letters that were no better than mine, and I am an old subscriber to The Blade, and think I ought to be shown some consideration.—Indignant.

There is no doubt but your letter was just as good, and, very likely, better than many that are published in the Household, but there are several reasons why it might not appear in print. Are you certain that you did not write with a lead pencil, or on both sides of your paper? That you gave your full name and address as well as the name you wished signed to your article? Failure in either of these respects would oblige us to consign any person's contribution to the waste basket. Or it might be that your letter was on some subject that had already been discussed and settled, and the Household would not be interested in any further consideration of it. Sometimes your friends wait a long time before they feel quite ready to send us their ideas, and do not realize that this is an age when the interest in any one subject will soon die out. Perhaps, again, your letter is one of the great number that will accumulate on the editor's desk, try she ever so hard to "catch up" with her correspondence. I am sure if you could see that desk with the work that represents hours and days of hard writing to be done before it is cleared, you would be, instead of an "indignant" friend, a very "sympathetic" one. That you are an old subscriber of The Blade, gives us great pleasure, and we hope to continue to make your weekly paper, as it always has been, a source of great pleasure and assistance to you, and to all of our friends.—Ed.

Will you tell me how I can make an afghan for my baby's carriage; something that will wash, if possible.—Southern Girl.

A very economical one is made of a breadth of Brussels net, of the coarse open mesh used in upholstery, i. e., window curtains, bed-spreads, etc. The net is plaided by strips of lace ladder insertion, into which is first run light blue baby-ribbon. An edge for the afghan is made by tying in long-looped bows of the ribbon at the ends of the strips of lace. This afghan may be lined with silk if desired. If more elaboration is wished for, it may be given by working with blue floss silk large long-stitched stars or daisies in the square spaces of lace between the ribbons. Simple afghans, which will need no lining and which can be washed whenever soiled, are made of Swiss muslin woven with pin dots placed very close together.

Inquiries.

Will Jean Hunt give directions for making a set of furniture covers? The kind of material to be used.

Also give her advice how a grown lady should dress attending college, both outside and underwear. I desire to dress neat, but not costly. Would be glad to avoid as much washing as possible. I expect to attend through the winter months, and, perhaps, continue through the spring months.

What color can a moderately dark brown dress be colored to suit a dark complexion? Can the basque be colored without the seams being ripped?

I have a silk cloak trimmed in a deep band of fur. Can I make it serviceable in any way? Please reply immediately.—A Blade Reader.

Answers.

Silver Bell:—If you will take the yolk of an egg, rub thoroughly on the scalp, then wash with warm water, and rinse, the dandruff will disappear. I did so, but, being a blonde, my hair turned too dark, however, it is a sure cure and not injurious. Let me hear from you.

A Reader:—I made a very pretty infant's basket, and it did not cost a "fortune" either. My basket is a shallow one, quite large, longer than wide. I took blue silesia, put it in plain, as lining, then took cotton (white) wash blonde, gathered a trifle, and put this over the blue, then I made two blue, covered with white pockets, sewed them in at the sides, again stitching these in the center to form four pockets in all—these are for brush, comb, papers of pins, etc., then a cushion about four inches square of the blue covered with white, a narrow lace around it, and tied in one corner with blue ribbon—the cushion stuffed with washed hair combings can not be excelled—this completes my basket—without belongings of course, and is very serviceable and cost but little.—Willette.

Mrs. Bliss:—Your heliotrope, French satine can be dyed a dark green, dark blue or dark brown. It would take a deep shade of olive green if it is not too dark a shade of heliotrope. You can use for cotton olive green, slate, brown, or blue dyes for cotton. I think a shade of dark slate color would be pretty. You might dye it other shades if your dress is of a light shade of heliotrope. If light it would take a garnet or dark wine color, and these colors can be had for cotton and are fast.

"Hoosier May:"—You can dye your sailor hat by boiling it up in a strong solution of dye of the desired color. Place the hat in a flat pan to boil, so it will not get out of shape, rinse by putting into a pan of warm water. Place upon a table to dry. When nearly dry varnish over with a solution made of one tablespoon of white sugar dissolved in one teacupful of hot water. If the brim requires pressing, use a warm iron, placing a cloth over the straw.—Jean Hunt.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

After the Soup, Comes the Fish, if You Like It.

"Fresh fish, mackerel, catfish and red snappers" is the burden of the song that I hear every day as the man with the cart passes my window, and then he adds to the assurance that "every-one-is-fresh-just-caught." Of course I do not doubt his word, no, even though the evidence that comes to me through my olfactory nerves is by no means favorable to such an opinion. But the "fish man" knows that to be wholesome and eatable fish should be perfectly fresh, the eyes clear, the gills red, the scales bright and the flesh firm and free from any disagreeable odor. To secure the best flavor they should be cooked as soon as possible after they are taken from the water; if necessary to keep them over night, place them in a cool place where the moon will not shine on them as the effect of exposure to the rays of the goddess of night is as bad as the hot sunshine. Did you ever hear of that before? It was a new revelation in fish-lore, to the Household cook when she learned it from Mrs. Rorer, that high priestess of culinary affairs. And how many know, or have given a thought to the reason why the flesh of some fish is white, while that of others, as the salmon, sturgeon, etc., is colored? That is another bit of information from the same authority, who says it is because the fat, or oil of most fish is found in the liver, consequently the flesh is white, while in the colored fishes the fat is distributed throughout the body, giving color to the flesh.

Fish may be smoked, boiled, baked, fried, or made into hash, and in any way it can be made so appetizing that one can look with complasance upon the approach of Lent, as a season when they can do penance by abstaining from flesh, and feast of fish.

Lenten Soup.

Wash and cut in small pieces five pounds of haddock, or any fish you prefer, and put it in a kettle with three quarts of cold water, one onion, four whole cloves, one stalk of celery, two sprigs of parsley and two bay leaves. Place over a moderate fire and skim when it first boils. Simmer gently for two hours, then strain, add salt to taste and serve at once with toasted bread cut in narrow strips.

To Broil Fish.

Shad, bluefish, mackerel and large trout are best cooked in this way. The fish should be cleaned and split down the back, leaving on the head and tail. A double wire broiler is best, as the fish can be turned without breaking. Rub the broiler well with suet before putting the fish in. The flesh side should be first exposed to the fire, and then the skin side; great care must be taken not to burn the skin. When the fish is done, separate it carefully from the broiler and place on a hot platter, sprinkle with salt and pepper, spread it with butter and stand it in the oven till the butter is melted. A fish weighing four pounds will require about half an hour to cook.

Salt Codfish, With Cream Sauce.

Pick into small pieces two cupfuls of salt codfish and cover with cold water, let it soak for two hours, drain and cover with warm water. Let it stand on the back part of the stove where it will not get scalding hot for one hour. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, mix well and add one pint of milk, stirring it till smooth, then add the fish drained from the water, salt and pepper to taste and serve immediately, as much depends upon it being very hot.

Baked Shad.

Scrape free from scales, remove the insides, wash well outside and inside and wipe with a soft towel, rub well with salt. Make a dressing of one cupful of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a little black pepper. Mix well and fill the body of the fish, sew it up with soft cotton yarn. Score one side of the fish in several places, and into each gash place a strip of fat, salt pork. Dredge thickly with flour, salt and pepper and place in a baking-pan, adding water to cover the bottom of the pan. Bake 15 minutes to every pound of fish, basting frequently with the gravy in the pan. When done, lift the fish carefully to the dish on which it is to be served, garnish with slices of lemon and parsley and serve with Hollandaise sauce.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

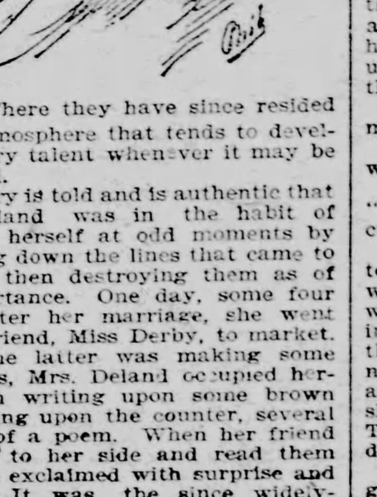
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN WARD, PREACHER."

How Margaret Deland Came Before the Public—First a Poet, Then a Novelist—Success in Both Paths.

It is the unexpected that happens, is an old saying, and many times a very true one. Certainly it was so in the case of Mrs. Margaret Deland, the author, a sketch of whom I am about to give, for to her came fame, or at least a popularity that has in it enduring elements that promise, with further work, true fame, entirely without expectation on her part.

Margaret Campbell was born in Pittsburg, Pa., in the winter of 1857, and was broeght up in the family of her uncle, Hon. Benjamin Campbell. When she was about 17 she was sent to Pelham Priory, a boarding school in New Rochelle, not far from New York city. Later on, she entered Cooper Institute and took a course in industrial drawing.

It was in 1880 that she became the wife of Mr. Lorin Deland, and with him removed to Boston, to make their



home. There they have since resided in an atmosphere that tends to develop literary talent whenever it may be possessed.

The story is told and is authentic that Mrs. Deland was in the habit of amusing herself at odd moments by scribbling down the lines that came to her and then destroying them as of no importance. One day, some four years after her marriage, she went with a friend, Miss Derby, to market. While the latter was making some purchases, Mrs. Deland occupied herself with writing upon some brown paper lying upon the counter, several stanzas of a poem. When her friend returned to her side and read them over, she exclaimed with surprise and delight. It was the since widely-known "Succory."

Through Miss Derby's earnest solicitations, Mrs. Deland finally sent the poem to Harper's Magazine, where it appeared and was extensively copied. This opened the door to her, and thenceforward her poems appeared at intervals in this and other magazines, and were received with such favor that in 1886 she collected them into a volume under the title, "The Old Garden and Other Verses." Still timid in regard to her powers, she issued a very limited edition, which was soon exhausted, and a new one called for. Others followed, and there is still more or less of a demand for the volume.

Having won such cordial recognition as a poet, it was greatly to the surprise of even the friends who were sure of her talent, to find her appearing in the role of a novelist. The success of "John Ward, Preacher," which divided the interest of the public with Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere," will easily be recalled. In one week the first edition of one thousand copies was sold, and in the five months following the book ran through five editions. It received, for its excellence of style, no less than for its force and intensity, the highest praise from the critics.

Since that time Mrs. Deland has published a descriptive work entitled "Florida Days," which appeared in 1889, and a second novel, "Sidney," published in 1880. Short stories have also come from her pen for magazines, and are always welcomed by a large circle of readers.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

A TRUE STORY.

A gay young man named Harry Rahn,
A rich man's only son,
Spent precious time in manhood's prime
In search of so-called "fun."

He used his powers in wasted hours,
As though life were a dream,
He raced and drank, played cards and sank
In all good men's esteem.

One idle day, in reckless play,
He sold a neighbor's horse;
And he who bought, with some few, thought
It all a joke—of course.

If so, through flaw in luck or law,
Or maybe partly both,—
He went to jail through lack of bail,
Though very, very loth.

With sentence passed, in prison fast
Was changed his mode of life.
He learned a trade, men's shoes he made,
With many an inward strife.

When passed ten years of hopes and fears,
And he was free to roam,
He found all changed, old friends estranged;
An outcast, with no home.

Now boy, dear boy, so full of joy,
Let Temperance lead the van;
Touch not the bowl which blights the soul,
Remember Harry Rahn.

—Woman's Journal.

BLUE HAWTHORN.

It was a very large room, hung all around in deep red velvet, against which pictures were ranged thickly one above another.

The floor covering was also of red but Tekla could scarcely see the color of the carpet for the litter of boxes and papers and trays of trinkets.

Even under the long pine tables were piles of plates, wonderfully colored, and salvers filled with odd ivory toys and bits of green and white jade. Numbers of vases stood carelessly about, some of them wreathed with pink plum blossoms and close by one of the rough supports of a table was a collection of tiny teapots only just large enough for a doll's use.

Tekla stood blinking, her big eyes still full of the light of the street and not yet able fully to take in the marvels of this wide, softly shaded room.

It was very quiet, though two men were at work unpacking snuff-bottles of amber and jade and onyx, setting them one by one on an end of the table, each with its little ivory mixing-stick and jewelled stopper beside it. A third man, with a book in his hand, seemed to be examining the bottles—a man with a yellowish, foreign face such as the tiny ivory men in the tray had.

As the door shut he looked up, and seeing Tekla and her mother standing on the threshold, he came toward them, glancing with a quick, sharp eye from the slight woman in black to the little fair-headed girl of seven.

"I have been sent to make the catalogue sketches," said Tekla's mother her voice rather low and uncertain. The ivory-faced man made a little bow.

"Oh, yes! the catalogue. We have been wondering why they did not send the artist. But isn't it too late to begin to-day?"

He cast an oblique glance toward the window, which screened a clear sweep of wintry sky, pale with a passing sun.

"I can work an hour yet," said Tekla's mother. "I should have come sooner, but they only just sent me word that I was to make the drawings."

"The screens are first in order," said the man. "I'll show you where they are." And then he gave Tekla a doubtful glance. "The little girl had better stay here. Our most valuable porcelains are on the floor of the room in which the screens are."

"I sha'n't mind waiting here mother," said Tekla.

"And you won't—of course you won't handle anything, dear?"

"No, mother," said Tekla, gravely. "I'll sit right here on the end of this cushioned thing."

Her mother gave the small mittened hands a squeeze. Tekla's face wore an anxious little frown as she watched the black-gowned figure picking its way across the room behind the yellow gentleman. There were nails here and there in loose boards and box lids. Suppose one of them should catch in her mother's skirts! Tekla drew a breath of relief as the door shut upon the two.

The little girl knew how often that gown of her mother's had been remade. A rent in it would mean so much!

"It takes a lot of goods to make a dress for a grown-up person," thought Tekla. "Little girls, now—!" She regarded her own attire. The cloak was a gathered affair of many capes, each of which had been a ruffle on her mother's pretty blue teagown, in the days when her mother wore soft, bright colors instead of black. Happy days those were, before Tekla's father died.

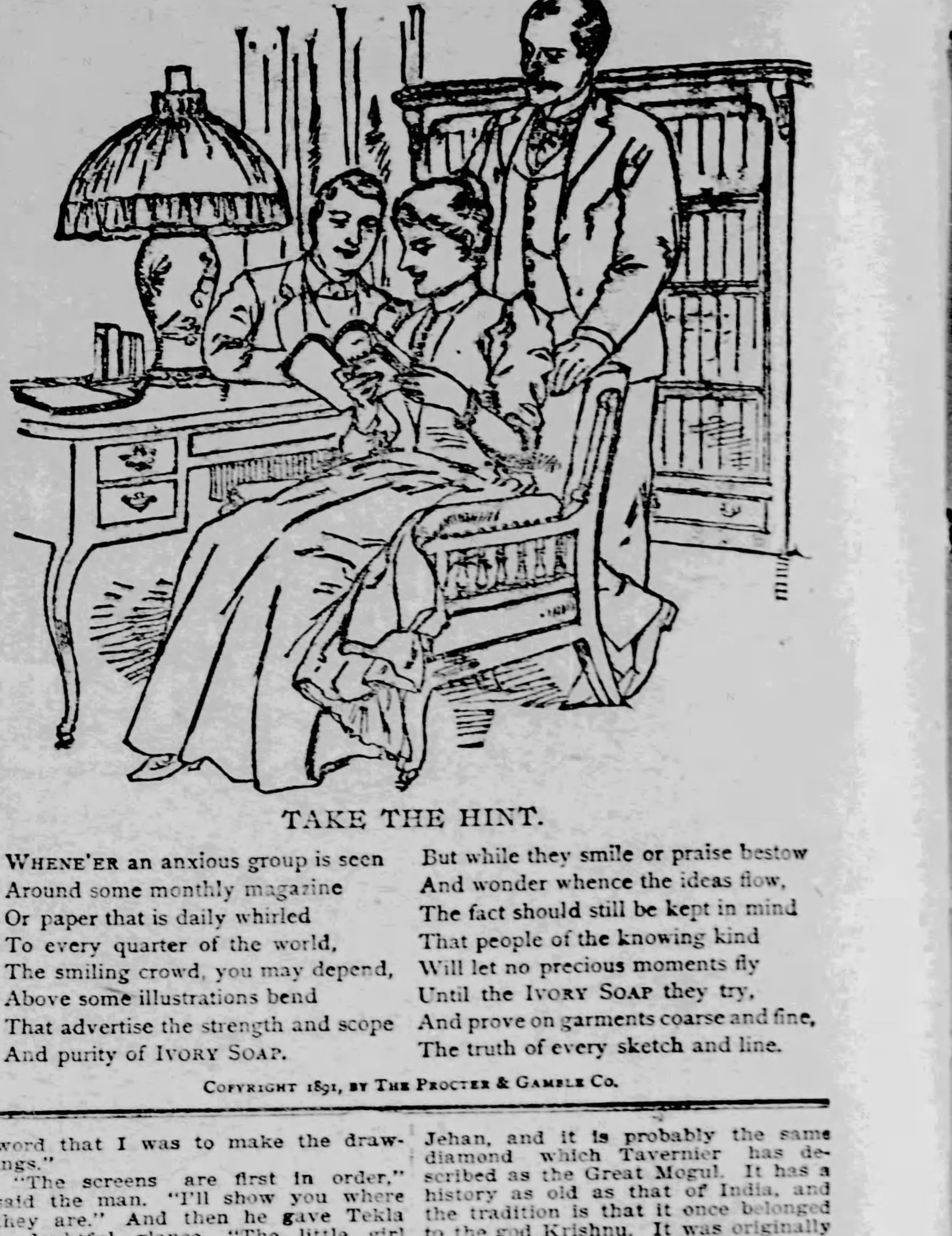
They had lived then in a cheerful little apartment overlooking a gay street of Paris. Tekla remembered it all very well—the water-colors on the wall, the long rugs with their worn-out fringes, the people who came and went. These had mostly been artist friends of her father's—men in velvet coats, and with three little tags of whiskers, queerly waxed, on lip and chin. There was always something for Tekla in their velvet pockets—sweets tied about with blue ribbon for the little hazel-eyed child who, while the company talked, leaned on her mother's knee.

Everything was different now. The room in which Tekla and her mother lived was away up under the roof of a tall, dingy house, in a narrow street of New York. Four flights up it was—four flights of steep, dark stairs, whose carpeting was so worn that the wood grinned through. Things in the room itself were equally threadbare and gloomy. Only the bed-lounge was bright, being covered with hairy red plush. The two windows looked through a network of clothes-lines upon a flagged court which even the sun seemed to avoid.

If only the sun had made out, now and again, to lay a warm finger on those dark stones, Tekla felt that her mother would be happier. For once, as she sat on her mother's lap, she had been surprised to feel something like a tear plash down upon her own cheek.

"Never mind me, dear," her mother had said, drying her eyes. "It's nothing. Only life looks so dark, so sunless!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



TAKE THE HINT.

WHENE'ER an anxious group is seen
Around some monthly magazine
Or paper that is daily whirled
To every quarter of the world,
The smiling crowd, you may depend,
Above some illustrations bend
That advertise the strength and scope
And purity of IVORY SOAP.

But while they smile or praise bestow
And wonder whence the ideas flow,
The fact should still be kept in mind
That people of the knowing kind
Will let no precious moments fly
Until the IVORY SOAP they try,
And prove on garments coarse and fine,
The truth of every sketch and line.

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RARE AND COSTLY.

Frank G. Carpenter, in the Colorado Magazine, says that the diamonds, set and unset, in the Sultan's collection, would fill a peck measure, while there are pearls by the thousands, and precious stones of every kind by the hundreds. One of the emeralds is as big as your fist, and there are bowls full of uncut stones of all shapes and sizes. There is fully a cart load of gold plate, and some of the gold basins are large enough for a baby's bath tub. These are surrounded by plates, cups and saucers, tureens and pitchers of solid gold. Here, also, is the cradle in which a half dozen Sultans have been rocked in their infancy. It is of solid gold, with its outside set in pearls, diamonds and rubies, and stands rather low on its curiously shaped rockers. The two ends rise high above the mattress, and there is a solid bar of gold connecting them and running the full length of the cradle.

In the palace of the King of Siam, he found the throne-room lined with gold trees and gold bushes; the leaves of these were of pure gold, while their trunks were heavily plated. The ceiling of this room was at least 30 feet high, and there were, perhaps, a score of these trees on each side of the room, ranging in height from that of a Christmas tree down to a currant bush. They are the offerings of the rulers of the various provinces, and are sent in lieu of taxes.

There is in one of the Buddhist temples of this Siamese king an idol of solid gold. This gold image is the famed emerald idol. Its head and neck are covered with precious stones. It is twelve inches high and eight inches wide, and the pure gold of which it is made is mixed with jewels. When the metal was still liquid in the crucible, crystals, topazes, sapphires, rubies and diamonds were stirred into it, and out of this mixture the hair and collar of the idol were made. It is the most costly idol in the world, in proportion to its size, and all the ladies of the King's harem bend their knees before it at certain times every year. The King never sits in the presence of this idol, and his nobles drink allegiance to him under its shadow.

He has visited the room inside the mighty fort at Delhi where Shah Jehan sat on his famous peacock throne, which was valued at $30,000,000. The throne was six feet long and four feet wide. It is made of solid gold, inlaid with diamonds, emeralds and rubies. Steps of silver led up to it, and behind it were the figures of two peacocks with expanded tails, and as large as life. These peacocks were made of solid gold set with gems and their tails were formed of precious stones of all kinds, so set as to represent the natural colors of the bird. Shah Jehan had $150,000,000 in his treasury when he died, and his reign was the most gorgeous that the world has ever known.

The Kohinoor was owned by Shah Jehan, and it is probably the same diamond which Tavernier has described as the Great Mogul. It has a history as old as that of India, and the tradition is that it once belonged to the god Krishnu. It was originally 793 karats in weight, but one of the kings of India who owned it had it cut, reducing it to 186 karats. The English captured it and took it to London, where it was again recut, at a cost of $40,000, so that it now weighs 106 karats.

The imperial treasure chamber of Austria, where the bridal jewels of Marie Antoinette are kept, contains, among other curiosities, pearls set in all shapes and forms. There are little images of men, the bodies of which are formed of pearls; one large pearl of regular shape making the trunk, two long, slim pearls forming the legs, other slim pearls serving as arms, and a round solitaire on the top as a head. The formation of the pearl is so varied, that by the use of a little gold, almost anything can be made of it, and the objects are wonderfully life-like. Here are turtles made of pearls, which are as natural as though they had been sculptured out of marble and trimmed with gold. Here is a hippopotamus, the body of which is made of pearl, and the other parts of gold and enamel. The eyes of all these curios are of diamonds, and they are, perhaps, the costliest little animals ever known.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS, ATTENTION!

Girls, where are you? Write, and if you desire to write to each other in addition to your published letters, the names of those members shall be furnished to you. By and by, we shall have something for the boys to do, but just now the girls have the floor, and we want them to do their best.

OUR WONDER COLUMN

1.—WHAT ARE WE?

In every house, as still as a mouse,
If you look you will see me, 'tis true;
For few are too poor to keep me in store,
And the rich need my services, too.
I'm so small and mild that a little child
In its tiny right hand can hold me,
And feel no alarm; I never do harm
Unless handled too roughly, you see.
But step on my toes or just scratch my nose,
And you'll find that my temper is hot;
Your house I will sack, death lies in my track,
And regret or remorse I know not.
I'm often to blame, but still just the same
You will find me in palace and cot;
For surely you know when cold breezes blow,
I'm the very best servant you've got.

"THENA."

2.—STAR PUZZLE.

```
            X
           X X
2 X  X  X  X  X  X  X 3
   X X           X X
    X             X
   X X           X X
4 X  X  X  X  X  X  X 5
           X X
            X
```

1 to 4—A species of duck
1 to 5—A naval vessel.
2 to 3—According to an old proverb "Golden."
2 to 6—What is needed for a sea voyage
3 to 6—The slight imperceptible swell to a column.
4 to 5—A common piece of furniture.

"NED."

3.—FRACTIONAL ENIGMA.

Take 1-6 of August and ¼ of July;
Take 1-5 of gusty as the winds flit by;
Take 1-5 of muddy and of dusty the same;
Take 1-6 of hunter and ¼ of game;
And hidden therein you will find the name
Of a city; further we can't explain.

"J. H. N."

4.—CHARADE.

My first is base value, my second is decomposition, my whole is a well-known bird.

SAMUEL OSBORN.

5.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(In each of the following sentences there is a letter which can be removed, leaving the sentence complete, though changing its meaning. These letters placed in their order, form the name of a well-beloved authoress.)

1. Mary has a pain in her hand.
2. A black woodsman came through the clearing.
3. That cart will never do him much good.
4. The coat, having been thoroughly wet, was put on a chair to dry.
5. The cart came here direct from West Virginia.
6. He failed to find the trail, though he searched for some time. "SID."

Answers to Puzzles of October 12.

1. Rats-star.
2. Arrange these words in form of an hour-glass; diagonal letters from top to bottom on left, spell Arraigned; on right, Americans. Words—Anita, roam, roe, ar, I, eg, Ann, name, sword.
3. Bas-tin-ado.
4. Brazil.
5. Washington Irving, Alhambra, Knickerbocker, Life of Washington.

Chat.

"Ned:"—Thanks for puzzles and note—especially for the "P. S. to the latter, which might have been written by one of the fairer sex, judging from its length.

"S.:"—We are very much obliged for the problem, and shall use it at an early date.

Thank you, "King Philip;" we hope your highness will come again.

"Capt. Jinks:"—That snake solution was a mistake; otherwise your communication was correct.

Charley Carlson:—Don't you like custard pie? You shall have some more highly seasoned in a week or two.

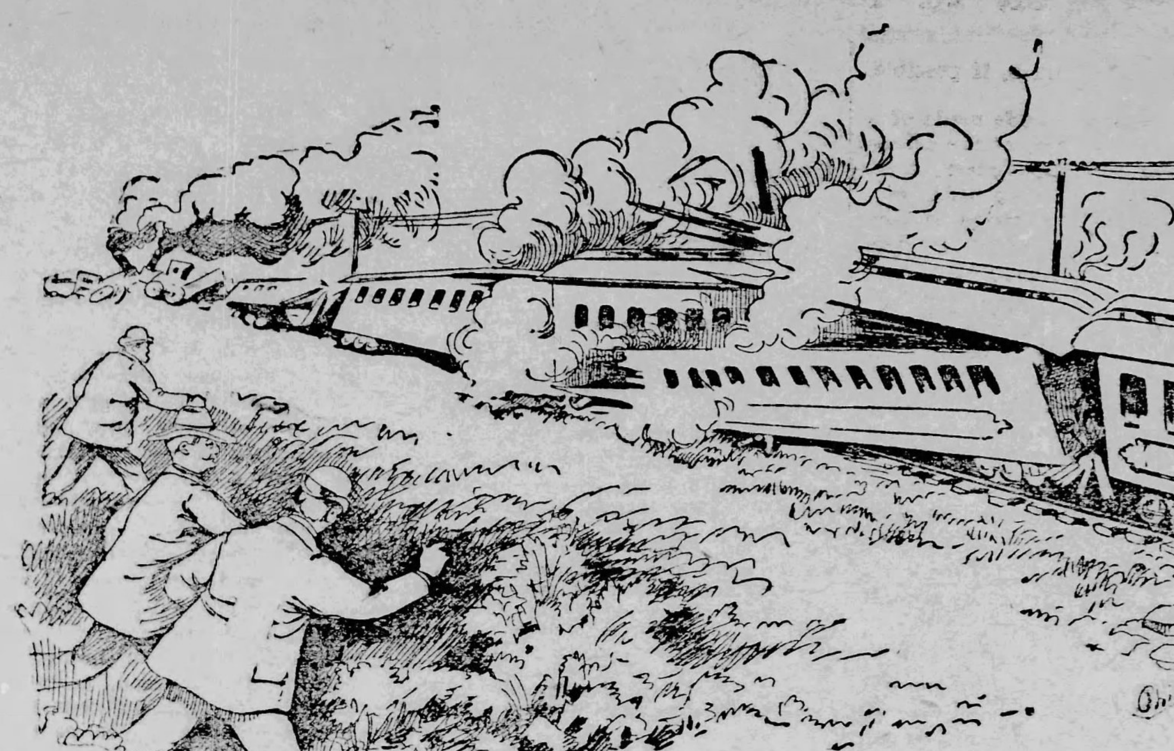
"J. H. N." sends his regular contribution of puzzles and solutions, such workers as he deserve to win.

Next week we shall offer our puzzlers another Query to answer.

We hope you are all thinking up your costume for the Thanksgiving Masquerade. "G. M.," "L. W.," "G. T. M.," "Virgil," "Rhoda," we hope you will be on hand on that occasion, with good excuses for your long silence.

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know: second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

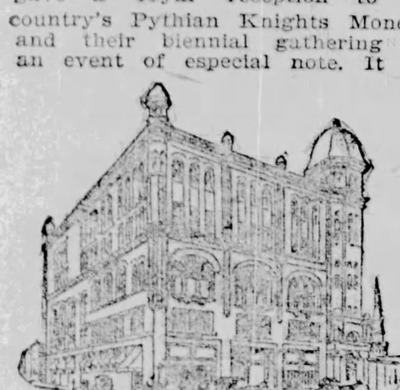


SCENE OF THE WRECK AT BATTLE CREEK.

BIENNIAL PYTHIAN GATHERING.

The Great Attraction at Richmond, Virginia, This Week.

Richmond, Va., Oct. 24.—Richmond gave a royal reception to the country's Pythian Knights Monday, and their biennial gathering was an event of especial note. It was



RICHMOND'S MASONIC TEMPLE.

held in the main hall of Masonic Temple, and the address of welcome was delivered there by the mayor of the city.

Among the notable delegates are P. C. G. C. Wm. Ladew, and G. C. S. H. Salisbury, both at the head of the Pythian order in New York, and both among the speakers of the week.

The officers of the order are:

Sitting Past Sup. Chancellor—Geo. B. Shaw, Wisconsin.

P. S. C. GEORGE B. SHAW.

Supreme Chancellor—W. W. Blackwell, Kentucky.

Supreme Vice Chancellor—Walter B. Richie, Ohio.

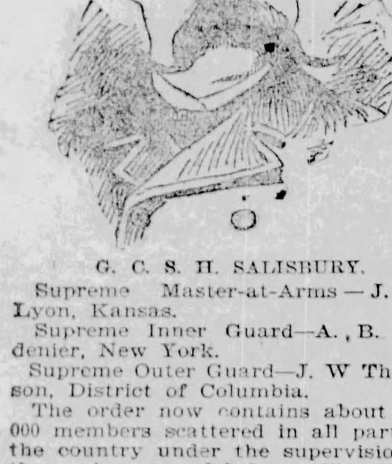
Supreme Prelate—E. T. Blackmer, California.

Supreme Master of Exchequer—S. J. Willey, Delaware.

Supreme Keeper of Records and Seal—R. L. C. White, Tennessee.

President Board of Control, Endowment Rank—J. A. Hinsey, Wisconsin.

Major-General Uniform Rank—J. R. Carnahan, Indiana.



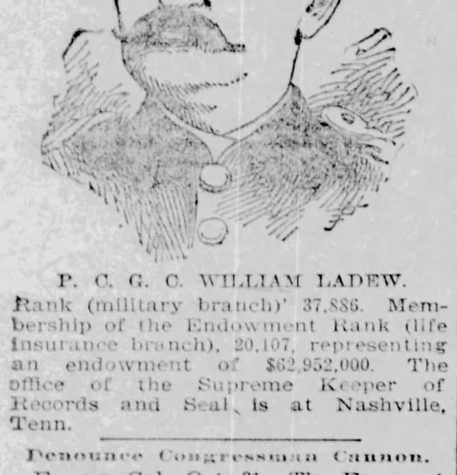
G. C. S. H. SALISBURY.

Supreme Master-at-Arms—J. H. Lyon, Kansas.

Supreme Inner Guard—A. B. Gardenier, New York.

Supreme Outer Guard—J. W Thompson, District of Columbia.

The order now contains about 400,000 members scattered in all parts of the country under the supervision of the various grand lodges. Then there are "subordinate lodges" in the Hawaiian Islands, Idaho, Oklahoma, Manitoba, Mexico, and the Northwest Territory, where there are no grand lodges. Membership of the Uniform



P. C. G. C. WILLIAM LADEW.

Rank (military branch)' 37,886. Membership of the Endowment Rank (life insurance branch), 20,107, representing an endowment of $62,952,000. The office of the Supreme Keeper of Records and Seal is at Nashville, Tenn.

Denounce Congressman Cannon.

Fresno, Cal., Oct. 21.—The Farmers' Alliance state convention adjourned last evening, after passing resolutions denouncing Congressman Marion Cannon for his vote on the repeal bill.

The Eldorado group of twelve mines, at Breckenridge, Col., have been sold for $30,000. Two other mines on Bull mountain have sold for $30,000. Other mines yielding gold have also changed hands.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

FEARFUL RAILWAY WRECK.

Twenty-Six People Burned to Death in a Car.

Battle Creek, Mich., Oct. 20.—A terrible head end collision occurred a mile and a half from the city this morning. The accident took place on the Grand Trunk railroad, and was horrible in all its features.

Twenty-six are known to be dead, and of this number only four have been identified, so horribly mangled and burned are the corpses.

Nearly forty persons were more or less injured, 20 of them seriously.

The wreck took place in the Battle Creek yards between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning.

The accident occurred because the engineer of No. 6, going east, disobeyed orders by not stopping at Nichols to let No. 9 pass. The passengers killed were all on the eastbound train. As far as known, the victims were all Eastern people.

A Fiery Furnace.

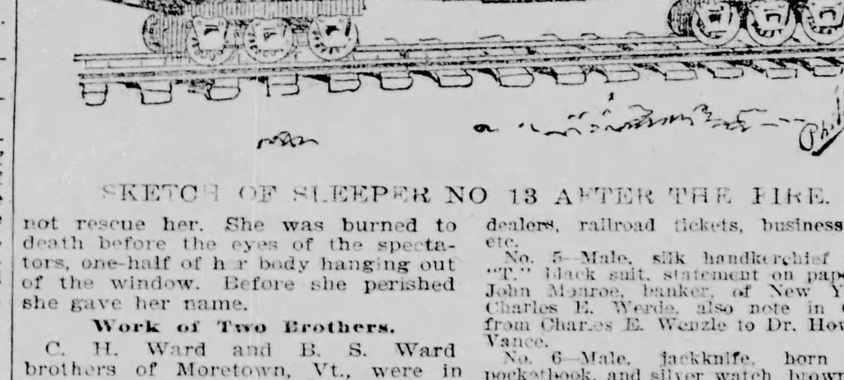
When the collision took place the second and third day coaches on No. 9, the train going West, completely telescoped. It was here that the horrible sacrifice took place. The second coach cut through the third coach like a knife, and the roof passed over the heads of the sleeping ill-fated passengers in the third coach completely entombing them in a fiery furnace.

The engine and baggage car of the special were badly wrecked, but the coaches being sleepers and the train moving slowly, escaped serious injury, and no one on this train was injured. The Pacific express was made up of thirteen day coaches, and four of them were telescoped and burned up, catching fire from the lamps in the car.

The accident was a mile from the fire station, and before water could be turned on, the cars were all destroyed, and the bodies burned so as to be unrecognizable.

A Horrible Sight.

The most horrible sight was that of Mrs. Charles Van Dusen, of Fort Plains, N. Y. She succeeded in getting half way out of the windows, but her legs were so fastened that those who ran to her assistance could



SKETCH OF SLEEPER NO 13 AFTER THE FIRE.

not rescue her. She was burned to death before the eyes of the spectators, one-half of her body hanging out of the window. Before she perished she gave her name.

Work of Two Brothers.

C. H. Ward and B. S. Ward brothers of Moretown, Vt., were in the ill-fated coach and were among the number who escaped uninjured. After the crash was over C. H. Ward jumped out of the left side through a window. In front of him sat a lady with a baby. He pulled her through the window, when she cried out to save her baby, but the little one was fastened beneath the seat and perished while the crazed mother had to be taken away by force. Ward says that in front of the woman was a young lady and just behind her a young man; back of him were two young men. None escaped.

B. S. Ward came out of the roof in some manner, he knows not how. He jumped off the roof and helped out Harvey J. Smith, of Fort Plains, N. Y., Mrs. Smith and their son Frank and daughter Nellie. This family are all injured, but escaped while those around them perished.

TWO TRAIN MEN ARRESTED.

The Conductor and Engineer Tell Different Stories.

Battle Creek, Mich., Oct. 21.—Monday the coroner's jury will begin the investigation of the causes which led to the awful loss of life yesterday by the collision of the two trains.

Yesterday Justice Henry issued warrants for Henry Wooley, engineer of train No. 6, and Conductor Burt N Scott. Wooley was put under $1,000 bail for his appearance next Monday. He could not furnish bail, and Deputy Sheriff King took him to Marshall last evening. It is learned that Conductor Scott has gone to Port Huron, and after Justice Henry had heard the engineer's statement of the collision, he directed the sheriff to telegraph to Port Huron to have Scott put under arrest. Scott, however, voluntarily returned last night. Engineer Wooley made this statement to Justice Henry:

Engineer Wooley's Story.

"When my engine was coupled on the train at the Union depot Conductor Scott asked me if I was ready to go. I said not; I had not oiled my engine yet, and took my oil can and got off the side farthest from the depot on the south side. Conductor Scott came around on my side of the engine, and handed me my orders, and said to me, 'No. 9 has gone through.' He said the dispatcher is crazy about us not getting out of here.

"I hurried up and got through oiling my engine, got up in the cab, and at that time Conductor Scott was over near the platform. He asked me if I was ready to go. I asked him if he was sure No. 9 had gone through. He said, 'Yes, she has.' My fireman heard that. After he said No. 9 had gone through, I asked him how the board was. He said, "All clear; look out for the board at Bellevue.' I got up on my box and started the engine. I did not pass any switch engine, and did not hear any reported on the double track. After I got into the yards I saw a headlight. I thought at first it was the switch engine, but in a moment I saw that she was coming too fast.

Reversed His Engine.

"I shut the throttle and reversed my engine. My train came to a stop, and was standing still when No. 9 struck my engine. I went to get off, but before I could do so, I was thrown against the tank and my side hurt. I asked my fireman after the wreck if he remembered what Conductor Scott said to him. He said to him. He told me that No. 9 had gone through. I saw Conductor Scott after the wreck. He was very excited. I asked him in regard to the order again. He muttered out something and said that he thought No. 9 had gone.

Railroad men say, however, that even if Scott had made the statement attributed to him by Wooley this would not have justified the engineer in disobeying his orders.

Conductor Scott Talks.

Conductor Bertram N. Scott denies the statement of Engineer Wooley which implicates Scott. He said:

"I got my orders at Battle Creek for the double track, and I understood them, and I did not forget that. I compared my orders with the engineer's and we agreed. I had no conversation with Engineer Wooley after our train started. I did not tell him that No. 9 had gone by us. I went into the baggage car soon after we left Battle Creek, taking it for granted that the engineer knew where he was going. I did not discover that he had run by the double track until we were struck. In fact, I had no time to find out such was the case, as I judge it was not more than half a minute after we left the double track until we met the other train."

The Dead Identified.

Among the dead identified:

MRS. C. W. VANDUSAN, of Sprout Brook, N. Y.

E. WIRTZ.

The Coroner's List.

Many inquiries are being received by anxious parties in the East.

The coroner has numbered each of the 25 bodies now in the morgue consecutively, and noted the articles that have been found on each body that might lead to identification. Relatives or friends telegraphing from a distance as to the identity of the remains should mention the number of the body in order that the proper record may be made by the coroner and mistakes avoided in forwarding the remains. The coroner's official list of the remains now at the morgue is as follows:

No. 1—Male, hunting spectacles, two blank books, bottle of pills, railroad ticket, pocket-book containing $64 in money and paper marked E. J. Mogon, Providence, R. I., silver open-faced watch and pocket knife.

No. 2—Female burned to crisp. No clothing.

No. 3—Boy, red hair, pocket book, chatelaine watch, handkerchief with red border, short pants, and long stockings.

No. 4—W. W. Henry, of Woonsocket, R. I., of the firm of Sheldon & Henry, lumber dealers, railroad tickets, business cards, etc.

No. 5—Male, silk handkerchief marked "T." black suit, statement on paper from John Monroe, banker, of New York, to Charles E. Werde, also note in German from Charles E. Wenzle to Dr. Howard E. Vance.

No. 6—Male, jackknife, horn handle pocketbook, and silver watch, brown pants old-fashioned front flap, money on person, 32 English gold coins, 10 gold spectacles, silk scarf, handkerchief with "H. G." in old English letters.

No. 7—Male, 170 pounds, charred beyond recognition.

No. 8—Woman, weight about 165 pounds chain bracelet, pair black kid gloves, handkerchief with name G. R. McKenzie, package of rubbers in paper marked Middleton, Conn., red plush cloak, gold watch in leather case, hands clenched and terrible expression of pain on face, letters on person addressed to Mrs. G. R. McKenzie, from Mrs. M. Parker, of Stamford, Conn. $25 in money.

No. 9—Female, burned beyond recognition.

No. 10—Supposed to be T. A. McGarvey of Ontario, gold open face watch.

No. 11—Mrs. Charles Van Dusen, of Sproutbrook, N. Y.

No. 12—A baby unknown, burned to a crisp.

No. 13—Male, no identification, burned to a crisp.

No. 14—Male, weight about 183 pounds, silk handkerchief, no other identification, burned to a crisp.

No. 15—Woman, no identification, burned to a crisp.

No. 16—Man, 146 pounds, silver hunting watch with initials "W. A."

No. 17—Woman, 100 pounds, no identification.

No. 18—Woman, 140 pounds, chain bracelet with key lock.

No. 19—Woman, chain bracelet, black silk dress, blue striped underskirt, burned beyond further identification.

No. 20—Woman, no identification.

No. 21—Man named J. W. Beardsley, of Watkins, N. Y., had $100 and $200 in checks and $30 in currency.

No. 22—Burned beyond identification.

No. 23—Burned beyond identification.

No. 24—Burned beyond identification.

No. 25—Man, weighs 150 pounds, open-face watch, no further identification.

Seriously Injured.

Mrs. Belle Williams, one leg broken.

Mr. W. VanDusan, of Sprout Brook, N. Y., badly injured; will die.

Mrs. Lizzie Vanse, of Simcoe, Ont., and son 14 years old, badly cut by glass and legs badly injured.

Mrs. Henry Bushnell, of Brockport, N. Y., cut badly by glass.

Joseph H. Archbell, of Evanston, Ill., ankle smashed.

Mrs. J. O. Bady, of Toronto, badly hurt.

Charles VanDusen, one of the injured, died at the Nichols Memorial Home, at 10 o'clock.

Battle Creek, Oct. 20.—Of the number are the following, among which are several already mentioned:

Maggie O'Grady, Oswego, N. Y., right leg broken.

C. F. Adams, Buffalo, N. Y., left hand injured.

Mrs. Henry Bushnell, of Rockport, N. Y., bruised.

Mrs. A. K. Warner, of Rockport, N. Y., burned.

Nellie Smith, of Rockport, N. Y., face and shoulder hurt.

J. Harvey Smith, of Fort Plains, N. Y. bruised.

Frank Smith, of Fort Plains, N. Y., both legs broken.

Thirteen Identified.

Battle Creek, Mich., Oct. 23.—Thirteen of the 28 dead as a result of the wreck here on the Grand Trunk railroad Friday morning, have been identified. Albert Bradley, who had his leg amputated Friday morning, died yesterday.

There are still 22 badly injured patients at the hospital. Of this number Mrs. Vance, who has both legs cut off, cannot live. There are at least seven bodies that cannot be identified, and these will be buried in Oak Hill cemetery.

Denounce Hoke Smith.

Springfield, O., Oct. 18.—The seventh annual convention of the Union Veterans' Union, embracing Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana, is in session here. The Mary Logan Cadets, of Columbus, are attending the convention. The resolutions adopted to-day bitterly denounce Hoke Smith.

A Comet With Two Tails.

Geneva, N. Y., Oct. 23.—Prof. Brooks observed his new comet again Saturday. He found it brighter than at any time since its discovery. The comet presented a beautiful telescopic picture. The tail, which has become slightly curved near the head, could be traced a distance of three degrees. A double secondary tail was also detected at an angle of 30 degrees to the main tail.

DEMOCRATS FOR PROTECTION.

A Richmond Club Comes Out Fair and Square—Its Resolutions.

Richmond, Va., Oct. 20.—One of the largest and most influential Democratic organizations in this city, the Fulton club, has come out squarely for protection. The club is composed largely of the skilled workingmen of the city. Last fall they were swept on by the cry of "tariff reform," and voted for Cleveland. Recently the members of the club have discussed the tariff, soberly and quietly. A decided change in their views has followed.

The action of the club in adopting protection resolutions was nearly unanimous. The resolutions condemn the contemplated destruction by the ways and means committee of the "protective feature of the tariff," the increase of tax on tobacco and the restoration of duty on sugar. The resolutions are addressed to Congressman Wise, who in the fight on the Morrison horizontal reduction bill stood with Randall, but more recently has advocated a low tariff. The wishes of the Fulton club may be understood from the address adopted to be sent to the congressman. It says:

"We desire to make known our preference to take our chances for prosperity with a protective tariff properly adjusted, instead of with a low tariff and lowered wages. And we beg of you the benefit of your influence in Congress to see that no inroads upon the tariff be made below the point which will protect the workingmen of the United States."

$3,500,000 FIRE IN NEW YORK.

Numerous Large Business Houses and Many Dwellings Burned.

New York, Oct. 19.—Several men were engaged in the extensive wall paper house of William Campbell & Co., on West Forty-first street, getting ready samples for the road last night, when fire broke out in the engine room on the Forty-first street end of the building, and thence like a flash through the entire structure. The first alarm was given at 20 minutes past 8, and in ten minutes more not only had the fourth alarm been given, but the dreaded "two nines" were rung. Then the entire department of the city was turned out.

The property destroyed is the six-story paper factory of Harland & Nevins, on Tenth and Forty-second street, 50 feet front and 100 deep. Then came five dwelling houses, three-story frame store, then the factory of William Campbell & Co., with a frontage of 100 feet on each street and depth of 200 feet. Three other dwellings on Forty-second street and one on Forty-first street, in which there was a large beer saloon. When the fire jumped to the south side of Forty-first street it totally destroyed Chastery & Sons' piano factory, Wm Kimball's cabinet and furniture factory, each six story buildings, and the stable of Wm. Shea.

The aggregate losses are placed at $2,500,000, of which Mr. Campbell says his loss is fully $2,000,000. The insurance cannot be given for a day or two.

BECOMING BADLY MIXED.

This Refers to South Carolina's Whisky Problem.

Charleston, S. C., Oct. 24.—The whisky war has assumed an entirely new phase. Gibbs Whaley, the counsel for the state, has filed a petition in the United States court, asking Judge Simonton to issue order to the receiver of the South Carolina railway forbidding that road to receive any intoxicating liquors for transportation into the state unless it has the official stamp of the state dispensary on it.

The question is an interesting one and involves an interpretation of the inter-state commerce laws. By making the application the state sumbits the question to the court and admits its jurisdiction. The constitutionality of the dispensary act will therefore be directly a question. Argument will be heard on the motion to-morrow.

INDICTMENTS RETURNED.

A Grand Jury Investigates the Roanoke Riots.

Roanoke, Va., Oct. 24.—The grand jury summoned to investigate the riot and acts of lawlessness on September 20 and 21 made their report late yesterday afternoon. Nineteen indictments are made. Walter S. Boone, Edward Page, and Frank Shepard are principals and Sergeant of Police A. H. Griffin, Chief of Police J. F. Terry, as accessories before the fact, are charged with felony, and others indicted for breaking into a hardware store to get firearms.

BOUNDARY LINE SETTLEMENT.

A Long Standing Dispute to be Disposed Of.

Cleveland, Oct. 24.—Superintendent T. C. Mendenhall, of the United States coast survey, arrived yesterday, to meet Commissioner W. F. King, representing the Canadian government. To-day they will confer upon the proposed settlement of the long standing dispute concerning the location of about twenty-five miles of the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick, surveys for which were made last summer.

GOLD IN COLORADO.

Crowds Flocking to the New El Dorado.

Denver, Colo., Oct. 18.—Rich gold discoveries have been made in the region around and above Idaho Springs and Cripple Creek. The Pioneer, Melton and Cold King mines have shown a vein of 3,000 feet and without side, foot or hanging wall, so great is the body of ore. The ore runs from $100 to $300 per ton. The number of people headed for these gold fields is a reminder of the old excitement of Pike's Peak years ago.

BATTLE MONUMENT UNVEILED.

Trenton Filled With Loyal People Last Thursday.

Trenton, N. J., Oct. 19.—To-day the Trenton battle monument was unveiled in the presence of an immense concourse of people. Five thousand troops were in line, representing the National Guard of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey. Governor Werts reviewed the parade. The city is profusely decorated and the celebration is a success.

The Colorado State Land Board took measures on Saturday to redeem 70,000 acres of land in Pueblo county, a portion of the land promised by the government as indemnity for depredations during the Indian war.

DON'T TOBACCO SPIT AND SMOKE YOUR LIFE AWAY!

—IS THE TRUTHFUL, STARTLING TITLE OF A LITTLE BOOK THAT TELLS ALL ABOUT NO-TO-BAC.

The ONLY GUARANTEED, HARMLESS, ECONOMICAL CURE for the Tobacco Habit in the world; not for the REASON it makes Tobacco TASTE BAD, but because it ACTS DIRECTLY ON THE NERVE CENTERS, DESTROYING THE NERVE-CRAVING DESIRE, preparing the way for DISCONTINUANCE WITHOUT INCONVENIENCE. NO-TO-BAC stimulates, builds up and improves the entire nervous system. Many report a gain of TEN POUNDS in as many days. Get book at your drug store or write for it—to-day. DRUGGISTS GENERALLY SELL NO-TO-BAC. If YOU are a tobacco user take time to read the following TRUTHFUL TESTIMONIALS, a few of many thousands from No-To-Bac users, printed to show how No-To-Bac works. THEY ARE THE TRUTH, PURE AND SIMPLE. We know this, and back them by a reward of $5,000.00 to anyone who can prove the testimonials false, and that we have knowingly printed testimonials that do not, so far as we know, represent the honest opinion of the writers. You don't have to buy No-To-Bac on testimonial endorsement. NO-TO-BAC is positively guaranteed to cure or money refunded. We give good agents exclusive territory and liberal terms. Many agents make $10 a day.

CURED THREE YEARS AGO—USED LESS THAN A BOX OF NO-TO-BAC.

MT. CARMEL, ILL., Oct. 19, 1892.—Gentlemen: I purchased one box of your No-To-Bac three years ago. Took about three-quarters of the box, which completely destroyed my appetite for tobacco. I had used tobacco since 9 years of age. I had tried to quit of my own accord and found it impossible, but now I am completely cured and do not have the least craving for tobacco. I hope others will use your treatment. ROLLO G. BLOOD.

USED EVERY SUBSTITUTE AND ANTIDOTE, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS—NO-TO-BAC MAKES A COMPLETE CURE, AND HE GAINS TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS.

KUTTAWA, KY., Nov. 22, 1892.—Gentlemen: I used tobacco for fifteen years, and, with all the will power I possessed, I could not quit. I used every substitute and antidote I could find, but without success. I had despaired of ever getting rid of the damaging tobacco habit, and seeing your advertisement was persuaded by friends to try once more. I sent for one box, and began the use of it at once and experienced benefit. I ordered two more boxes, and, I am happy to say, was cured of the awful habit. It has been nearly a year since I was cured, and I have no desire whatever for the weed. I have gained steadily in flesh. My weight when I began the treatment was 135 pounds, and I now weigh 160 pounds. I feel much better in every way, and get up in the morning without a bad taste in my mouth. My digestion also is much improved. To any one wanting to rid themselves of the tobacco habit permanently, use No-To-Bac, for it is a successful and wonderful remedy. Yours truly and gratefully, W. E. PRAY.

USE NO-TO-BAC GUARANTEED TOBACCO HABIT CURE SMOKING, CHEWING, SNUFF & CIGARETTE HABITS

CURED HIMSELF, HIS FATHER, HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, AND HIS NEIGHBORS.

NASSAU, IOWA, Nov. 21, 1892.—Gentlemen: I am glad to say that since I commenced the use of No-To-Bac, which was the 5th of July, 1892, I have never used tobacco in any form and consider myself completely cured. I can also say that my father, now about 65 years of age, after using tobacco for forty-five years, was cured, by the use of three boxes. I also induced my brother-in-law and neighbors to try No-To-Bac, and they were cured. F. O. PRICE.

CHEWED TOBACCO FOR FIFTY YEARS—AFTER SPENDING $1,000 FOR TOBACCO NO-TO-BAC CURED HIM.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, Nov. 22, 1892.—Gentlemen: On the 18th day of May, 1892, I commenced the use of No-To-Bac, and cast tobacco out of my mouth and have not tasted the weed since and have no desire for it. I would advise all who want to stop using tobacco to give No-To-Bac a trial. I used it for fifty years and spent $1,000 for tobacco. No-To-Bac has made a complete cure. GEO. W. WASKEY.

"CIGARETTE FIEND FOUR YEARS."

FARMER CITY, ILL., June 18, 1892.—Dear Sirs: I have just finished the use of one box of No-To-Bac and I am happy to say that I am cured from all desire for tobacco. For four years I have used cigarettes almost constantly, as well as tobacco in other forms, but to-day I have no desire for tobacco whatever. Do not even remember what it tastes like. I feel deeply grateful to you and your remedy for my present condition, and be assured that I will speak a good word for you among my afflicted friends. R. R. BATES.

OUR GUARANTEE, . . .

PUBLISHERS: We, the publishers of this paper, know the S. R. Co. to be reliable and will do as they agree. This we GUARANTEE.

IS PLAIN AND TO THE POINT. Three boxes of NO-TO-BAC, 30 days' treatment, costing $2.50, or a little less than 10c a day, used according to simple directions, is guaranteed to cure the tobacco habit in any form, SMOKING, CHEWING, SNUFF and CIGARETTE HABIT, or money refunded by us to dissatisfied purchaser. We don't claim to cure EVERYONE, but the percentage of cures is so large that we can better afford to have the good will of the occasional failure than his money. We have faith in NO-TO-BAC, and if you try it you will find that NO-TO-BAC is to you WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

READ THIS Where to Buy and How to Order NO-TO-BAC.

It is sold by Druggists generally and sent by mail on receipt of the price—1 box, $1; 3 boxes, $2.50. Remit in any convenient form. Our President, Mr. A. L. Thomas, is a member of the great advertising firm of Lord & Thomas, Chicago. Vice-President, Mr. W. T. Barbee, is the principal owner of the Barbee Wire and Iron Works of Lafayette, Ind., and Chicago, Ill. The Secretary, Mr. P. T. Barry, of the Chicago Newspaper Union, Chicago. The Treasurer is Mr. H. L. Kramer, one of the owners of the famous Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana, the only place in the world where magnetic mineral mud baths are given for the cure of rheumatism. Write to him for a book about the mud baths. We mention this to assure you that any remittance of money will be properly accounted for, that our GUARANTEE WILL be MADE GOOD and YOUR PATRONAGE APPRECIATED. BE SURE when you write to name this paper and address THE STERLING REMEDY CO.,

Chicago Office: 45 and 47 Randolph St. Box 11. INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, IND.

THE GRAIN GROWERS ACTIVE.

The Northwestern Farmers Call a Meeting at Crookston.

Minneapolis, Oct. 18.—The grain-growers of the great Northwest are up in arms. They have issued a call for a grain-growers' meeting at Crookston on October 25. It will bring together nearly all the larger farmers in Minnesota, North and South Dakota. The call reads:

"It is plain to us that there is a shortage of the wheat crop of the Dakotas and Minnesota in 1893. We believe that the estimate of 68,000,000 bushels for those states, published by C. A. Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, before harvest, was substantially correct, being verified by the threshing machines later. There is, therefore, a shortage of over 25,000,000 bushels in these three states.

"The flour mills in Minneapolis need 45,000,000 bushels for one year's grinding. Other mills in the three states need as much, and considerable wheat is shipped out via Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago, and to nearer points. Therefore some of those mills must be shut down during the crop year for want of wheat to grind.

"Still, the natural upward tendency of wheat prices was checked during the last ten days of September in Minneapolis by greedy speculators and millers charge high prices for flour, bran and shorts. There is a colored gentleman in the combine wheat pit who should be smoked out by Minnesota farmers, because he robs us of 25 to 40 cents per bushel of the legitimate value of our wheat.

"Therefore, we hereby call a meeting of the grain-growers, to be held in Crookston, Minn., on October 25, to devise ways and means for reducing transportation charges on grain, and to compel railroads, millers and dealers to do business on a basis of legitimate profit, based on the same average profit on actual capital invested in railroads, elevators and mills, as the average net profit made in capital invested in farm property in the state of Minnesota.

"We hereby declare war upon and independence of the wheat-buyers' combine, and propose that corporations that are unlawfully combined for the purpose of large gains to our detriment shall be called before a bar of justice and have their legal rights allowed them, to be tried by their creator, the state of Minnesota, under the statutes of said state, for conspiracy or extortion, as the case may be.

"We are willing to donate two bushels of wheat, or its equivalent in cash, each of us to the War treasury needed to carry out the purposes of this declaration, and suggest that the donation of that value shall entitle any farmer to good standing in the Farmer's army for self-defense.

"The Grain Growers' Association of Minnesota."

TWO ARRESTS FOR BRIBERY.

Developments Following the Acquittal of Actor Curtis.

San Francisco, Oct. 21.—The Examiner says: Ex-State Senator William J. Dunn and Frank McManus, the well known politician, have been arrested on a charge of jury bribing. They are charged with unduly influencing the jury which acquitted Actor M. B. Curtis, of the murder of Policeman Grant. Chief of Police Crowley said: "I do not intend to stop with the arrest of McManus and Dunn. Several people much higher in the social scale will soon find themselves in an embarrassing predicament. Two of the Curtis jurors have done things that would convict them in any court of having taken bribes and I do not propose to permit these men to go free."

BARNUM'S CIRCUS WRECKED.

One Showman Killed and Several Injured.

Clarksburg, W. Va., Oct. 21.—A disastrous rear-end collision occurred at Bridgeport, five miles east of this city, yesterday. Barnum's show was running in five sections. The first section, being heavily loaded, was pulling very slowly up a heavy grade, going about three or four miles an hour. Suddenly, without an instant's warning, the second section, a light train, came dashing around a curve at twenty-five miles an hour and crashed into the rear of the first section. Two rear sleeping cars were telescoped and the occupants pinioned in their berths or thrown violently to the front end of the car. About a dozen were hurt, half being seriously, and one killed.

THE RECORD AGAIN BROKEN.

The Cunarder Lucania a Regular Nancy Hanks.

New York, Oct. 20.—The Cunard steamer Lucania, which sailed from New York for Liverpool last Saturday, was reported off Brow Head on the Irish coast at 1:30 o'clock this morning, English time. She had taken about five days ten and a half hours in the run to Brow Head. This means that she has surely broken all records for eastward voyages and may eclipse the westward record which she made on her second voyage to this port.

AFTER FIVE YEARS' WORK.

Completion of the Busk Ivanhoe Tunnel.

Denver, Oct. 19.—After five years of continual work the Busk Ivanhoe tunnel was completed last evening. It is about three miles in length and saves a distance of ten miles of mountain climbing. It is the Colorado Midland Railway company's line. The east end of the tunnel is at Busk, 147 miles west of Colorado Springs. The cost of the work was $1,250,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

DE LORENA SO PROCLAIMED BY ADMIRAL MELLO.

Bombardment Suspended and Mello Exhorts His Comrades to Continue Their Efforts.

New York, Oct. 24.—The Herald's Montevideo dispatch says: News has been received from Rio Janiero that Frederico Guilherme De Lorena has been proclaimed provisional president of Brazil by Admiral Mello, in command of the insurgent fleet. Lorena is the captain of one of the rebel warships, and the provisional government, of which he is now declared president, was established some days ago, at Desterro, which is the capital city of the state of Santa Catharina.

Bombardment Suspended.

It is also learned from Rio that the bombardment of the capital has been suspended. The Republica appeared outside the harbor of Montevideo yesterday, and was promptly quarantined. She signalled the Tiradentes to-day to come outside and fight. The Tiradentes did not deign to reply to the belligerent visitor, but continued to lie quietly under the friendly aegis of Uruguay. The Uruguayan government declared that the warships must not fight in its waters; but it is hardly able to do anything more vigorous than protest, and it has no ships capable of preventing the commanders of the Brazilian warships had they decided to fight the naval duel.

A request for coal and fresh water was made by the commander of the Republica to the Uruguayan government.

Another Proclamation.

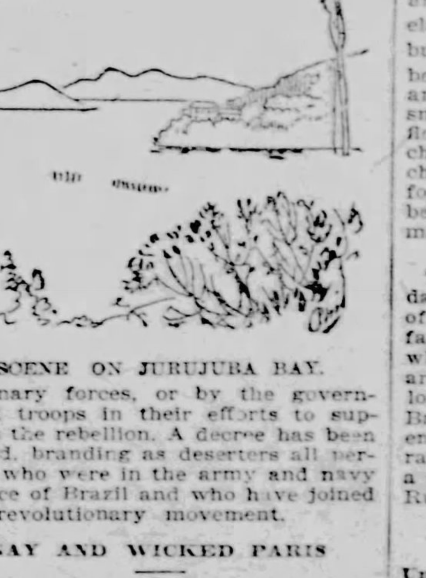
The Brazil Lloyds steamers Dexter and Santos, on which Admiral Goncalve's brother, his force of sailors and marines to man the Tiradentes have, after taking on a supply of coal, steamed outside the harbor by Goncalve's order.

Admiral Mello issued another proclamation exhorting his comrades to continue their efforts and assuring them of the ultimate downfall of "The tyrant Peixoto," whom he accuses of treachery and cowardice. He declares that the president endeavored to assassinate him by means of an album loaded with dynamite which was sent to Mello with the connivance of Peixoto.

PEIXOTO'S RECENT DECREES.

The Brazilian President on the Aggressive.

New York, Oct. 19.—The Herald's Montevideo dispatch says that Peixoto's government has declared that it will not be responsible for damages or losses to natives or foreigners residing in Brazil, caused by the revo-



SCENE ON JURUJUBA BAY.

lutionary forces, or by the government troops in their efforts to suppress the rebellion. A decree has been issued, branding as deserters all persons who were in the army and navy service of Brazil and who have joined the revolutionary movement.

GAY AND WICKED PARIS

Presented a Scene of Beauty Last Night.

Paris, Oct. 24.—The city was generally illuminated last night. The Russian officers were entertained at a banquet in the Galerie des Machines. Senator Ranc presided, and the guests numbered 3,600. They included all the members of the cabinet, M. Pierre and M. Challemel-Lacour. The Russians arrived at the hall at 7:45.

The musical fete on the river last evening was a grand success. Great crowds lined the banks, and the stream was filled with craft of all descriptions. The scene as the sun was setting and casting a glorious glow upon the river, was a most inspiring one.

UNDER FIRE ALL DAY.

Ships and Land Forces Engage in the Fight.

New York, Oct. 19.—The Herald's Buenos Ayres special says: An official telegram to the minister of foreign affairs announces that Rio was under heavy fire all day. The insurgent fleet began shelling the city early in the morning and continued until nightfall.

All of the ships and forts in the harbor and the land forces were engaged in the fight. Great damage was caused by the bombardment. Thousands of residents of the city fled in terror and sought refuge in the suburbs.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE

IMPROVED. HIGH ARM. PERFECTED.

Every Machine Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or Money Refunded.

THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.

THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.

WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS!

HIGHLY FINISHED. . . . DOES PERFECT WORK

It is adapted for every kind of sewing from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloth and a wide range of work, Hemming, Braiding, Tucking, Ruffling, Quilting, Gathering, &c. A full set of Goodrich's attachments in a plush-lined box go with every machine. The simplicity of the automatic tension, sewing from No. 40 to 100 thread without altering, recommends it not only to every beginner, but to ALL. An automatic bobbin winder, run independent of the machine, winds a bobbin as regular and as hard as any spool of thread, thus making it carry so much more thread than the ordinary wound bobbin.

A touch upon a lever lengthens or shortens the stitch at will while the machine is sewing.

The woodwork of this machine is either black walnut or antique oak. Subscribers may name their choice.

We guarantee this machine to be even better than the BLADE Sewing Machine of three years ago. It is built on entire new and improved principles, and is far in advance of the regular sewing machines now on the market. It is $4.50 cheaper than any sewing machine now offered with newspaper subscriptions, AND WORTH DOUBLE. Each machine is in perfect working order when shipped, and is accompanied with printed instructions and a complete set of tools and attachments. Also a five year warranty. If it does not prove perfect or as represented, ship it back and we will refund your money.

Every machine will be shipped by freight unless otherwise directed, and we are prepared to fill orders promptly. Remember, the purchaser pays the freight when received. We cannot prepay freight. Be careful to give your shipping address very plainly, as well as your postoffice address.

As stated above, on receipt of $18.00, we will send to any address the WEEKLY BLADE one year, and ship by freight one of these elegant sewing machines. But now comes a very

REMARKABLE OFFER.

We will present one of these sewing machines FREE to any person who will send us $30.00 for 30 yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE. We will not require the whole club at one time either. You may send us five subscribers at a time at one dollar each, and when you have sent six such clubs the machine is yours and will be shipped. Simply number your list from one to thirty as fast as you send the names and say in your letter that it is an instalment of names for the sewing machine premium. We shall expect the list to be completed within sixty days of the time you send the first list. Any member of an intelligent family can raise a club of thirty for the WEEKLY BLADE inside of two weeks. On these terms a charitable organization can easily place a sewing machine into the hands of some worthy and deserving poor family to be found in every community.

Remit current funds, by draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or by Postoffice or Express Money Order, or currency by registered letter. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

SPECIAL NOTICE— In ordering needles, or any repairs, always give the number of your machine, and the year in which you bought it.

THE BRITISH AT SPEZZIA.

Beginning Another Week of Revelry and Sport.

Spezzia, Oct. 22.—The British squadron arrived here at 10:30 a. m., and anchored in the gulf. The town is elaborately decorated with flags and bunting, and everything possible has been done to give the British sailors an enthusiastic reception. Countless small craft laden with people met the fleet upon arrival, and warmly cheered the visitors. Salutes were exchanged between the ships and the forts, and then the visits of courtesy between the naval and military commanders commenced.

It is Significant.

The whole of the press of Italy to-day joins in warm editorial greetings of the British fleet, and the significant fact that this visit occurred at a time when several war vessels of Russia are gathered in French waters is not lost sight of, and whether Great Britain intended to or not, the presence of the British squadron at Taranto is looked upon on all sides as a counter move to the presence of the Russian squadron at Toulon.

A TRIPLE ALLIANCE FORMED.

Undoubted Triumph of Russia's Diplomacy.

Paris, Oct. 19.—The Libre Parole says that an alliance has been concluded between Servia, Greece and Montenegro, and that this alliance is directed chiefly against Bulgaria and Bulgarian influence. The understanding arrived at between the three countries mentioned is understood to be the work of Russia, through her agents in Servia, Greece and Montenegro, and is looked upon as being a great triumph for Russian diplomacy and as a decided check upon the triumphant march of the Dreibund.

MARSHAL MACMAHON'S FUNERAL.

Conducted With All the Pomp of a Great Nation.

Paris, Oct. 23.—Amid all the pomp of peace and war, the remains of Marshal MacMahon, ex-president of France and Duke of Magenta, were conveyed yesterday from the church of La Madeleine across the river Seine to the Hotel Des Invalides, there to rest until the great reveille is sounded by the heavenly trumpeter.

M. CHARLES GOUNOD DEAD.

The Great French Composer Succumbs to Apoplexy.

Paris, Oct. 18.—M. Charles Gounod, the great composer, died this morning. He was stricken with apoplexy Monday, and never recovered. He was 75 years of age.

THE SPANIARDS VICTORIOUS.

All Melilla Crowded the Roofs to Watch the Fight.

London, Oct. 23.—The Madrid correspondent of the Standard says that the whole population of Melilla crowded the roofs and ramparts and every other point of vantage to watch the fighting between the Spaniards and the Arabs. The garrison mustered 120 guns and prepared for action. The Arabs were seen gathering all around the Spanish lines. The Spanish gunboat Venadito was anchored a thousand yards off shore.

The Arabs immediately opened fire upon the garrison. The Venadito discharged 31 shells at the trenches, which were alive with Arabs and groups of horsemen. The shells inflicted many casualties. The Arabs replied as best they could with their Remingtons, but the contest was so unequal that they speedily fled to the mountains.

Austria's Franchise Bill.

Vienna, Oct. 23.—In the Reichsrath to-day Count Von Taafe, president of the council of ministers, in a long speech, moved the first reading of the franchise bill, thus setting at rest all rumors to the effect that this important measure would be withdrawn.

Cotton Mill Burned.

London, Oct. 20.—The Shanghai correspondent of the Standard says that the great cotton mill, belonging to Li Hung Chang, the Chinese viceroy, has been destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at 500,000 pounds. There is no insurance on the plant.

A Record Breaker.

Queenstown, Oct. 20.—The Cunard steamer Lucania, Captain McKay, which arrived at this port to-day, broke all eastward records, except the Campania, having made the passage in 5 days, 13 hours and 3 minutes.

Destructive Volcanic Eruption.

Valparaiso, Oct. 20.—A volcanic eruption has done great damage at Calbuco, a small town of Chili, on the coast of the island of Chiloe. The population is about 2,500, and it is situated 35 miles east-northeast of Ancud.

Russian Navy to be Increased.

London, Oct. 23.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Telegraph says that the czar has ordered the minister of marine to draft a grandiose programme for the continuous increase of the Baltic and Black Sea fleets, based upon Russia's peculiar needs. The czar at present is more interested in the rapid development of the Russian navy than any other question.

Affairs at Cape Town.

London, Oct. 23.—A dispatch to the Times from Capetown says that King Lobengula is dividing his forces and sending a portion of them against the northern columns. The remainder of the Matabele troops are being directed against the Tati columns. The officials of the British chartered company regard this movement upon the part of Lobengula as being favorable to their operations.

WASHINGTON.

UNCONDITIONAL REPEAL

SILVER DEMOCRATS WILLING TO GIVE UP THE FIGHT.

UNLESS ANOTHER TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE.

The President Has a Session of Congress on His Hands, but He Seems to Know What is Needed and His Back Bone is as Firm as It Was Last August When Congress Convened.

Washington, Oct. 24.—At half past 12 o'clock to-day Senator Harris, acting for the silver Democrats, informed the silver Republicans that the Democrats had concluded that after taking all the circumstances into consideration they had decided that their best course was to drop the fight against against the repeal bill and allow it to come to a vote.

If this decision is not reconsidered, and it does not seem at all probable

SENATOR HARRIS.

that it will be, the end of the present fight will soon be reached, and the result will be in accordance and with the wishes of the President and the repeal forces in the Senate.

The silver Republicans will not undertake to prolong the fight beyond the time necessary to complete their speeches, and will, after that, permit the voting to begin upon the amendments to the bill. It is generally believed that this will take place before the close of the presnt week. Still, in a body which has shown itself capable of such rapid changes as the Senate, no one can tell what a day may bring forth, and there is still a possibility of some rapid transformation, which may produce another change in the situation.

Report Verified.

The report that the silver Democrats in the Senate had decided against a further effort to prolong the fight over the repeal bill is correct, beyond question. The policy was decided upon in a conference of silver Democrats who have refrained from filibustering, but who felt inclined yesterday to enter upon a campaign of that character in opposition to the bill, Senators Cockrell, Vest, Harris and Walthall being among those present.

It is understood that after discussion of the question at some length, at this conference, it was decided that inasmuch as the silver men could hope for very little in the way of compromise, if they should succeed in defeating the bill, it was better to submit without further heated discussion, and allow the question to go to the country.

Begin Voting Thursday.

It is believed now that it may be possible to begin voting upon the amendments to the bill by Thursday, as it seems probable that the speechmaking will be concluded to-morrow evening. There are a great many of these amendments, and it is possible that there will be more or less debate under the five minute rule. It is generally agreed, however, that the vote on the bill itself can be reached by the close of the week.

House Steering Committee.

The steering committee of the House held a meeting this morning in opposition to any proposed compromise, and the sentiment was for unconditional repeal, and nothing less. The House Democrats took this action to give the Senate to understand their position.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

Silver Senators Lost All Confidence This Morning.

Washington, Oct. 24.—Notwithstanding the Senate was called to order half an hour later than usual this morning there was the usual want of a quorum when the vice president's gavel fell. The time spent in obtaining the necessary 43 senators was devoted to the exchange of courtesies and of views among senators, and there were many little groups of two and three each, scattered about the Senate chamber. While these exchanges were taking place in the Senate chamber, the cloak rooms were the scene of like conferences. The talk all had reference to the situation in the Senate. Some of it was devoted to the developments of yesterday with reference to the main question. A portion of it had reference to the advisability of bringing up the closure resolution.

Were Not Competent.

Some of the silver senators did not early this morning appear so confident of being able to keep up their fight as they were when the Senate took a recess at 5 o'clock last night. The Republican silver senators said their course in this matter would depend entirely upon the Democratic silver senators. They have said from the beginning that whenever the Senate should refuse to aid them in obstructive measures they would allow the voting to begin. They thought it possible that some of the Democrats who had yesterday said they would aid in filibustering if necessary to defeat the bill might after sleeping it over, feel disposed to change their minds.

A Canvass Made.

Senator Kyle made a canvass of the Democratic anti-repealers before the day's session was very old, and announced to his Republican and Populist co-workers that the Democrats were as determined as ever. He told the Associated Press that there were at last 10 Democrats who could be counted upon to stay with them to the last. Half an hour after this conversation he had moved to adjourn until a stated time to-morrow, and it looked as if filibustering had begun in earnest.

During the forenoon there were conferences of some of the repeal leaders of the House in the room of the Senate committee on naval affairs. Among those present were Representative Wilson, of West Virginia; Harter, of Ohio, and Tracy, of New York, but the precise nature of this conference could not be ascertained.

THEY DON'T KNOW HOW.

Silly Legislation Proposed by the Democratic Party.

Washington, Oct. 23.—All the Democratic members of the ways and means committee engaged in the preparation of the tariff bill agree that it is desirable to have the bill reported to the House at the earliest day possible, and most of themthink that it can be reported at least within a month. The income tax sentiment is growing among the Democrats of the House. It is admitted that some other taxation than that now in force will be necessary, as members of the majority say that the new tariff bill will mean a decrease in revenues derived from imports at least $25,000,000, without taking into consideration the present deficiencies. It is now intended to make up the present deficit by coinage of the seigniorage of silver in the treasury, but the deficiency under the new tariff bill cannot be disposed of in any other way than by some other mode of taxation.

DUDE VAN ALEN CONFIRMED.

He Secures the Office for Which He is Said to Have Paid $50,000.

Washington, Oct. 20.—In executive session this afternoon the Senate con-

AMBASSADOR VAN ALEN.
(Cleveland's Disgrace.)

firmed Mr. Van Alen's appointment as minister to Italy. The vote stood 39 to 22.

Washington, Oct. 21.—The vote on the confirmation of Mr. Van Alen was as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Aldrich, Bate, Berry, Blackburn, Brice, Butler, Caffery, Camden, Cameron, Coke, Davis, Dixon, Faulkner, Frye, Gibson, Gorman, Gray, Higgins, Jones (Ark.), Jones (Nev.), Lindsay, McMillin, McPherson, Mills, Morgan, Murphy, Palmer, Pasco, Quay, Ransom, Roach, Smith, Stewart, Turpie, Vest, Voorhees, White (La.), Walthall, Wolcott; total 39.

Nays—Messrs. Allen, Carey, Cullom, Dolph, Dubois, Gallinger, George, Hansbrough, Hawley, Hill, Irby, Kyle, Lodge, Manderson, Martin, Peffer, Pettigrew, Sherman, Stockbridge, Teller, Vance, Washburn; total 22.

The following pairs were announced: Cockrell with Allison, Call with Proctor, Gordon with Hale, Harris with Morrill, Hunton with Platt, Pugh with Hoar, Vilas with Mitchell.

NOW THERE IS A PLETHORA

Of Currency—The Treasury Redeeming Over a Million Daily.

Washington, Oct. 20.—The redemption division of the Treasurer's office is working an hour and a half each day overtime, in the endeavor to keep up with the accumulated business of the office. Money to be redeemed began to come into the office in great quantities on the first of the month and since that time has gradually increased in volume, until now it aggregates nearly $1,500,000 a day. An extra force has been put on, and more will be put on next week, but still the office is five and a half million behind in its work. This means that that amount of money is temporarily withdrawn from circulation. In such case the treasury is always the sufferer, as upon its books it is carried as cash while it is undergoing the redemption process. For instance, the treasurer's accounts to-day show that there is $21,390,000 of currency in the Treasury, but $5,500,000 of this is in the process of redemption, and therefore unavailable for current use.

Much of this money is comparatively serviceable, and during the financial stringency was kept for use, and would be now in use were money tight. A sure sign of a plethora of currency in the country, as stated by officials in the treasurer's office, is when redemptions are heavy. They have not been so heavy since last January, although with the extra hours and extra force nearly two millions of treasury money and national bank notes are being redeemed each day.

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

Glaring Deficit in the Revenues of the Government.

Washington, Oct. 19.—In the Senate this morning a report from the Finance committee was presented and read containing the communication from the Treasury department in response to a resolution calling for information as to the probability of a deficiency in the revenues of the government. The report shows a deficit for the three months of the present fiscal year to be over $21,000,000, or at the rate of over $87,000,000 for the year. It shows the actual expenditures during the first three months to have been over $98,000,000, or an average of about $33,000,000 a month. At the same rate the expenditure for the year would aggregate about $394,000,000, or about $21,000,000 more than the estimated expenses, and would show an increase of expenditures over supposed actual receipts of a little over $77,000,000.

The secretary says a definite forecast for the whole year was impossible, but it was apparent that should the present conditions continue, the deficit at the end of the year would be about $50,000,000.

LINCOLN SOUVENIRS REMOVED.

The Famous Collection Removed From Springfield to Washington.

Washington, Oct. 18.—The Memorial association, of Washington, of which Chief Justice Fuller is president, recently made arrangements to have the famous collection of Lincoln souvenirs at Springfield, Ill., removed to Washington, and also secured the services of Captain O. H. Oldroyd, who for ten years has been custodian of the Lincoln home at Springfield, and placed him in charge here. The formal opening of the collection hall took place last night, and a reception was held. Among those present were Vice President Stevenson, Chief Justice Fuller, General Schofield, Senator Cullom and Secretary Herbert.

It is the intention of the association to charge an admission fee of 25 cents for the present, and Congress will be asked to make an appropriation to sustain the institution in order that visitors may be admitted free.

FRAUD IS INTIMATED.

In Disposing of Certain Fostoria Property and the Case is Now in the Seneca County Court.

Tiffin, O., Oct. 24.—Suit was begun here last night by Mrs. Anna Ball, of Fostoria, one of the creditors of ex-Governor Foster, to enjoin the transfer of certain property, real and personal. Seventeen defendants are named, the principal ones being ex-Governor Foster, John E. Wilkison, Charles Olmsted and Mrs. Laura Foster, mother of the governor, all of whom were parties in the banking firm of Foster & Co.

Charges in the Petition.

It is alleged in the petition that the firm was known to be insolvent two years ago; that in October, 1883, Charles Foster deeded his homestead and other real property to his mother, who in turn deeded it to his wife, but the deeds were not recorded until the day of the assignment, May 26, 1893; that on March 21, 1893, Charles Foster and wife deeded $110,000 worth of property to Wm. L. Harkness, a creditor, but the deeds were not recorded until after the assignment.

Other Charges Made.

It is further alleged that Charles Olmsted and John E. Wilkison also transferred certain real and personal property on the day of the assignment. Temporary injunctions were granted restraining all the defendants from transferring or disposing of any of the property in question, and the recorder of the three counties in which it is located were restrained from recording any document making such transfer. The committee appointed by the creditors some time since are back of the suit.

DESTROYING THE WRECKS.

Work of the Dynamite Cruiser Vesuvius.

New York, Oct. 20.—The United States dynamite cruiser Vesuvius returned to this port yesterday, after a cruise along the Atlantic coast in search of derelicts. The Vesuvius destroyed with gun cotton torpedoes a number of wrecked vessels found floating off the New Jersey and Delaware coasts. She will remain in port, it is understood, until ordered to attend on the trials of the triple screw cruiser Columbia.

A TIDAL WAVE IN OHIO

M'KINLEY'S GREAT CAMPAIGN HAS GLORIOUS RESULTS.

A Mighty Billow of Public Sentiment, Ever Growing, That Foretell's Democracy's Doom.

Columbus, O., Oct. 24.—The week of Governor McKinley's campaign which ended with the magnificent demonstration at Newark and Columbus on Saturday afternoon and evening, was marked by an interest and enthusiasm on the part of the voters that places the result on November 7 beyond cavil or doubt. The wave of Republican success gathers force as it sweeps over the state, and free trade Democracy is doomed to disappear before it.

During this week of work and encouragement Governor McKinley traversed both Republican and Democratic counties, and has met with his fellow citizens in every pursuit of life. Farmers, wool growers, mill men, mechanics, merchants and laborers have thronged to hear him discuss the burning issues which affect their comfort and prosperity. There is not a phase of industrial life whose representatives have not been found among his audiences, and to each and all of them, with almost marvelous force and clearness, he has pointed out the conditions in which they find themselves, laid bare the cause and told the remedy—a remedy that lies in their own hands and must find its application at the polls.

This is a business campaign, and the voters recognize the fact. That there is something wrong in their affairs they need not to be told. Smokeless mills, deserted mines, 60-cent wheat and 20-cent wool proclaim this truth in every section Governor McKinley has visited. It is idle to tell idle men that they are not prosperous.

It is a curious study to watch the faces of the people who come to these meetings. As point after point falls upon their ears with a force accentuated by their own experience of the situation, each man turns to his neighbor and nods his approval and indorsement, and the speech is punctuated by such interjections as, "That's right!" "We will!" "We'll be at the polls all right!" "We've got the change, governor!" These are the straws that show how the political wind is blowing.

Unless every sign fails by which even the dullest observers can tell the trend of political thought and action, a great revolution of popular feeling is going on in Ohio. That political unrest that found its vent in almost a Democratic victory last fall has ceased among Republicans. Democratic victory in the nation, and its quick and perilous effect upon business and financial prosperity, have opened their eyes, and they see in what slippery places their feet are standing. There is neither Republican apathy nor dissatisfaction in Ohio this year. That alone is enough to secure victory. But there is also that that makes assurance doubly sure. The leaven of unrest and dissatisfaction is at work in the Democratic party. Its effects are unmistakably shown in the number of Democrats who attend these meetings, who press forward with their Republican neighbors to shake his hand, as well as in those more open evidences, when lifelong Democrats publicly declare that they have cast their last Democratic ballot.

The latter are not isolated cases. In Coshocton county last week word came of 28 Democrats in one township who will vote for McKinley. From Licking county came tidings of fifteen in one township. In this same county on Saturday a prominent Democrat and former office holder introduced Governor McKinley to the throng gathered to hear him, and publicly announced his change of heart. In Monroe county a Democratic leader and stump-speaker refused to fill appointments made for him, and said he had voted his party's ticket for the last time. Nor is this all. Hoke Smith's famous pension order has had its effect, and the soldiers are turning their backs upon the party that endeavors to dishonor their comrades.

A SILLY STORY SMASHED.

Governor McKinley Nails a Democratic Campaign Lie.

Columbus, O., Oct. 24.—The following is an extract from a letter mailed by Governor McKinley to a workingman in Youngstown, in response to a communication from him:

"A silly story is being told—and I suppose will be continued to be told—that I have advised the manufacturers, by letter or otherwise, not to start up until after the election. This story is without the shadow of foundation, and it is absolutely and unqualifiedly false, and I so stamp it. I would regard it as of great advantage to me to have every mill in Ohio running; and if I could speak the word that would start them, that word would have been spoken long ago. The Democratic politicians whose policy has destroyed confidence in the future business of the country, and has, therefore, limited production in the workshops because of the want of orders, are seeking some way to avoid their responsibility for the suspension of business, and the enforced idleness which has followed. No man who knows me would believe me capable of advising that workingmen should be deprived of labor and wages, for political or for other reasons. My whole public life has been devoted to the advocacy of a system which gave men employment and kept the shops running. If there is anybody in the Mahoning Valley who believes me capable of such a thing, I beg you will take the pains to give to such my unqualified denial and my indignant resentment at so base a slander. I do not want any man who agrees with the industrial policy of the Republican party to be deterred from voting his sentiments because of this wicked lie. Very truly yours,

WM. M'KINLEY, JR."

CAPTURING THE CELESTIALS,

Even if Officials Have to Shoot Them.

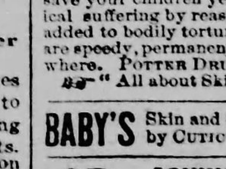
Port Townsend, Wash., Oct. 24.—News has been received here by Collector Saunders of a fight between Contraband Chinese and a settler named Doran, at Wickersham, 25 miles south of the Canadian boundary. Doran fell upon the Chinese by accident and tried to arrest them. The Chinese resisted, and Doran fired upon them, wounding one. The remainder escaped. Customs officers continued the pursuit and captured three more of the Celestials.

Epistles of Mohammed.

London, Oct. 24.—A dispatch to the Central News from Constantinople says: "The sultan has bought from a French savant for £5,000 (Turkish) two epistles that are ascribed to the Prophet Mohammed. The documents have been tested by the highest authorities and have been declared to be authentic." The discovery of these epistles, the dispatch adds, may revolutionize the Mohammedan world.

What Can Cuticura Do

Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the Skin, Scalp, and Hair of Infants and Children, the CUTICURA REMEDIES will do. They speedily cure itching and burning eczemas, and other painful and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, cleanse the scalp of scaly humors, and restore the hair. Absolutely pure, agreeable, and unfailing, they appeal to mothers as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.



"All about Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

ACHING SIDES AND BACK, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain-killing plaster.

A STILL HUNT CAMPAIGN

THAT IS THE DEMOCRATIC PROGRAMME IN OHIO.

A Few Figures on Past and Present—Every Republican Vote is Needed in Ohio This Fall.

Columbus, O., Oct. 21.—(Staff correspondence of The Blade.)—Oh! no they aren't giving out any figure down here at Jim Seward's headquarters. Jim has stopped quoting that he cannot agree for two consecu-

CHAIRMAN JIM SEWARD.

tive days with Bill Taylor. Two years ago one could get all the figures he wanted. Now no figures are given, bu a barrel of money is here, and hard work is going on.

Plenty of Cash.

Where did the cash come from? Nobody knows except that it is here and more is on its way. It is a part of the latest Democratic scheme to capture Ohio. It is hand-in-hand with the "no figures" plan of campaign.

In other words the Democratic fight has now developed into a still hunt. Taylor and Neal—Taylor is placed first because he has the longest wind—are merely targets to draw fire. The campaign without money would amount to nothing at all, but now loaded up as are Mr. Seward's pockets with cash, he has determined to sink some of it in a still hunt.

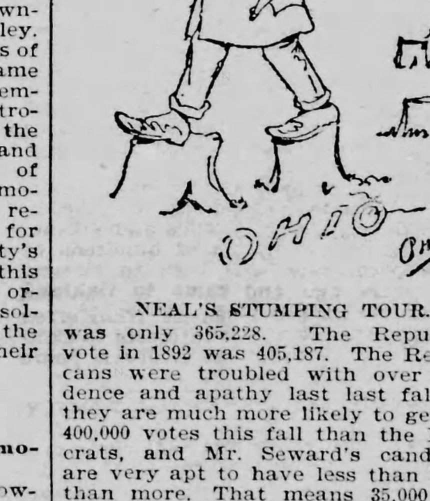
Banking on Over-Confidence.

Then Chairman Seward is banking on too much Republican confidence.

Seward figures that if McKinley gets only the vote he had in 1891, 386,739, and the Democratic vote for Cleveland, which was 404,115, the Democratic ticket will win. Then the question is how to bring out that vote. Seward thinks he has solved it since Gil Barger came back from Washington with several thousand dollars.

Money will do it thinks Seward.

But the figures are much against him. The Democratic vote in 1891



NEAL'S STUMPING TOUR.

was only 365,228. The Republican vote in 1892 was 405,187. The Republicans were troubled with over confidence and apathy last last fall, but they are much more likely to get over 400,000 votes this fall than the Democrats, and Mr. Seward's candidates are very apt to have less than 365,000 than more. That means 35,000 plurality for McKinley if the vote of last fall can be brought out. Here is where Over Confidence in large letters gets in its work.

Some Figures on Results.

Every Republican vote is needed to swell the majority. It can be readily seen how a full Democratic vote might cut down McKinley's majority to a mere bagatelle. The hope that this can be done is animating Mr. Seward, and his mouth is sealed like a live clam's shell. Har-

THE LAST ROUND.

rison had 416,054 votes in 1888. It is the best judgment of well-posted Republicans that this vote can be brought out. If it can it means 50,000 for McKinley. The word comes from Cincinnati that the governor will get from 6,000 to 10,000 plurality there, and the information is from men who know what they are talking about. The last Democratic victory in Ohio was in 1889 when Campbell carried Cincinnati. That year the Republican vote was only 368,551 on the head of the ticket.

Where the Strength Lies.

Every business man, and every workingman who has been squeezed by the present Democratic administration is opposed to Neal, and the Democratic candidate on his stumping tour has only added by his free-trade speeches to the desire to forever throttle, so far as Ohio is concerned, the free-trade fallacy.

PENNSYLVANIA'S BIG MAJORITY.

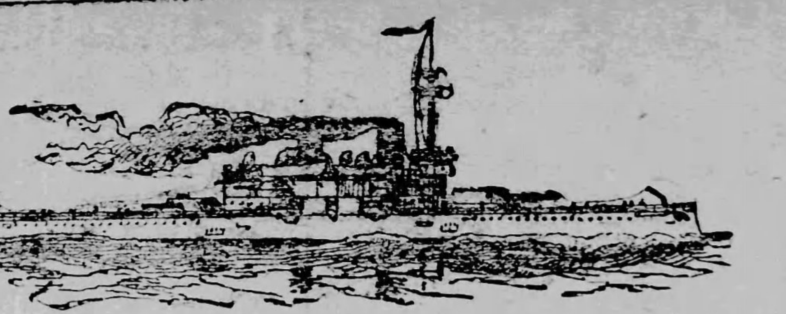
The Republican Chairman Thinks It Will be 80,000.

Philadelphia, Oct. 18.—Chairman Gilkeson, of the Republican state committee, says the size of the majority for the Republican state ticket in Pennsylvania this fall will depend altogether upon the interest manifested by Republicans in the campaign. He believes it is possible to roll up a majority of 80,000 or 90,000 if the Republicans will take the trouble to go to the polls on election day. If, however, they should prove apathetic and stay away from the polls in the same proportion that they usually do in an off year, the majority may not go above 50,000.

ENTIRE TRAIN BLOWN UP

While Running Fifty Miles an Hour.

Chillicothe, O., Oct. 24.—A terrible accident occurred yesterday afternoon at Raysville to a west-bound passenger train on the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad. The train, an express, was under full speed, making fifty miles an hour, when suddenly and without warning the boiler of the engine, No. 125, exploded with a loud report, and was torn to pieces. Although the engine was literally blown to pieces, and parts of it scattered about hundreds of feet away, both Engineer F. M. Arnold and Fireman S. S. Shields escaped with only a few cuts and bruises. Three coaches filled with passengers escaped with only a bad fright and a severe shaking up.



U. S. S. OREGON.

ANOTHER AMERICAN CRUISER WILL TAKE A DIP.

Governor Pennoyer and Staff Will be There and Miss Daisy Ainsworth Will Baptize the Ship.

San Francisco, Oct. 24.—Thursday is to be made memorable in naval annals by the launching of another great American cruiser, the Oregon. She ranks with the English cruiser Blake, 9,000 tons; the Russian cruiser Pamiate Azova, 6,000 tons, and the Argentine cruiser Nueve de Julio, 3,500 tons, all of whom have about the same dimensions—from 350 to 388 feet in length and from 44 to 65 feet in breadth, as compared to the Oregon's 348 feet of length and 69 feet of breadth.

In armament the Oregon will far outstrip any of the batteries of the above. She will carry four 13-inch, four 8-inch, and four 6-inch breech-loading rifles, 16 6-pounder and six one-pounder rapid-firing guns, and two Gatlings, besides 12 torpedoes, seven above water. Now almost the heaviest battery carried by any foreign cruisers is that of the Russian fleet, which carries two 12-inch, four 9-inch, eight 6-inch, ten 3-pounders,

MISS DAISY AINSWORTH.

four machine guns, and six torpedo tubes.

The Oregon has been building at the Union iron works here. Governor Pennoyer and staff are to be honored guests.

But the most important person in that great throng on this important day will be a young lady who will stand at the bow of the monster of the deep and say as the last block is knocked away and the first tremor of motion manifests itself:

"I name thee Oregon."

As these words are said a bottle of fizzing, sparkling wine will be broken against that bow—a baptism of peace for an engine of war—and the young woman who said the words and broke the wine will be one object to divide the throng's attention with the gilding battle-ship.

That young lady is Miss Daisy Ainsworth, of "Roselawn," the country place of the Ainsworths, a few miles out of Oakland. But at heart she is an Oregon girl, born in the Webfoot state, and having the largest of her family's financial interests of Capt. J. C. Ainsworth, known in Oakland and San Francisco as a banker and a capitalist, in Redondo as the maker of the place, and in Oregon as a promoter of some of the state's most important enterprises.

Miss Ainsworth herself is a charming brunette personality, a belle in the society of three cities and a benediction in the hovels of hundreds of the poor. She was born in Oregon 25 years ago and came to Oakland with her father when he transferred many of his business interests to California something like a dozen years ago.

KILLED THE WRATTAN FAMILY.

One of Them Makes a Confession—Intense Excitement.

Washington, Ind., Oct. 23.—At last the guilty murderers of the Wrattan family are in the toils of the law. Five of the suspects arrested and taken to Jeffersonville two weeks ago were rightly suspected, but it was not through them that the heinous criminals were exposed. Last Saturday the grand jury ordered the arrest of James Stone, the man who came to the Wrattan house early Tuesday morning, and first discovered the terrible tragedy. His arrest was caused through his own wife, who appeared before the grand jury and testified that Stone arose in the night and complained of a violent toothache and that he was going to a dentist to have it extracted, that he did not return until a late hour, and then, being covered with blood, he asked for a change of clothes; that Stone maintained that the blood on his clothes was caused by the bleeding of his tooth. On inquiry it was found that no doctor or dentist had extracted a tooth from Stone. This was deemed strong evidence, especially when coming from the man's wife. As soon as Stone was brought to town the grand jury went to work to obtain a confession from him. At first he strenuously denied everything, but being assured that clemency would be guaranteed to him if he made a confession he at midnight yielded to their overtures. He told his story about as follows:

Knowing that Mrs. Wrattan kept a great deal of money about the house Grandison Cosby, a notorious character in this county, planned a robbery. A gang of seven persons, who formed a sort of society for robberies and general hellishness, was notified of his plans. Their names are Grandison Cosby, Lon Williams, Martin Yarber, of this city; William Kaiys, of Pike county; John W. White, Gypp Clark, and James Stone. The plan was that Yarber and Clark should get into the house and commit the robbery, while the others were to stand guard. At the time when the robbery was to be committed Cosby and Stone had not yet arrived.

Cosby was in the city Monday evening and was so drunk that he got past going, and did not reach the house at all, but Stone arrived after the murder had been committed, and because he was late the other conspirators wallowed him in the blood of the victims, and in that condition permitted him to go home, and that was the nail that fastened down the lid of their coffins. They could not find a cent of the money. As Stone did not arrive until the six murders were committed, he does not know why they killed the Wrattan family.

All the criminals were arrested and taken to Jeffersonville Saturday night. Williams and Kaiys were already in Jeffersonville prison. Brown, another suspect who was taken to Jeffersonville, had no connection with the tragedy, and he will be released. The excitement is more intense than ever. Woe to the murderers if a Davies county delegation can lay hands on them.

CLAUS SPRECKELS IN NEW YORK.

The Sugar King Talks of Hawaii Affairs.

New York, Oct. 23.—Claus Spreckels, the sugar king, who has large interests in Hawaii, has been in town several days. Mr. Spreckels spoke freely to a reporter about sugar interests and Hawaiian affairs.

"I am opposed to stealing," he said, "and do not believe that might makes right. The United States seized the Sandwich islands without any right to do so, and assumed charge of the affairs there. It is not because I have sugar industries there that I say this policy was unjustifiable. It was too much like grabbing, and contrary, therefore, to the spirit of fair play. If this government anticipated that England or Japan was after Hawaii, a mistake was made. I am sure the English government did not and does not seek to establish control over the group."

COTTON IN EGYPT AND INDIA.

Some Facts Which Are Not Satisfactory to Southern Planters.

Washington, Oct. 19.—(Special.)—Quite a stir is created among the Southern statesmen by a report that the production of cotton in Egypt and India has taken such rank as to not only rival the United States in the foreign markets but even threatens to send foreign cotton into this country. The visit of two Egyptian officers to this country to make inquiries into the American methods of cotton culture, coupled with some information recently coming to the surface on this subject, has stirred up a good deal of interest in this question.

Increase in Importations.

The importations of unmanufactured cotton have grown very rapidly in the past few years. In 1888 the importation of unmanufactured cotton amounted to only $411,225 in value; in 1889 it was $706,420; in 1890, $1,010,133; in 1891, $2,268,319; in 1892, $2,037,948, and in 1893, $4,688,797. Perhaps this remarkable growth in the importation of cotton will be more clearly appreciated if shown in tabular form. Here it is:

1888, production of cotton....	$ 411,225
1889, production of cotton....	706,420
1890, production of cotton....	1,010,133
1891, production of cotton....	2,268,319
1892, production of cotton....	2,037,948
1893, production of cotton....	4,688,799

Southern Producers Alarmed.

The indications are that this competition is becoming dangerous to the cotton raisers of the South. I should not be surprised at all if within a very short time the cotton producers of the South should memoralize Congress and ask that that industry be protected by the tariff. Great Britain is pursuing the same course commercially with cotton that she has heretofore with wheat and other products. She encourages their production in India and Egypt and in her colonies. These products are produced at very cheap rates. They are transported to the London market and then brought in competition with the wheat, cotton and corn of America. By this means they dictate the price which year after year is being depressed because of the sharp competition which she has brought about and the price of the surplus which America shops of her wheat, corn and cotton to Great Britain rules the price of the whole crop and by this means the agriculturalists of America have suffered the great depression in prices upon their products whoch have existed during the recent years.

SEPARATE COACH LAW.

A Suit Filed to Test Its Constitutionality.

Louisville, Oct. 24.—The first suit attacking the constitutionality of the separate coach law, which recently went into effect in this state, was filed in the Federal Circuit court yesterday. The style of the case is the Industrial Home and Land association vs. the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railway company.

Since the law became in operation the colored people of the state have been making arrangements for a fight, and to that end they have secured the services of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll for a fee of $4,000, but he will take part only when the main suit is filed. This is only a preliminary movement. At a mass meeting of colored people, held in this city recently, a large sum of money was raised, the whites contributing over $1,000. It was suggested that the fight should begin with the suit which was filed yesterday.

COUSIN BEN A KEELEYITE.

He Took the Gold Cure Before Being Married.

New York, Oct. 19.—Dr. Allen Burdick, physician in charge of the Keeley Institute in Orange, N. J., on learning that the fact had become known, admitted yesterday that Benjamin Folsom, formerly United States consul to Sheffield, England, had been a patient in the institute. He said: "Mr. Folsom came her in the middle of September and remained for three weeks. When he left he was entirely cured. He is a man of congenial habits, and, I suppose, at one time drank considerably. Up to three weeks before his arrival here he had not drunk anything intoxicating in a year. He left here entirely changed, both mentally and physically, and has been married, and is now spending the honeymoon in Chicago. I suppose it was on account of his impending marriage that he resorted to the Keeley cure. He made no efforts whatever to conceal his identity while here, and mingled with the other patients and was a big favorite."

CHARLEY IS IN NEW YORK.

And Says He is Being Unduly Persecuted.

New York, Oct. 24.—Charles Lewis Fair, son of millionaire and ex-Senator Fair, of California, is at the hotel Bartholdi. With him is his wife, who was Caroline B. Smith, said to be well known in San Francisco as Maude Nelson. Mr. Fair characterizes the majority of the stories regarding him as "yarns" emanating from a San Francisco newspaper. He says that it has tried to blackmail him on several occasions and that its editor seems to take malignant satisfaction in publishing false stories about him. He expects to remain abroad about a year.

WOMEN KNOCKED OUT.

Act of the Last Michigan Legislature Declared Unconstitutional.

Lansing, Mich., Oct. 24.—The act of the last legislature permitting women to vote at municipal elections was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme court this morning. The petition of Philip M. Coffin for a mandamus requiring boards of registration to receive and register the names of women as electors was denied, while that of Edward H. Kennedy and Henry S. Potter for a mandamus preventing such registration was granted. This will prevent them taking part in the election November 7 next.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The attitude of waiting in the financial and commercial world is unchanged. Idle money of the banks of the interior is still pouring into New York, as is shown by Saturday's bank statement. The increase of $11,052,400 in bank funds, divided almost equally between specie and legal tenders, was due chiefly to shipments from the interior, which are reflected in the $9,230,700 deposit increase. The contraction in loans was due to the week's heavy redemptions of loan certificates. This huge addition to the visible supply of money has had its inevitable influence on all the markets. It has forced down time-money rates, despite the reluctance of the lenders to take doubtful chances on long loans. It has enabled Boston's banks to wipe out the last of the loan certificates, and the New York institutions to pay off nearly $7,000,000 in a week. It has given courage even to the board-room speculators for the rise in stocks, who now no longer fear a sudden cutting off of their resources, and it has correspondingly discouraged the speculators for the fall.

But all this heaping up of money in the country's chief depository reflects no real improvement in conditions. On the contrary, it is the sign and measure of the general-trade stagnation. Business has experienced at last thorough paralysis from the long uncertainty at Washington; for the delay has suffered opportunities to slip which cannot be recovered. With all the piling up of bank reserves, exchanges for the whole country have fallen off this week $282,000,000 from the record of last year; a loss of 24 per cent. Good loans are almost as hard to place to-day as they were to obtain a month ago. And in the face of this gain in city bank deposits, the active business men throughout the country are forced to every emergency device to pay their ordinary bills. Money on call closed on Saturday at 1 1-2@2 per cent. During the week, time money presented the features incidental to a super-abundant bank reserve, and a limited offering of desirable loans; and all such loans have been speedily absorbed, with a large margin over for further investment. There seems no likelihood of an immediate increase in the demand, certainly not while the present dullness in trade continues. Rates 4 per cent for 30 days, 4 1-2 for 60 to 90 days, 5 1-2@7 for four to six months.

The stock market yielded during the first two days of the week to manipulations of professionals, but a reaction then set in, with rapid recovery of prices, which was maintained throughout the week, the activity being among the "granger" stocks.

The silver market is stagnant under the fact that the inflow of bullion into India is so deranging finances that an import duty is talked of, to hold up the value of the silver rupee. The closing price in New York on Saturday was 73 7-8 cents an ounce, at which the silver in the standard dollar is worth 57 1-8 cents.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

Much to Gain in Hope and a Little in Business.

New York, Oct. 21.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: There has been much gain in hope and a little in business. Assurances that the repeal bill will soon be passed have again been accepted by traders as reason for buying things speculative at higher prices, and with money abundant on call, $88,000,000 having been received in this city within ten weeks, speculation in stocks and products has an unusual stimulus and would have expanded even more but for continued embarrassment of industries.

The failures this week number 346 in the United States against 210 last year, and 29 in Canada against 25 last year. The list includes one large bank at Providence and three Southern banks, but the number of other failures having large liabilities is somewhat less than usual. For the previous week the full statement of liabilities is $5,727,336 against $3,491,292 for the week preceding.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE.
Toledo, O., Oct. 24, 1893.

	Oct. 24.	Oct. 17.
U. S. 4s coupons......	111	110¾
U. S. 4s registered....	111	110¾
U. S. 2s registered.....	97	(bid) 98
Pacific 6s of 1895....	102	(bid) 102

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

The market for wheat at the Toledo exchange was dull this forenoon, comparatively speaking. Prices started in with fair strength, but soon weakened. Corn was taken limitedly at a decline. Clover seed steady.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 63c, then 62 3-4c, 1-4c off on previous day's price.

October wheat, 62 3-4c; December, 65@64 5-8c, 1-8c lower; May, 71 3-4c, 71 7-8c, then 71 1-2c, 1-4c decline.

Corn—No. 2, 39c; No. 3, 37c.

Oats—No. 2, 37c.

Rye—No. 2, 48c; No. 3, 45c.

Clover seed—Prime cash and October, $5.25; December, $5.42 1-2; January, $5.40; March, $5.50.

C. A. King & Co. report prices paid to farmers: No. 2 soft red wheat, 59c; white wheat, 56c; corn, 40c; oats, 27&29c; rye, 44c.

This afternoon there was a very fair trade in future delivery wheat, while cash was taken only moderately. Prices for both cash and futures were firm and higher. As compared with the opening, cash wheat is up 1-4c; December, 1c and May 1c.

No. 2 soft red wheat 63c, and finally 63 1-4c; No. 3 soft red, 60c; No. 3 soft red Lake Shore, 60 1-2c; No. 4 soft red, 56c rejected, No. 1 red, 56c then 56 1-2c. October wheat, 63c; December, 65@66c; outside to close; May, 71 3-4@72 7-8c.

Prices of wheat to-day:

Oct.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	....	....	....	63
Chicago	....	....	....	63¼n
New York..	....	....	....	69⅞
St. Louis...	58½	59	58⅜	59¼
December—				
Toledo	65	66	64⅞	66
Chicago ...	64¼	65½	63⅞	65½
New York..	69⅝	70⅜	69½	70⅜
St. Louis...	61⅛	62⅛	60¾	62⅛

May wheat at Chicago, 71⅜c, 71c, then 72⅛@72¾c; May at New York, 76⅞c, 76⅛c, then 77⅛c bid.

Corn—Fair Trade, Firm.

The trade in corn was not large, yet a fair business was done for cash. Prices were firm. No. 2 corn about 39 1-4c; No. 3, 37c old; No. 4, 23 1-2c new.

Oats—No. 2, 29c.

Rye—No. 2, 48c; No. 3, 45c.

Clover Seed—Dull, Steady.

Clover seed dull, steady. The trade in clover was light. Prices unchanged. Prime cash and October, $5.25; December, $5.32 1-2; January, $5.40; March, $5.50; No. 2 seed, $5.05.

THE MARKETS ELSEWHERE.

Wheat a Little Lower—Corn Dull, at a Decline.

The wheat markets were not patronized to a very great extent this forenoon. Prices opened with but little change on preceding day's price, and weakened off as trade proceeded on New Yorkers selling. About noon there was a little better feeling on small receipts reported for tomorrow at Chicago—100 cars. Liverpool wheat steady. London cargoes, off coast, steady; on passage steady. French markets quiet.

At Chicago December wheat opened at 64 1-4c, fell to 63 7-8c, and rose to 64c, 1-8c decline; May, 71 3-8c, 71c, then 71 1-4c, 1-8c below close of yesterday. At New York December wheat opened at 69 5-8c, eased to 69 1-2c, then firmed to 69 5-8c, 1-8c decline; May, 76 3-8c, 76 1-8c, and afterward 76 1-4c bid, 1-8c off.

Corn was dull and prices lower. At Liverpool buyers held off. At Chicago 370 cars were reported for to-morrow. Wheat is a moderate showing. At Chicago November corn opened at 38 1-4c, and fell to 37 7-8c, 3-8c lower; December, 38@37 3-4c, no change. At New York December opened at 47 1-8c, and fell to 46 3-4c, 3-8c down.

Close Elsewhere—Wheat Firm, Higher.

This afternoon the feature of the market was a dispatch that the Senate would repeal the silver bill within 48 hours. This sent prices higher. As compared with the opening prices are up 3-4 to 1 1-4c. Export clearances, 161,897 bushels of wheat, and 15,900 barrels of flour, or wheat and flour as wheat, 233,477 bushels.

Corn—Firm, Higher.

The market for corn in sympathy with wheat was firm and higher. At Chicago, October corn opened at 37 3-8c and rose to 37 3-4c; November, 38 1-4c, 37 7-8c, then 38 1-4c bid; December, 38c, 37 3-4c, then 38 1-4c asked; May, 42 1-8c, 41 5-8c and to close, 41 3-4c. At New York, 46 1-2c was bid for October corn; December, 47 1-8c, 46 3-4c, then 47 1-4c.

Toledo Produce Market.

The market presented an animated appearance this morning. In butter the supply of really good was light; prices firm for best. Eggs in fair supply and steady. Vegetables steady. Dressed meats in a little better supply for hogs; prices steady. Poultry in good supply and prices a little easier. Fruits in good supply for seasonable stock; peaches are getting scarce. Wool steady.

Butter—Creamery, 28@30c; dairy, 23@24c; fair quality, 20c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, 21c.

Vegetables—Cabbages, doz, 35@50c; turnips, bu, 50c; spinach, bu, 75c; sweet pumpkins, doz, 50@65c; tomatoes, bu, green, 50c; ripe, 75c; vegetable oysters, dozen bunches, 40c; carrots, bu, 40c; parsnips, bu, 60c; onions, bu, 65@70c; potatoes, bu, 65c; pumpkins, doz, 35@50c.

Fresh Fish—(Retail)—Fresh cod, pound, 10@12½c; roe shad, each, 75c; buck shad, 60c each; pompano, pound, 25c; black bass, pound, 15c; pickerel, pound, 10c; red snappers, pound, 12½c; trout, 10c; lobsters, each, 20c; striped bass, pound, 25c; herring, pound, 6c; smelts, pound, 12½c; whitefish, pound, 12½c; Kennebec river salmon, pound, 15c.

Dressed Meats—Mutton, lb, 6c; lambs, 7½c; calves, 7½; hogs, $7.50 to $7.75 per 100 pounds.

Poultry—Chickens, lb, dressed, 10c; pheasants, each, 25c.

Fruits—Grapes, lb, 2c; apples, bu, handpicked, $1; wind-falls, 60c; pears, bu, $1.25 to $1.75; lemons, box, $3 to $4; oranges, box, $3 to $4.50; cranberries, bu, $2.50.

Wool—Tub-washed, lb, 20@21c; unwashed, lb, 10@14c; sheep-pelts, 10@15c; shaved, 20@30c, for lamb pelts.

Salt Meats—Heavy mess pork, per bbl, $15; light mess, $15.75 to $16; clear mess, $18.00.

Hams—Sugar-cured, per lb, 15c; breakfast bacon, 14@16c; shoulders, 10c; bologna sausage, per lb, 5c.

Lard—Tierces, barrels, half-barrels and 50-pound tins, 11½c.

Hay—Mixed, per ton, $10.50 to $11; timothy hay, $12.50; straw, ton, $6.

Hides—Cured, heavy steers, pound, 4c; light hides, 3½c; green, heavy steers, 3½c; light hides, 3½c; calf, green, 5c; cured, do 6c. Skins—Lambs, 30c; shearlings, 15c; tallow, 4¼@4½c.

Grain and Produce.

Buffalo, Oct. 23.—Spring wheat firmer; fair demand; No. 2 hard, 69c; No. 1 Northern, 68c. Spot winter quiet; No. 2 red, 65½c. No. 1 white, 66½c asked.

Chicago, Oct. 24.—Close—Wheat firm; cash, 63¼c; Dec., 65¼c; May, 72⅛@72⅞c. Corn firm; cash, 37¾c; Dec., 38⅛c; May, 42¼c. Oats firm; cash, 27¼c; Dec., 28⅛c; May, 31⅜c. Pork firm; cash, $17; Jan., $14.60. Lard firm; cash, $10.10; Nov., $9.30; Jan., $8.47½. Short ribs firm; cash, $9; Jan., $7.57½. Rye firm at 45½c; flax seed firm at $1 to $1.01; timothy seed steady at $3.20 per cwt. Butter dull and eggs quiet. Whisky, $1.14.

New York, Oct. 24.—Flour dull and easy. Rye flour, dull; sales 100 bbls. superfine at $2.90@3. Wheat—Receipts, 296,700 bu; sales, 830,000 bu; No. 2 red opened ¼c lower and was dull, selling off ⅛c more; December, 69⅛@69⅝c; May, 76⅜@76 7-16c. Rye, dull, western boatloads, 53@55c. Corn—Receipts, 130,900 bu; sales, 115,000 bu; No. 2 opened ⅛c off and dull; December, 46¾@47c; May, 48⅝@48⅞c. Oats—Receipts, 62,000 bu; sales, 150,000 bu; No. 2 dull and easy at 34 7-16@34⅝c; western, 36@41c. Beef, dull; extra mess, $9. Pork, firm; new mess, $20; family, $20@20.50; extra prime, $14.25@14.75. Lard, firm at $10.50, nominal. Butter—Receipts, 6,482 packages; market steady; state dairy, 19@27c; state creamery, 21@27½c; western dairy, 17½@22c; western creamery, 20@28c; imitation creamery, 19@24c; Elgins, 28c. Cheese—Receipts, 3,423 packages; market quiet; state, large, 11¼@11⅝c; part skims, 4@9½c; full skims, 2@3½c. Eggs, firmer; state and Pennsylvania, 22½@23½c; western, 21½@22c. Sugar, raw, steady; fair refining, 3⅛c; centrifugals, 96 test, 3⅝c; refined, steady; crushed, 5⅝c; powdered, 5 7-16c; granulated, 5 3-16c. Petroleum, steady; all ports, $5.10@5.15. Spirits of turpentine, firm at 29½@30c. Molasses, quiet; New Orleans, 32@38c. Rice, firm; domestic, 3⅛@5⅝c; Japan, 4⅛@4½c. Freights, dull. Resin, steady; strained, common to good, $1.17½@1.20. Tallow, steady; city bids, 5c bid; country, 5¼c bid. Hay, steady; shipping, 60@65c; good to choice, 65@90c. Coffee—Spot, barket steady; Rio, No. 7, 18⅜c.

Live Stock.

Cleveland, Oct. 24.—(Special.)—Receipts of cattle, no fresh arrivals; feeling steady. Receipts of hogs, 10 cars; shipments none; market slow; yorkers, $6.60 to $6.65; mediums, $6.60 to $6.70; pigs, $6 to $6.50. Receipts of sheep and lambs light; market slow.

Buffalo, Oct. 24.—Cattle steady and unchanged, with 5 loads of common here. Hogs slow but about steady; Yorkers, $6.55 to $6.65; good mixed, $6.65 to $6.70; good mediums, $6.50 to $6.75; choice heavy, $6.75 to $6.80. Pigs, $6.40 to $6.60. Sheep demoralized and lower than ever; choice wethers, $3 to $3.25; fair to good native lambs, $3.50 to $4.15; choice, $4.25 to $4.40; best Canadas, $4.50 to $4.60.

Chicago, Oct. 24.—The Evening Journal reports: Receipts of cattle, 9,000 head, including 2,000 Texans and 2,500 Westerns. Trade fair; prime native steers scarce; top sale, $5.65, and top yesterday, $5.70; medium, $5.15 to $5.50; others, $4.75 to $4.95; common, $4 to $4.50. Receipts of hogs, 18,000 head; market is steady; mixed, $6.10 to $6.50; heavy, $6.60 to $6.80; light, $6.75 to $6.85. Receipts of sheep and lambs, 14,000; the market is steady; top sheep, $3.75 to $4.50; top lambs, $4.75 to $5.

Kansas City, Oct. 23.—Cattle steady to firm; Texas and shipping steers, $2.10 to $5.30; Texas and native cows, $1.35 to $3; butchers' stock, $3.10 to 4.10; stockers and feeders, $2.40 to $3.75. Hogs 5@10c higher; bulk, $6.15 to $6.40; heavy packing and mixed, $6 to $6.40 light Yorkers and pigs, $6 to $6.55.

St. Louis, Oct. 23.—Cattle 10@20c higher; quality of receipts not very good; good Texas steers, $2.60 to $3.20; cows in proportion; heifers, $2.30 to $2.50. Hogs strong; heavy, $6 to $6.10; mixed, $6 to $6.40; light, $6.30 to $6.70. Sheep steady and unchanged.

Liverpool Produce.

Liverpool, Oct. 24.—Closing—Pork is easy; demand poor; prime mess, Western, 73s 9d. Lard—Spot in good demand; futures, none offered. Flour—Demand moderate. Wheat steady; demand moderate; No. 2 red winter, 5s 3½d; No. 2 red spring, 5s 5½d. Corn—Spot and futures in fair demand.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market at New York This Afternoon.

11 a. m.—The downward movement in the Stock Exchange continued in force until about 10:30, when a recovery took place of 2 per cent in Sugar, 1⅜ in Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, 1½ in Reading, and ¼ to 1 percent in the rest of the list. Distilling declined 2⅛ to 30⅝, rallied to 31⅜, and is now 31⅛. The New York, Chicago & St. Louis shares are strong and 1½ to 5 per cent higher. Lead (preferred) has advanced 3½ per cent.

Noon—Money on call is easy at 1½ to 2 per cent; prime mercantile paper, 6 to 8 per cent. Sterling exchange dull, with actual business in bankers' bills at $4.83¾ to $4.84 for demand, and $4.81¾ to $4.82 for 60 days; posted rates, $4.83 to $4.85; commercial bills, $4.80⅝ to $4.81. Silver certificates, 73⅝ bid; no sales; bar silver, 73⅝c per ounce; Mexican dollars, 58⅝c. There has been an active speculation in the Stock Exchange so far to-day, but the movement has been irregular. There have been several reactions, mainly due to realizations of the profits accruing on yesterday's appreciation in values, and except in the specialties, the market at noon shows a decline compared with yesterday's closing of ⅛ to 2⅜ per cent, the latter in Lackawanna, which is down to 166¼. Whisky has declined 1⅜ to 31⅜. The shares which advanced are Chicago & St. Louis 1, do 1st preferred 4, do 2d preferred 2½. Lead (preferred) 3½, Toledo, Ann Arbor & North Michigan 2½, Tobacco, 1½, General Electric, 1, and Pullman 1 per cent. The market at noon was weak.

Trade.

There was no perceptible strengthening of the condition of business during the week. The movement of goods of various kinds was but little better than during the preceding week.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

Louisville, Oct. 23.—The market closed firmer after an irregular week. The damage done by the drouth is believed to be overestimated. There is no fear of an abundance of low grade tobacco. The new crop is arriving slowly. Fairly good prices are being sustained. Official quotations are:

1892 CROP—BURLEY.

Red.

Trash (green or mixed)......	$ 5 00@ 6 00
Trash (sound)	6 00@ 6 50
Common lugs	6 50@ 7 50
Medium lugs	7 50@ 9 00
Good lugs	9 00@10 00
Common leaf (short)	9 00@11 00
Common leaf	11 00@12 50
Medium leaf	12 50@15 00
Good leaf	15 00@18 00
Fine leaf and selections	18 00@20 00

Colory.

Trash (green or mixed)......	$ 6 50@ 7 50
Trash (sound)	7 50@ 8 50
Common lugs	8 50@10 00
Medium lugs	10 00@11 50
Good lugs	11 50@13 50
Common leaf (short)	11 00@13 50
Common leaf	12 00@13 50
Medium leaf	13 50@16 00
Good leaf	16 00@19 00
Fine and selections	18 00@25 00

1892—DARK.

Trash (green or mixed)......	$ 3 75@ 4 25
Trash (sound)	4 25@ 4 50
Common lugs	4 50@ 4 75
Medium lugs	4 75@ 5 25
Good lugs	5 25@ 6 25
Common leaf (short)	5 50@ 6 25
Common leaf	5 75@ 6 50
Medium leaf	6 50@ 7 00
Good leaf	7 00@ 8 00
Fine and selections	8 00@10 00

GREEN RIVER.

Trash (green or mixed)......	$ 4 25@ 4 75
Trash (sound)	4 75@ 5 50
Common lugs	5 50@ 6 25
Medium lugs	6 25@ 7 00
Good lugs	7 00@ 8 00
Common leaf (short)	8 00@ 8 50
Common leaf	8 50@ 9 00

Unsound or defective in condition, length or color, or mixed packages from 1@3c lower.

Liverpool Cotton.

Liverpool, Oct. 24.—Close—Cotton quiet; free supply of offerings; prices: American middling, 4 9-16d. Sales, 8,000 bales, of which 500 were for speculation and export and included 7,200 American. American middling, l. m. c., 4 27-64, buyers; Feb. and March, 4 29-64, sellers; March and April, 4 31-64, sellers; April and May, 4 32-64@4 33-64; May and June, 4 34-64, buyers; Oct., 4 28-64, value; Oct. and Nov., 4 26-64@4 27-64; Nov. and Dec., 4 26-64, sellers; Dec. and Jan., 4 26-64, buyers. Futures opened weaker, with a fair demand, at 2-64@4-64 decline; closed firm and unchanged at 1-64 advance.

Cotton Markets.

St. Louis, Oct. 23.—Cotton steady and 1 to 6 points lower; middling, 7⅞c.

New York, Oct. 24.—Cotton—The market for futures opened firm at 4 to 9 points advance; Jan., 8.20; Feb., 8.28; March, 8.32; April, 8.38; May, 8.46; June, 8.51; Nov., 8.00; Dec., 8.08.